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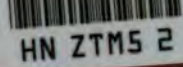
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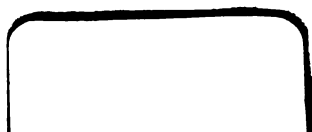


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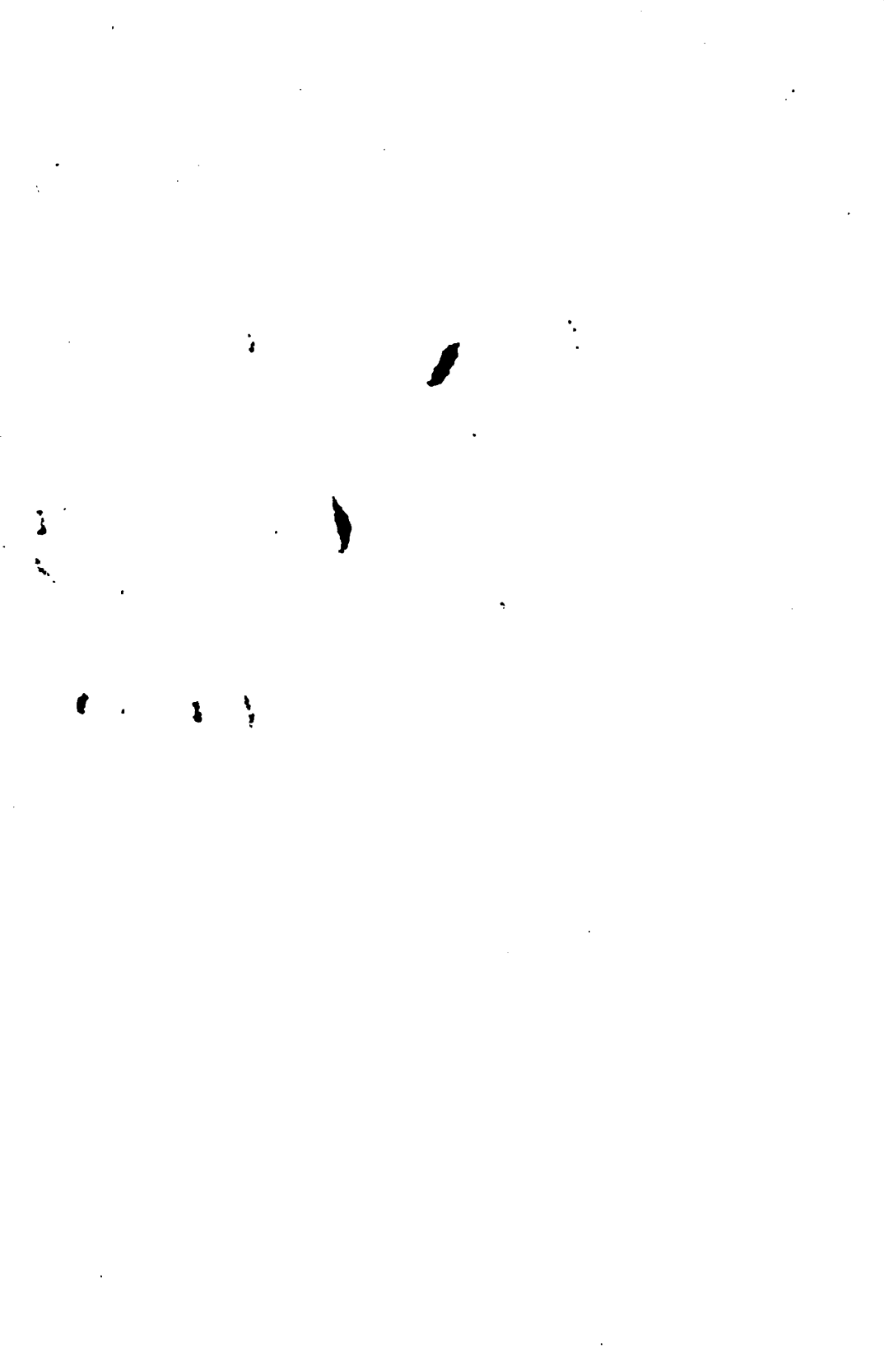
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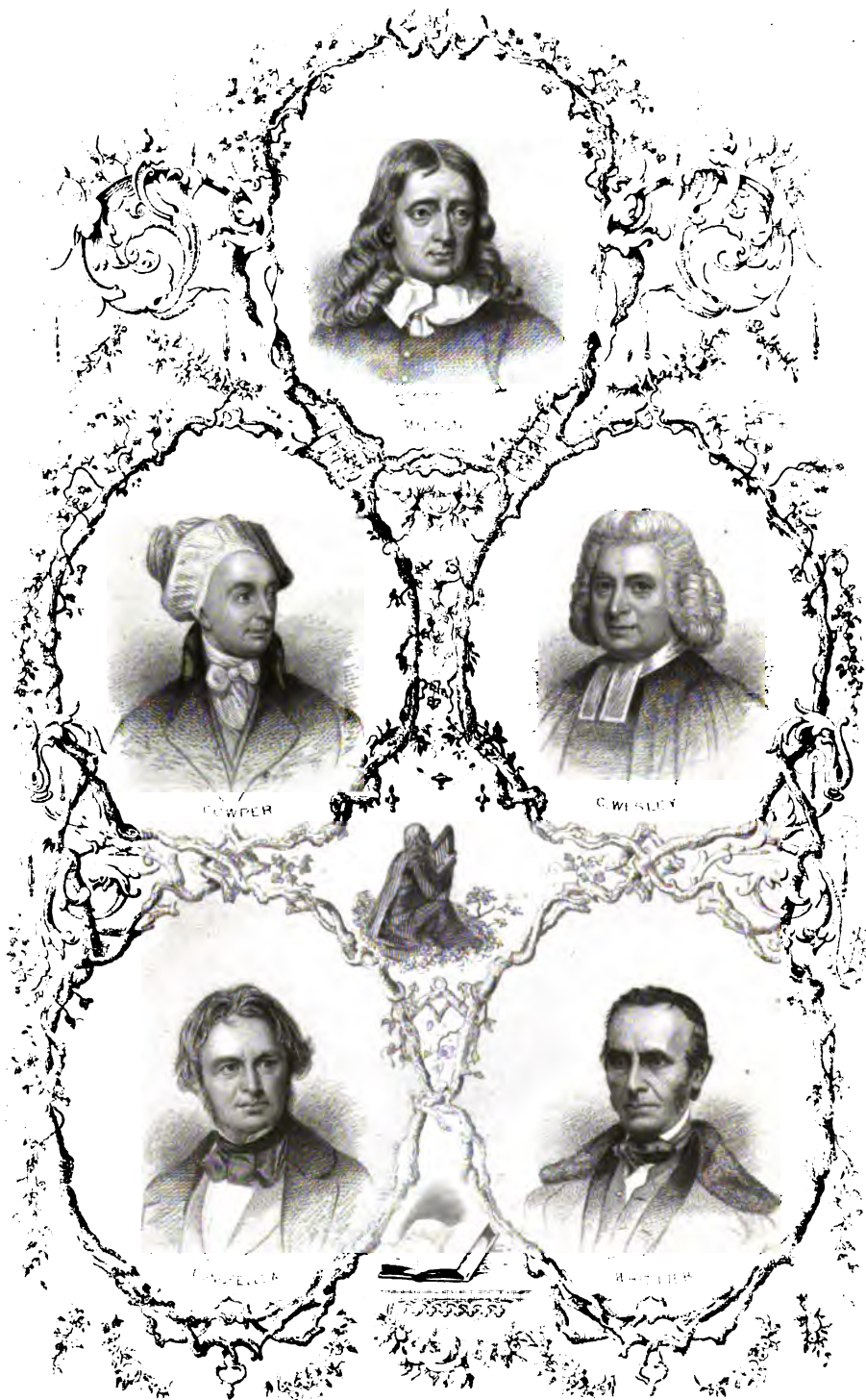


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MORAL AND RELIGIOUS

QUOTATIONS FROM THE POETS.

TOPICALLY ARRANGED.

COMPLETING CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM SIX HUNDRED AUTHORS.

COLLECTED BY

REV. WILLIAM RICE, A.M.

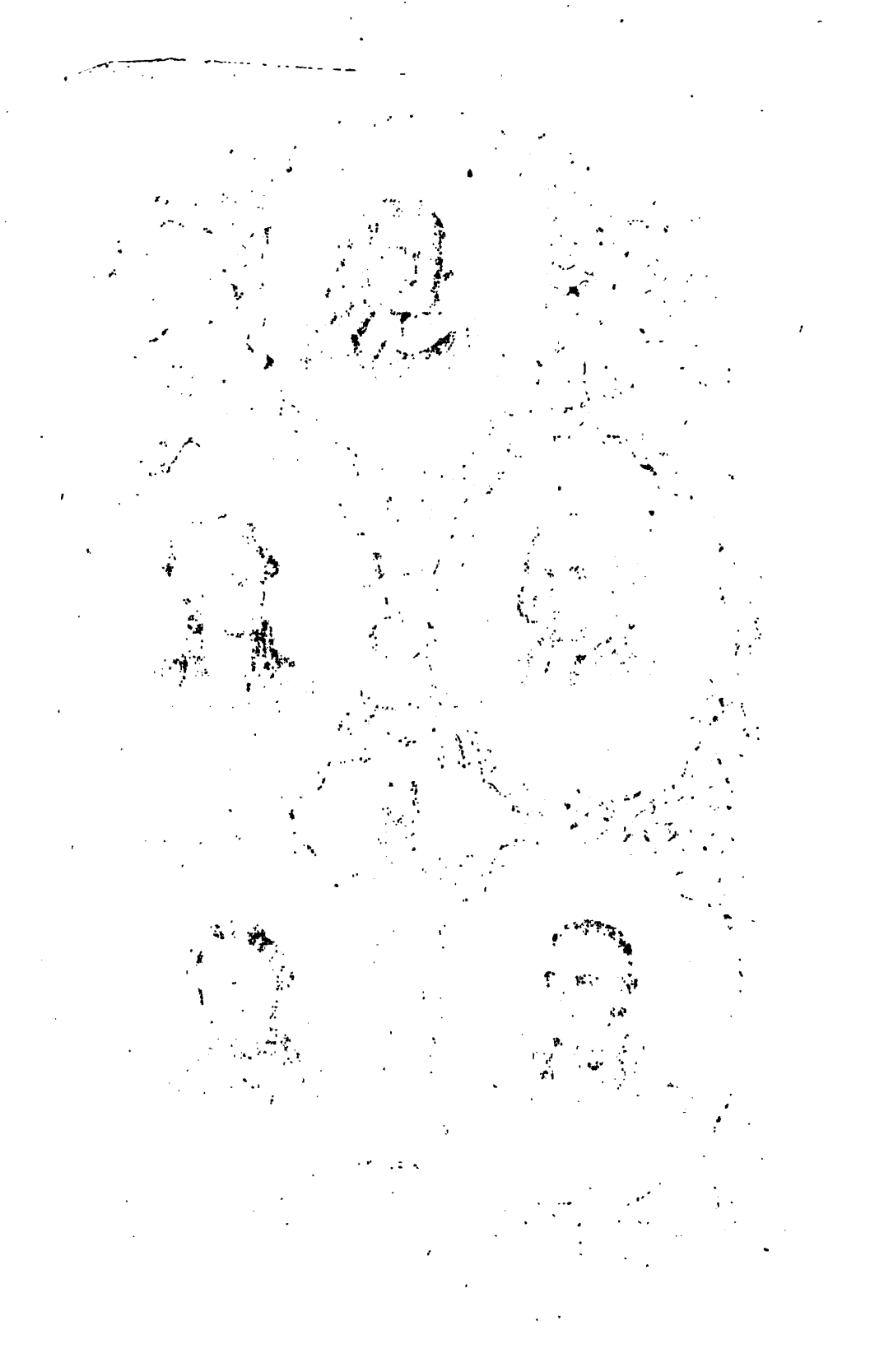
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1861



MORAL AND RELIGIOUS

QUOTATIONS FROM THE POETS,

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COMPILED BY

REV. WILLIAM RICE, A.M.

A verse may find him, who a sermon flies.—HERBERT.



New York:

PUBLISHED BY CARLTON & PORTER,

200 MULBERRY-STREET.

1861.

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P R E F A C E.

It has been the object of the compiler of this work to furnish a volume illustrating and enforcing moral truth, in its multiform aspects, by the gems of thought found in the poets, in a form convenient for reference and for quotation.

The work embraces a wide range of topics within the prescribed limits, and will, it is hoped, supply the want long felt, especially by many in the ministry, for a compilation of moral and religious quotations, arranged under appropriate heads, and available either for private reading and comparison, or for use in preparation for the pulpit or the lecture-room.

Much time and labor have been devoted to the preparation of this volume ; the authors from whom selections have been made number nearly six hundred, and the quotations more than four thousand.

The British poets from the time of Chaucer to the present, and the poetical writers of our own country, have been carefully examined ; and while copious extracts have been made from the works of the most distinguished authors, choice and striking passages appropriate to the object in view have also been culled from the writings of those less known to fame.

Numerous quotations have been taken from the old English poets, whose complete works are found only in large libraries, and are therefore inaccessible to the multitude.

Selections have been made from translations of the Latin hymns of the early ages of the Church, many of which, though but little known to the general reader, are rich in their associations, and full of the fire of genius, blended with beautiful simplicity and deep spirituality.

Quotations have been taken also from translations of the religious poetry of the Continental nations, especially the Germans; and some of the most rare and beautiful expressions of religious thought and feeling contained in the volume, have been derived from this source.

The purely devotional poetry—the hymns of Doddridge, Cowper, the Wesleys, Watts, Montgomery, and others—has not been overlooked; and yet comparatively few selections have been introduced from collections of hymns in common use, simply because they are within the reach of all.

In the classification of topics, special regard has been had to the main purpose of the work—its convenience as a book of reference; and the index, together with the notes at the end of each topic where there are others kindred in character, will furnish facilities to the reader, which will enable him to find readily the subject of which he is in search.

Prefixed to the work is a list of the authors quoted, together with the date of their birth and death, so far as these could be ascertained.

This volume is now submitted to the public, in the hope that it will be found a repository of truth and beauty valuable in the study, and welcome in the parlor or by the fireside.

October, 1860.

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BRITISH.				BORN. DIED.	
	BORN.	DIED.			
Addison, Joseph	1672	1719	Bolland, William	(about) 1798	
Akenside, Mark	1721	1770	Bonar, Horatius	1810	
Aleyn, Charles		1640	Bowles, William L.	1762	1850
Alford, Henry	1810		Bowles, Caroline (Mrs. Southey) ..	1786	1854
Armstrong, John	1709	1779	Bowring, John	1792	
			Boyse, John	(about) 1690	
Bailey, Philip J.	1816		Brandon, Samuel	(about) 1578	
Baillie, Miss Joanna	1762	1851	Brome, Richard	(about) 1600	1632
Bakewell, John	1721	1819	Bronte, Charlotte, (Mrs. Nichols) ..	1824	1855
Balfour, Alexander	1767	1829	Brooke, Lord, (Fulk Greville) ...	1554	1628
Bally, George	(about) 1750		Brooke, Henry	1706	1783
Bancroft, John	(about) 1655		Browne, Mrs. Frances	1818	
Barbauld, Mrs. A. L.	1743	1825	Browne, Miss Mary A.	1812	1844
Barford, William		1792	Brown, Thomas	1778	1820
Barrett, Eaton S.		1820	Browning, Mrs. E. Barrett.	1809	
Barrett, Miss E.B., (Mrs. Browning) ..	1809		Browning, Robert	1812	
Barton, Bernard	1784	1849	Bruce, Michael	1746	1767
Baxter, Richard	1615	1691	Brydges, Sir Edgerton	1762	1837
Bayley, Thomas H.	1797	1839	Brydges, Matthew	(about) 1810	
Beattie, James	1735	1803	Buchanan, Hamilton		
Beaumont, Sir John	1586	1616	Bulwer, Sir E. Lytton	1805	
Beddome, Benjamin.	(about) 1750		Bulwer, Robert L.		
Beste, J. R.	(about) 1830		Bunyan, John	1628	1688
Blackburn, Thomas	1749	1782	Burbidge, Thomas		
Blackmore, Sir R.	1654	1739	Burns, Robert	1759	1796
Blair, Robert	1679	1746	Butler, Mrs. F. A. Kemble.	1811	
Blanchard, Laman	1803	1845	Butler, Samuel	1612	1680
			Byrd, William	1543	1623
			Byron, Lord George G.	1788	1824

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	BORN.	DIED.		BORN.	DIED.
Callanan, James J.....	1795	1829	Drayton, Michael.....	1563	1631
Campbell, Thomas.....	1777	1844	Drummond, George H....(about)	1770	
Campion, Thomas.....(about)	1570		Drummond, William.....	1585	1649
Carew, Thomas.....	1589	1639	Dryden, John.....	1631	1700
Caswall, Edward.....(about)	1820		Dunbar, William.....	1465	1530
Chandler, Mary.....	1687	1745	Dyer, John.....	1700	1758
Chapman, George.....	1557	1634			
Chatfield, Dr.....			Edmeston, James.....(about)	1800	
Chatterton, Thomas.....	1752	1770	Edmonston, Jonathan.....		
Chaucer, Geoffrey.....	1328	1400	Elliot, Ebenezer.....	1781	1849
Churchill, Charles.....	1741	1764	Elliot, Charlotte.....		
Cilber, Colley.....	1671	1757	Ellwood, Thomas.....	1639	1713
Clare, John.....	1793				
Cockburn, Mrs. Catharine.....	1679	1749	Faber, F. W.....(about)	1815	
Coleridge, Hartley.....	1796	1849	Fawcett, John.....	1739	1817
Coleridge, Samuel T.....	1772	1834	Fenton, Elijah.....	1683	1730
Collins, Ann.....(about)	1650		Flatman, Thomas.....	1633	1688
Collins, William.....	1720	1756	Flavel, John.....	1627	1691
Colton, C. C.....		1832	Fletcher, Giles.....	1550	1610
Conder, Josiah.....	1789	1855	Fletcher, John.....	1576	1625
Congreve, William.....	1672	1729	Fletcher, Phinehas.....	1584	1650
Cook, Miss Eliza.....	1818		Ford, John.....	1586	1639
Cotterill, Thomas.....			Fountain, John.....(about)	1635	
Cotton, Charles.....	1630	1687	Francis, Sir Philip.....	1740	1818
Cotton, Nathaniel.....	1721	1788	Frowde, Philip.....		1738
Cowley, Abraham.....	1618	1667	Fry, Caroline.....	1787	1846
Cowper, William.....	1731	1800			
Crabbe, George.....	1754	1832	Gambold, John.....	1711	1771
Crashaw, Richard.....	1600	1650	Gascoigne, George.....	1540	1577
Creech, Thomas.....	1659	1701	Gaskell, William.....		
Croly, George.....	1785		Gay, John.....	1688	1732
Crowe, William.....(about)	1760		Gibbons, Thomas.....	1720	1785
Crown, John.....	1650	1700	Gifford, William.....	1756	1826
Cumberland, Richard.....	1732	1811	Glynn, Robert.....		1800
Cunningham, Allan.....	1784	1842	Goffe, Thomas.....	1592	1629
Cunningham, J. W.....	1775		Goldsmith, Oliver.....	1728	1774
			Gomersall, Robert.....	1600	1646
Dale, Thomas.....	1797		Grahame, James.....	1765	1811
Daniel, Samuel.....	1562	1619	Grant, Sir Robert.....	1785	1838
Darley, George.....(about)	1800		Gray, Thomas.....	1746	1771
Darwin, Erasmus.....	1731	1802	Green, Robert.....	1560	1592
Davenant, Sir William.....	1605	1668	Greville, Mrs. Frances....(about)	1733	
Davenport, Christopher.....	1598	1680	Grinfield, Thomas.....(about)	1790	
Davies, Sir John.....	1570	1626			
Davison, Francis.....	1575	1618	Habington, William.....	1704	1754
Decker, Thomas.....		1638	Hart, Joseph.....	1759	
Denham, Sir John.....	1615	1668	Havard, William.....	1710	1778
De Vere, Aubrey.....	1814		Haweis, Thomas.....	1734	1820
Dickens, Charles.....	1812		Hayes, Samuel.....(about)	1760	
Dobell, Sidney.....	1824		Heath, Robert.....	1625	
Doddridge, Philip.....	1702	1751	Heber, (Bp.) Reginald.....	1783	1826
Donne, Dr. John.....	1573	1631	Hemans, Mrs. Felicia D.....	1794	1835
Dorset, Earl of.....	1637	1706	Herbert, George.....	1593	1632
Dowe, Alexander.....		1779	Herbert, William.....	1778	1846

	BORN.	DIED.		BORN.	DIED.
Herrick, Robert.....	1591		Marmion, Sheckerly	1602	1639
Hervey, Thomas K.....	1804	1854	Marston, John		1634
Hey, John	1734	1815	Martyn, John	1699	1768
Heywood, Thomas		1649	Marvel, Andrew	1620	1678
Higgona, Bevil	1670	1735	Mason, William	1725	1797
Hill, Aaron	1685	1750	Massey, Gerald	1828	
Hodson, William		1793	Massinger, Philip	1584	1640
Home, John	1722	1808	Maturin, Charles B	1782	1824
Hood, Thomas	1798	1845	May, Thomas	1595	1650
Howitt, Mrs. Mary	1800		Mayne, John	1761	1836
Hunt, Sir A.			Mickle, William J.	1734	1788
Hurdia, James	1763	1801	Middleton, Thomas	1570	1627
James, G. P. R.	1800	1860	Miller, Thomas	1809	
Jenner, Charles	1737	1774	Milman, Henry H.	1791	
Jewsbury, Maria J. (Mrs. Fletcher)	1800	1833	Milnes, Richard M.	1809	
Jones, Sir William	1748	1794	Milton, John	1608	1674
Johnson, Charles		1748	Moir, David M.	1798	1851
Johnson, C. H. (about)	1780		Montague, Mary Wortley	1690	1762
Johnson, Dr. Samuel	1709	1784	Montgomery, James	1771	1854
Johnson, S. (about)	1750		Montgomery, Robert	1807	
Jonson, Ben	1574	1637	Moore, Thomas	1779	1852
Keats, John	1796	1821	More, Henry	1614	1687
Kable, John	1790		More, Miss Hannah	1745	1833
Kelley, Thomas	(about)	1805	Motherwell, William	1797	1835
Kemble, F. A., (Mrs. Butler)	1811		Moultrie, John	1799	
Ken, (Bp.) Thomas	1637	1711	Mulloch, Miss	1826	
Killigrew, Henry	1612		Murphy, Arthur	1727	1805
King, (Bp.) Henry	1591	1669	Nabbe, Thomas		1645
Kingsley, Charles	1819		Newton, John	1725	1807
Knowles, James S.	1784		Nicoll, Robert	1814	1837
Knox, William	1789	1825	Neel, Baptist W.	1802	
Lamb, Charles	1775	1835	Norris, John	1657	1711
Landon, Miss L. E. (Mrs. Maclean)	1802	1838	Norton, Hon. Mrs. Caroline	1808	
Landon, W. Savage	1775		Ogilvie, John	1733	1814
Layard, Charles P.		1803	Opie, Mrs. Amelia	1771	1853
Lee, Nathaniel	1658	1692	Osborne, Francis	1588	1658
Lillo, William	1693	1739	Otway, Thomas	1651	1685
Lilly, John	1554	1600	Parnell, Thomas	1679	1717
Lodge, Thomas	1556	1625	Peter, William		1853
Logan, John	1748	1788	Philips, Ambrose	1671	1749
Lovelace, Richard	1618	1658	Phillips, John	1676	1708
Lowth, (Bp.) Robert	1710	1787	Pollok, Robert	1799	1827
Lyte, H. F.			Pope, Alexander	1688	1744
Lyttleton, (Lord) George	1709	1773	Porteus (Bp.) Beilby	1731	1808
Mackay, Charles	1812		Praed, Winthrop M.	1802	1839
Madan, Spencer	1730	1803	Prior, Matthew	1664	1721
Mallet, David	1700	1765	Proctor, Bryan W.	1798	
Manning, Robert	(about)	1300	Quarles, Francis	1592	1644
Mant, (Bp.,) Richard	(about)	1800	Quarles, John		1665
Marlowe, Christopher	1564	1593			

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Raffles, Thomas	1786		Tennyson, Alfred	1810	
Raleigh, Sir Walter	1552	1618	Thomson, James	1700	1748
Randolph, Thomas	1605	1634	Tickell, Thomas	1686	1740
Richmond, Legh	1772	1827	Tighe, Mrs. Mary	1773	1810
Robinson, Mrs. Mary	1758	1800	Tonna, Mrs. Charlotte E.	1792	1846
Rochester, Earl of	1647	1680	Toplady, Augustus M.	1740	1788
Rogers, Samuel	1762	1855	Trench, Richard C.	1807	
Roscommon, Earl of	1633	1684	Tupper, Martin F.	1810	
Rowe, Nicholas	1673	1718			
Rowley, William	(about) 1600		Vaughan, Henry	1621	1695
Russell, Lord John	1792		Vaux, Lord	1510	
Sandys, George	1577	1643	Waller, Edmund	1605	1687
Savage, Richard	1698	1743	Walton, Izaak	1593	1683
Scott, John	1730	1783	Warton, Thomas	1728	1790
Scott, James	1733	1814	Watkins, Roland		
Scott, Sir Walter	1771	1832	Watts, Isaac	1674	1748
Sewell, George		1726	Webster, John		1640
Shakspeare, William	1564	1616	Wesley, Charles	1708	1788
Shelley, Percy B.	1792	1822	Wesley, John	1703	1791
Shenstone, William	1714	1763	Wesley, Samuel	1668	1735
Sherburne, Sir E.	1618	1702	Wesley, Samuel, Jr.	1690	1739
Sheridan, Richard B.	1751	1816	White, Henry K.	1785	1806
Shirley, James	1694	1666	White, J. Blanco.	1773	1840
Sidney, Sir Philip	1554	1586	Whitehead, William	1715	1785
Smart, Christopher	1722	1770	Wilberforce, S.		
Smith, Alexander			Williams, Isaac	(about) 1800	
Smith, Horace	1779	1839	Williams, Mrs. Anna	1706	1783
Smith, William	1711	1787	Wilson, John	1788	1854
Smollett, Tobias	1721	1771	Wingrove		
Snow, Joseph	1805		Wither, George	1588	1667
Somerville, William	1682	1742	Wordsworth, William	1770	1850
Southey, Mrs. Caroline B.	1786	1854	Wotton, Sir Henry	1668	1639
Southey, Robert	1774	1843	Wythes, Joseph H.		
Southern, Thomas	1659	1746			
Southwell, Robert	1774	1843	Young, Edward	1681	1765
Spencer, Robert W.	1770	1834			
Spenser, Edmund	1553	1599			
Steele, Mrs. Anne	1716	1778	AMERICAN.		
Sennett, Samuel	1727	1795	Adams, John Q.	1767	1848
Sterling, John	1806	1844	Adams, Sarah F.		1848
Sternhold, Thomas		1549	Adams, W. T.		
Stirling, Earl of	1580	1640	Aldrich, James	1810	
Stillingfleet, Benjamin	1702	1771	Alexander, Archibald	1772	1861
Straphan, J.			Alexander, Joseph A.	1809	
Suckling, Sir John	1609	1641	Alger, William R.	1823	
Surrey, Earl of	1516	1547	Allen, William	1784	
Swain, Charles	1803		Allston, Washington	1779	1843
Swift, Jonathan	1667	1745			
Talfourd, Thomas N.	1795	1854	Babcock, J. S.		
Taylor, Henry	1785	1823	Bacon, William T.		
Taylor, Jane	1783	1823	Barlow, Joel	1755	1812
Taylor, Jeremy	1613	1667	Bates, David	(about) 1820	
			Baxter, William	(about) 1825	
			Benjamin, Park	1809	

	BORN.	DIED.		BORN.	DIED.
Bethune, George W.....	1805		Frost, S. T.....		
Bogart, Miss Elizabeth.....			Gardner, Mrs. H. C.....		
Bolton, Mrs. Sarah T.....			Garrison, William L.....	1805	
Brainard, James G. C.....	1796	1828	Gilman, Mrs. Caroline.....	1794	
Brooks, James G.....	1801	1841	Gould, Miss Hannah F.....	1792	
Brooks, Mrs. Maria.....	1795	1845	Gray, Mrs. Jane L.....	1800	
Brown, John W.....	1814	1849	Green, Joseph.....	1706	1780
Bryant, William C.....	1794		Harris, Thomas L..... (about)	1830	
Burleigh, George S.....	1821		Hastings, Thomas..... (about)	1790	
Burleigh, William H.....	1812		Hale, Mrs. Sarah J.....	1796	
Burritt, Elihu.....	1811		Hall, Mrs. Louisa J.....	1807	
Butler, William A.....	1825		Hempstead, T.....		
Cary, Miss Alice.....	1822		Hill, George.....	1800	
Cary, Miss Phebe.....	1825		Hillhouse, James A.....	1790	1841
Carter, Nathaniel H.....	1787	1829	Hirst, Henry B.....	1813	
Channing, William E., Jr.....	1838		Hoffman, Charles F.....	1806	
Charlton, Robert M.....	1807	1854	Holdich, Mrs. Lydia A.....	1804	
Cheever, George B.....	1807		Holland, Josiah G.....	1819	
Chester, J. L.....			Holmes, Oliver W.....	1809	
Clark, Sara J., (Mrs. Lippincott).....	1824		Hooper, Miss Lucy.....	1817	1841
Clark, Willis G.....	1810	1841	Hopkinson, Francis.....	1738	1791
Clinch, J. H.....			Howe, Mrs. Julia W.....	1820	
Coe, Richard, Jr..... (about)	1830		Hoyt, Ralph.....	1812	
Cole, Thomas.....	1801	1847	Hughes, John.....	1798	
Collins, Miss F. A. (Mrs. Studley).....	1827	1851	Hurlbutt, Miss H. J.....	1834	1860
Colton, George H.....	1818	1847	Jewett, Charles.....		
Conrad, Robert T.....	1808	1858	Judson, Mrs. Emily C.....	1817	1854
Coxe, A. Cleaveland.....	1818		Lawrence, William R..... (about)	1810	
Cranch, Christopher P.....	1813		Lawson, James.....	1799	
Croswell, William.....	1804	1851	Leggett, William.....	1802	1840
Curry, Otway.....	1804	1855	Lippincott, Mrs. Sara J.....	1824	
Daddow, S. H.....			List, Harriet W.....	1824	
Dana, Richard H.....	1787		Lloyd, Miss E.....		
Davidson, Miss Margaret M.....	1823	1837	Longfellow, Henry W.....	1807	
Dawes, Rufus.....	1803		Loud, Mrs. St. Leon.....		
Dinnies, Mrs. Anna P.....	1810		Lowell, James R.....	1819	
Doane, (Bp.) George W.....	1799	1858	Lynch, Miss A. C. (Mrs. Botta).....		
Drake, Charles D.....	1811		Lunt, George.....	1806	
Duganne, A. J. H.....	1823		Mackellar, Thomas.....	1812	
Dwight, John S.....	1813		Maffit, John N.....		1850
Dwight, Timothy.....	1752	1817	Marcy, Mrs. Elizabeth E.....	1821	
Duffield, George, Jr.....	1794		Marsh, Mrs. George P.....		
Eastburne, James W.....	1797	1819	Mercer, Margaret.....	1791	1847
Eastman, Charles G..... (about)	1828		Miller, James W.....		1829
Embury, Mrs. Emma C.....	1807		Mitchell, John K.....	1798	
Emerson, Ralph W.....	1803		Morris, George P.....	1800	
Everest, Charles W..... (about)	1820		Morris, Robert.....		
Ealing, Mrs. Catharine H.....	1812		Muhlenburg, William A.....		
Fields, James T.....	1815		Murray, Lindley.....	1745	1826
Follen, Mrs. Eliza L..... (about)	1808				

LIST OF AUTHORS QUOTED.

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	BORN.	DIED.		BORN.	DIED.
Neal, Mrs. Alice B., (Mrs. Haven)	1828		Welby, Mrs. Amelia B.	1821	
Noble, Miss Lucretia	1837		Weld, H. Hastings		
Norton, Andrews	1786		Whitman, Mrs. Sarah H.	1825	
Osgood, Mrs. Frances S.	1812	1850	Whittier, John G.	1808	
Orne, Caroline F.			Wigglesworth, Michael	1631	1705
Otheman, Edward	1808		Wilcox, Carlos	1794	1827
Pabodie, William J.	1812		Wilde, Richard H.	1789	1847
Paine, Robert T.	1773	1811	Williams, D.		
Park, Roswell	1807		Williams, Roger	1598	1683
Parsons, Thomas W.	1819		Willis, Nathaniel P.	1807	
Patterson, Samuel D.			Winslow, Benjamin D.	1815	1839
Peabody, William B. O.	1799	1848	Woodbridge, Miss		
Percival, James G.	1795	1856	Worthington, Mrs. Jane T.		
Pierpont, John	1785				
Pierson, Lydia J.			GERMAN.		
Poe, Edgar A.	1811	1849	Albinus, J. G.	1630	
Pray, Isaac C.			Altenburg, Michael	(about) 1590	1640
Prentice, George D.	1804		Arndt, Ernst M.	1769	
Priest, Miss Nancy A. W.	(about) 1837		Bohmer, J. H.	1706	
Rand, Ellen S.			Burde, S. G.	(about) 1770	
Read, T. Buchanan	1822		Canitz, Von Friedrich R. L.	1654	1699
Rice, Mrs. Caroline L.	1819		Crassellius		
Sands, Robert C.	1799	1832	Dabe, Johann F.	1739	1797
Sawyer, Mrs. Caroline M.	1812		Dach, Simon	1605	1659
Sigourney, Mrs. Lydia H.	1794		Dessler, Wolfgang C.	1692	1722
Simms, William G.	1807		Drewes, Johann		1728
Smith, Mrs. E. Oakes	1806		Franck, A. H.	1663	1727
Smith, Mrs. S. L. P.	1811	1832	Franck, Johann	1653	
Smith, Mrs. Margaret	1778	1844	Franck, Simon	1741	1772
Smith, S. F.	(about) 1805		Franck, J. Michael	1717	1775
Shepard, Isaac F.			Freiligrath, Ferdinand	1810	
Sprague, Charles	1791		Freelinghausen, N.	1713	
Stoddard, Mrs. Lavinia	1787	1820	Gellert, Christian F.	1715	1769
Stoddard, Richard H.	1825		Gerhardt, Paul	1606	1676
Story, William W.	1819		Gesenius, Joachim	1644	1675
Stowe, Mrs. Harriet B.	1812		Goethe, Johann W.	1749	1832
Studley, William S.	1823		Gotter, A. Ludwig		1786
Tappan, William B.	1794	1849	Hagen, F. H.	1780	1856
Taylor, J. Bayard	1825		Heerman, Johann	1630	
Thomson, Charles W.			Hermann, N.	1560	
Townsend, Eliza	1789	1854	Hardenburg, von Friedrich	1772	1801
Trafton, Mark	1810		Hojer, Conrad	1560	
Tuckerman, Henry T.	1813		Klopstock, Friedrich G.	1724	1803
Turnbull, Robert	(about) 1810		Korner, Karl T.	1791	1813
Ward, Thomas	1807		Kosegarten, Ludwig T.	1758	1818
Ware, Henry, Jr.	1793	1843	Krummacher, Friedrich A.	1768	1845
Waterman, Cath. H., (Mrs. Ealing)	1812		Kunth, George F.	1740	1805
Watson, J. T.					

	BORN.	DIED.			
Lange, Ernst.....	1711			DANISH	
Laurenti, Laurentius.....	1700				BORN. DIED.
Lehr, Leopold F.....	1709	1744	Baggesen, Jens.....	1764	1826
Liebich, Ehrenfried.....	1713	1780		SWEDISH	
Lindeman, J.....	1580	1630			
Logau, von Friedrich.....	1604	1655	Tegner, Esias, (Bp.).....	1782	
Lowenstern, M. A., von.. (about)	1590			RUSSIAN	
Luther, Martin.....	1483	1546			
			Derzhavin, Gabriel B.....	1743	1816
Mentzer, Balthasar.....	1679	1741		FRENCH	
Moraht, Adolph.....					
Neander, Joachim.....	1650		Guion, Madame J. M. B.....	1642	1717
Neumarck, George.....	1653		Lamartine, Alphonse.....	1802	
Nicolai, Philip..... (about)	1570		Robert, (King of France).....	970	1031
Novalis, (Hardenburg von F.)....	1772	1801		SPANISH	
Pappus, Johann.....	1549	1610			
Puchta, W. Heinrich.....	1769		De Vega, Lope.....	1662	
			Manrique, Jorge.....		1479
Rambach, Johann J.....	1737	1818		ITALIAN	
Rist, Johann.....	1607	1667	Angelo, Michael.....	1474	1563
Richter, Christoph G.....	1717	1774	Cotta, Giovanni.....	1668	
Richter, Jean Paul F.....	1763	1825	Dante, Alighieri.....	1265	1321
Rodigast, S..... (about)	1650		Fillcaia, Vincenzo.....	1642	1707
Rosenroth, Von Christian.....	1636	1689	Manzoni, Alessandro.....	1784	
			Tasso, Torquato.....	1544	1595
Sacer, Gottfried W.....	1635	1699		PORTUGUESE	
Sachs, Hans.....	1494	1578	Do Ceo, Violante.....	1601	1693
Sachse, Johann C.....	1720	1789		LATIN	
Schiller, Friedrich.....	1759	1805	Abbot of Clugni, (Peter Maurice)	1092	1156
Scherb, F. C.....	1704	1777	Ambrose, St.....	340	397
Schoener, S. C.....			Aquinas, Thomas.....	1224	1274
Schmolk, Benjamin.....	1672	1737	Fortunatus, Venantius.....	530	600
Schroder.....	1697		Horace, (Flaccus)..... (B. C.)	65 (B.C.)	8
Spangenberg, A. G..... (about)	1707		Juvenal, Decimus J.....	40	120
Spitta, Carl J. P.....	1801		Martial, Marcus V.....	43	101
Straus, Viktor.....	1799		Notker.....	912	
Sturm, Julius K. R.....	1816		Prudentius, A. Clement.....	1650	
			Silesius, Angelus, (J. Scheffler)..	1624	1677
Tersteegen, Gerhard.....	1731			GREEK	
Tiedge, Christopher A.....	1752		Homer..... (about) B. C.	950	
Ulrich, Anton, Duke of Brunswick	1667		Pindar.....	B. C.	518 439
			Sophocles.....	B. C.	495 405
Walther, Johann..... (about)	1500				
Winkler, Johann H.....	1703	1770			
Wulffa, Daniel W.....	1617	1685			
Zihn, Johann F.....	1650	1719			
Zinzendorf, Graf..... (about)	1731				
Zwick, Johann.....		1542			

QUOTATIONS FROM THE POETS.

ACTION.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them.

SHAKESPEARE.

Suit the action to the word, the word to the
action.

SHAKESPEARE.

From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done.

SHAKESPEARE.

How slow the time
To the warm soul, that, in the very instant
It forms, would execute a great design!

THOMSON.

Potential is the good of life,
Action the secret key
That opes the garnered wealth of Him
Who gives with this decree:
That man shall gather from the realm
Of beauty and of love,
Bright gems for his own coronal
Within the bliss above.

WILLIAMS.

In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight;
And strong in him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons he has given—
The light, and truth, and love of Heaven!

WHITTIER.

Speak out in acts; the time for words
Has passed, and deeds alone suffice.

WHITTIER.

Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
Make haste, O man, to live!

BONAR.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

Let the brave toil of the present overarch the
crumbled past.
Build thy great acts high and higher, build
them on some conquered sod,
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding, and
thy first prayer rose to God.

ANONYMOUS.

Act! for in action are wisdom and glory;
Fame, immortality—these are its crown;
Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of story?
Build on achievements thy doom of renown.
From the GERMAN.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by;
Go and dare before you die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

From the German of GOETHE.

How speaks the present hour? Act!
Walk upward glancing;
So shall thy footsteps in glory be traced,
Slow but advancing.
Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever;
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work, as believing that labor is gain.

ANONYMOUS.

The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion; makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes!

HANNAH MORE.

O! contemplation palls upon the spirit
Like the chill silence of an autumn sun;
While action, like the roaring southwest wind,
Sweeps laden with elixirs, with rich draughts
Quickening the womb'd earth.

KINGSLEY.

Be earnest!
Do what thou dost as if the stake were heaven,
And that thy last deed ere the judgment day.

KINGSLEY.

The attempt
Is all the wedge that splits its knotty way
Betwixt the impossible and possible.

ALICE CARY.

How shall not man, whose nature stands
Bound up with forces vast,
Innate with strength, reveal his life
In mould of holiest cast.
His law is action: gates of power
Stand open in his view;
A restless soul, a holy zeal,
Shall give him entrance through.

D. WILLIAMS.

O how many a glorious record had the angels
of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted, had I warred
instead of wept!

ANONYMOUS.

[See also WORKS—INFLUENCE—INDUSTRY.]

ADAM—EVE—EDEN—THE FALL.

But man he made of angel form erect,
To hold communion with the heavens above,
And on his soul impressed his image fair,
His own similitude of holiness.

POLLOCK.

Thus they, the representatives of man,
Were placed in Eden—choicest spot on earth;
With royal honor, and with glory crowned,
Adam, the lord of all, majestic walked,
With godlike countenance sublime, and form
Of lofty towering strength; and by his side
Eve, fair as morning star, with modesty
Arrayed, with virtue, grace, and perfect love;
In holy marriage wed, and eloquent
Of thought and comely words, to worship God,
And sing his praise.

POLLOCK.

Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex; so lovely fair
That what seemed fair in all the world, seemed
now

Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained,
And in her looks;
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

MILTON.

Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded.

MILTON.

They sat them down to weep; nor only tears
Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse
within

Began to rise, high passions—anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord; and shook sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once,
And full of peace, now tossed and turbulent;
For understanding ruled not, and the will
Heard not her lore; both in subjection now
To sensual appetite.

MILTON.

Eden, from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breathe;
Soon by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin and sin wrought death.

JOSEPH HART.

O happy pair!

Lords of fair Eden's blooming range, where
earth,

Benignant parent, from her verdant lap
Spontaneous poured immortal sweets, and gave
Whate'er could minister delight! Too soon,
Alas! this scene was closed: behold them now,
So lately rich in happiness, and blessed
With converse of the living God, o'erwhelmed
In misery, and tortured by the stings
Of conscious guilt.

SAMUEL HAYES.

For contemplation he, and valor formed;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.

MILTON.

Her rash hand, in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she ate!
Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of
woe

That all was lost.

MILTON.

Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky lowered, and, muttering thunder, some sad
drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin.

MILTON.

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

MOORE.

But man, forgetful of his Maker's grace,
No less than angels whom he did ensue,
Fell from the hope of promised heavenly place,
Into the mouth of death to sinners due;
And all his offspring into thralldom threw,
Where they forever should in bonds remain
Of never-dead, yet ever-dying pain.

SPENSER.

How fair, to sinless Adam, Eden smiled!
But sin brought tears, and Eden was a wild!

BULWER.

[See also GUILT.]

ADVERSITY—AFFLICTION— DISCIPLINE.

Forever from the hand that takes
One blessing from us, others fall;
And soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all.

WHITTIER.

The best fruit loads the broken bough:
And in the wounds our sufferings plow,
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

MASSEY.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee!

MONTGOMERY.

Ah! never is our love so pure
As when refined by pain,
Or when God's glory upon earth
Finds in our loss its gain!

FABER.

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it, press thou on!

S. JOHNSON.

Through deserts of the cross Thou leadest,
 I follow leaning on thy hand ;
 From out the clouds thy child thou feedest,
 And giv'st him water from the sand.
 I know thy wondrous ways will end
 In love and blessing, thou true Friend ;
 Enough if thou art ever near !
 I know, whom thou wilt glorify,
 And raise o'er sun and stars on high,
 Thou lead'st through depths and darkness
 here.

From the German of DESZLER.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
 Heart pang or throbbing brow ;
 Sweet was the chastisement severe,
 And sweet its memory now.
 Yes ! let the fragrant scars abide,
 Love tokens in thy stead,
 Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side,
 And thorn-encompassed head.

"LYRA APOSTOLICA."

There is no gloom on earth ; for God above
 , Chastens in love,
 Transmuting sorrow into golden joy,
 Free from alloy.
 His dearest attribute is still to bless,
 And man's most welcome hymn is grateful
 cheerfulness.

HORACE SMITH.

As all our moral bitters are designed to brace
 the mind,
 And renovate its healthy tone, the wise
 Their sorest trials hail as blessings in disguise.

HORACE SMITH.

A sable night returns a shining morrow,
 And days of joy ensue sad nights of sorrow ;
 The way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
 And he that had no cross deserves no crown.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Afflictions clarify the soul.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Who sends affliction sends an end ; and He
 Best knows what's best for Him, what's best
 for me.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

SARAH F. ADAMS.

'Twas ever wont with thee, my God,
 To chasten oft a son ;
 He whom thou lovest feels thy rod,
 Tears flow ere joy is won ;
 Thou leadest us through darkest pain
 Back to the joyous light again ;
 . Thus ever hast thou done.

From the German of GERHARDT.

Through the cross comes the crown ; when the
 cares of this life
 Like giants in strength may to crush thee
 combine,
 Never mind, never mind ! after sorrow's sad
 strife,
 Shall the peace and the crown of salvation
 be thine !
 Through woe comes delight ; if at evening thou
 sigh,
 And thy soul still at midnight in sorrow
 appears,
 Never mind, never mind ! for the morning is
 nigh,
 Whose sunbeams of gladness shall dry up thy
 tears !

From the German of KOSEGARTEN.

The good are better made by ill,
 As odors crushed are sweeter still.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW.

This leaf? this stone? It is thy heart.
 It must be crushed by pain and smart,
 It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,
 Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
 Ere it will shine, a jewel meet
 To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

S. WILBERFORCE.

God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

COWPER.

O! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh and smile on me!

'CONDOR.

Each cloud that dims thy upward way
Shall more endear the glorious day
That gilds the land of love!

BOWRING.

O, block by block, with sore and sharp endeavor,
Lifelong we build these human natures up
Into a temple fit for freedom's shrine.
And trial ever consecrates the cup
Wherefrom we pour her sacrificial wine.

J. R. LOWELL.

Envy's harsh berries and the choking pool
Of the world's scorn are the right mother-milk
To the tough hearts that pioneer their kind,
And break a pathway to those unknown realms
That in the earth's broad shadow lie enthralled.

J. R. LOWELL.

The heart is like an instrument whose strings
Steal magic music from life's mystic frets;
The golden threads are spun through suffering's fire,

Wherewith the marriage-ropes for heaven are
woven;

And all the rarest hues of human life
Take radiance, and are rainbowed out in tears.

MASSEY.

But all God's angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.

J. R. LOWELL.

With every anguish of our earthly part
The spirit's sight grows clearer; this was
meant
When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with
clay.

J. R. LOWELL.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardors, and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.

YOUNG.

Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die.

YOUNG.

Amid my list of blessings infinite
Stands this the foremost, "That my heart has
bled."

YOUNG.

When pain can't bless, Heaven quits us in
despair.

YOUNG.

The martyr's fire-crown on the brow
Doth into glory burn:
And tears that from love's torn heart flow,
To pearls of spirit turn.

MASSEY.

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

LONGFELLOW.

Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,
The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

MASSEY.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing;
Without it what were we?

TRENCH.

Weep I cannot, but my heart bleeds.

SHAKESPEARE.

The rose which in the sun's bright rays
 Might soon have drooped and perished,
 With grateful scent the shower repays
 By which its life is cherished :
 And thus have e'en the young in years
 Found flowers within that flourish,
 And yield a fragrance fed by tears,
 That sunshine could not nourish!

BERNARD BARTON.

I ask
 What He would have this evil do for me ?
 What is its mission ? What its ministry ?
 What golden fruit lies hidden in its husk ?
 How shall it nurse my virtue, nerve my will,
 Chasten my passions, purify my love,
 And make me in some goodly sense like Him
 Who bore the cross of evil while he lived,
 Who hung and bled upon it when he died,
 And now in glory wears the victor's crown.

J. G. HOLLAND.

Life had fresher hopes when she was younger,
 But their dying wrung out no complaints ;
 Chill and penury, and neglect and hunger—
 These to Margery were guardian saints.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Angels to her were the loves and hopes
 Which had left her purified, but sadder ;
 And they lured her to the emerald slopes
 Of that heaven where anguish never flashes
 Her red fire-whips ; happy land where
 flowers

Bloom over the volcanic ashes
 Of this blighting, blighted world of ours !

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

O ! bless the pangs that made thee see
 This was no world of rest for thee.

JOHN KEBLE.

If long and sad thy lonely hours,
 And winds have rent thy sheltering bowers,
 Bethink thee what thou art, and where—
 A sinner, in a life of care.

JOHN KEBLE.

Dear Father, we consent
 To discipline divine ;
 And bless the pains that make our souls
 Still more completely thine.

DODDRIDGE.

Then in life's goblet freely press
 The leaves that give it bitterness ;
 Nor prize the colored waters less,
 For in thy darkness and distress,
 New light and strength they give.

LONGFELLOW.

Despair was in our last farewell,
 As closed thine eye ;
 Tears of our anguish may not tell
 When thou didst die ;
 Words may not paint our grief for thee ;
 Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
 Of our unfathomed agony.

DAVID M. MOIR.

Sad are the sorrows that oftentimes come,
 Heavy and dull, and blighting and chill,
 Shutting the light from our heart and our home,
 Marring our hopes and defying our will.
 But let us not sink beneath the woe—
 'Tis well, perchance, we are tried and bowed ;
 For be sure though we may not oft see it below,
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

ELIZA COOK.

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue,
 Where patience, honor, sweet humanity,
 Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish.

MALLET & THOMSON.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene,
 Prosperity obscures his brightest ray.
 As night to stars, woe luster gives to man.

YOUNG.

O Life, O Death, O World, O Time,
 O Grave where all things flow,
 'Tis yours to make our lot sublime
 With your great weight of woe.

TRENCH.

Adversity's cold frost will soon be o'er :
 It heralds brighter days ; the joyous Spring
 Is cradled on the Winter's icy breast,
 And yet comes flushed in beauty.

MRS. HEMANS.

He who hath never warred with misery,
 Nor ever tugged with fortune and distress,
 Hath had n' occasion, nor no field to try
 The strength and forces of his worthiness.

DANIEL.

Perfumes, the more they're chafed the more
they render
Their pleasant scents, and so affliction
Expresseth virtue fully.

JOHN WEBSTER.

Heaven but tries our virtues by affliction,
And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

DR. BROWN.

The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain;
As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crushed, or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

GOLDSMITH.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
And love is lit by the breath of sighs;
The deepest griefs and the wildest fears
Have holiest ministries.

J. G. HOLLAND.

And that high suffering which we dread
A higher joy discloses;
Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,
But angels saw the roses.

MRS. J. W. HOWE.

We welcome clouds that bring the former rain,
Though they the present prospect blacken
round,

And shade the beauties of the opening year;
That, by their stores enriched, the earth may
yield

A fruitful summer and a plenteous crop.

SWAINE.

God hath created nights
As well as days to deck the varied globe;
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe
Of desolation as in white attire.

BEAUMONT.

If affliction grasps thee rudely,
And presents the rack and cup,
Drink the draught and brave the torture;
Even in despair look up!

Still look up! For One there liveth
With the will and power to save—
One who knows each human sorrow
From the cradle to the grave.

J. L. CHESTER.

Graces withered by too warm a beam
May spread and flourish in the dreary shade;
And pleasure, to voluptuous guilt denied,
May bloom ambrosial from affliction's thorn.

GEORGE BALLY.

The grass is sweet and dewy
Where the shadows longest lay;
An iale of dreams it seemeth
In the blazing sea of day.
So the heart is tender, wooing,
Where the sorrows oftenest fall;
In this glad bright world, its darkness
Is the heavenliest thing of all.

MISS H. J. HURLBUTT.

Strength is born
In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts,
Not amidst joy.

ANONYMOUS.

[See also THE CROSS—GRIEF—CONSOLATION.]

AFFECTION.

Affection's power who can suppress,
And master when it sinneth,
Of worthy praise deserves no less
Than he that kingdoms winneth.

BRANDON.

O cast thou not
Affection from thee! In this bitter world
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast;
Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity.

ANONYMOUS.

Give me the boon of love!
Ambition's meed is vain!
Dearer affection's earnest smile
Than honor's richest train.
I'd rather lean upon a breast
Responsive to my own,
Than sit pavilioned gorgeously
Upon a kingly throne.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

There is in life no blessing like affection;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven;
Life has naught else that may supply its place.

L. E. LANDON.

O sweet are the tones of affection sincere
 When they come from the depth of the heart !
 And sweet are the words that banish each care,
 And bid sorrow forever depart !

E. L. BULWER.

True, there is better love, whose balance just
 Mingles soul's instinct with our grosser dust,
 And leaves affection, strengthening day by day,
 Firm to assault, impervious to decay.

MRS. NORTON.

To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,
 In which the burden of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world
 Is lightened ; that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,
 Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
 And even the motion of our human blood,
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul :
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

WORDSWORTH.

If of our affections none find grace
 In sight of heaven, then wherefore hath God
 made
 The world which we inhabit ? Better plea
 Love cannot have than that, in loving thee,
 Glory to that eternal peace is paid,
 Who such divinity to thee imparts
 As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
From the Italian of MICHAEL ANGELO.

Alas ! our young affections run to waste,
 Or water but the desert.

BYRON.

Some gather round them a phalanx of friends,
 Scattering affection like coin in a crowd ;
 I keep my heart for the few that Heaven sends,
 Where they'll find their names writ when I
 lie in my shroud.

MISS MULOCH.

[See also LOVE—FRIENDSHIP.]

AFFLICTION—(See ADVERSITY.)

AGE.

My way of life
 Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have ; but in their stead
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth honor, breath
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, but
 dare not.

SHAKESPEARE.

But an old age serene and bright,
 And lovely as a Lapland night,
 Shall lead thee to thy grave.

WORDSWORTH.

Time has laid his hand
 Upon my heart gently, not smiting it ;
 But as a harper lays his open palm
 Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

LONGFELLOW.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye.

SHAKESPEARE.

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,
 In old age as in youth,
 Thy Master found thee sowing still
 The good seed of his truth.

WHITTIER.

O not more sweet the tears
 Of the dewy eve on the violet shed,
 Than the dews of old age on the "hoary head,"
 When it enters the eve of years.

"SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
 The bounds of man's appointed years, at last,
 Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
 Serenely to his final rest has passed,
 While the soft memory of his virtues yet
 Lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun
 is set ?

BRYANT.

A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
 Long rifled life of sweets can yield no more.

YOUNG.

I left him in a green old age,
And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady
Amid the elements, while younger trees
Fell fast around him.

BYRON.

Now then the ills of age, its pains, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
And each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart.

CRABBE.

Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile roots, and closer cling,
Still more enamored of this wretched soil?
Shall our pale withered hands be still stretched
out,
Trembling at once with eagerness and age?
With avarice, and convulsions, grasping hard?
Grasping at air; for what has earth beside?

YOUNG.

What folly can be ranker? like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

YOUNG.

So may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou
drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature.

MILTON.

As those we love decay, we die in part;
String after string is severed from the heart;
Till loosened life, at last, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.

THOMSON.

But age has felt those ties unbound
Which fixed him to that spot of ground
Where all his household comforts lay;
He feels his freezing heart grow cold,
He thinks of kindred in the mould,
And cries amid his grief untold,
"I would not live away."

WM. KNOX.

On he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

GOLDSMITH.

How pure
The grace, the gentleness of virtuous age!
Though solemn, not austere; though wisely
dead

To passion, and the 'wildering dreams of hope,
Not unalive to tenderness and truth;
The good old man is honored and revered,
And breathes upon the young-limbed race
around

A gray and venerable charm of years.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Youth, with swift feet, walks onward in the way,
The land of joy lies all before his eyes;
Age, stumbling, lingers slower day by day,
Still looking back, for it behind him lies.

F. A. KEMBLE.

In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

C. WESLEY.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has
made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

The aged Christian stands upon the shore
Of time, a storehouse of experience,
Filled with the treasures of rich heavenly lore;
I love to sit and hear him draw from thence
Sweet recollections of his journey past,
A journey crowned with blessings to the last.

MRS. ST. LEON LOUD.

Why should old age escape unnoticed here,
That sacred era to reflection dear?
That peaceful shore where passion dies away,
Like the last wave that ripples o'er the bay?
O, if old age were cancelled from our lot,
Full soon would man deplore the unhallowed
blot!

Life's busy day would want its tranquil even,
And earth would lose her stepping-stone to
heaven.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

AMBITION.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on t'other side.

SHAKESPEARE.

Alas! ambition makes my little less;
Embittering the possest.

YOUNG.

But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soared; obnoxious, first or last,
To basest things.

MILTON.

The very substance of the ambitious is merely
the shadow of a dream.

SHAKESPEARE.

I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality
that it is but a shadow's shadow.

SHAKESPEARE.

I charge thee fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?

SHAKESPEARE.

Ambition hath but two steps: the lowest,
Blood; the highest, envy.

LILLY.

Ambition is a rebel
Both to the soul and reason, and enforces
All laws, all conscience; treads upon religion,
And offers violence to nature's self.

BEN JONSON.

O sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveya,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

POPE.

Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
Hunt after honor and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death,
With so great labor and long-lasting pain,
As if life's days forever should remain?

SPENSER.

Woe to thee, wild ambition! I employ
Despair's low notes thy dread effects to tell;
Born in high heaven, her peace thou couldst
destroy,

And but for thee there had not been a hell.
Through the celestial domes thy clarion pealed,
Angels, entranced, beneath thy banners
ranged,

And straight were fiends; hurled from the
shrinking field,

They waked in agony to wail the change.
Darting through all her veins the subtle fire,
The world's fair mistress first inhaled thy
breath;

To lot of higher beings learned to aspire;
Dared to attempt, and doomed the world to
death.

MARIA A. BROOKS.

The sons of earth
Who, vexed with vain inquietude, pursue
Ambition's fatuous light through miry pools
That yawn for their destruction, stray, fore-
doomed,
Amid delusive shadows, to their end.

HERBERT.

Ambition, when the pinnacle is gained
With many a toilsome step, the power it sought
Wants to support itself, and sighs to find
The envied height but aggravates the fall.

GEORGE BALLY.

ANCESTRY—(See BIRTH.)

ANGELS — MINISTERING
SPIRITS.

There are, who like the seer of old
Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain side
Is white with many an angel tent?
They hear the heralds whom our Lord
Sends down his pathway to prepare;
And light, from others hidden, shines
On their high place of faith and prayer.

WHITTIER.

I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

JANE TAYLOR.

From heaven fair beings come at night
 To watch o'er mortals while they sleep;
 Angels are they, whose sole delight
 It is to comfort those who weep.
 How softly on the dreamer's head
 They lay their soft and snow-white hands!
 One smile! then, in a moment fled,
 They melt away to happier lands.

JOHN WILSON.

Who knows how near, each holy hour,
 The pure and childlike dead
 May linger, where in shrine or bower
 The mourner's prayer is said?

JOHN KEBLE.

From you the veil of midnight darkness rending,
 Came the rich mysteries to the sleeper's eye,
 That saw your hosts ascending and descending,
 On those bright steps between the earth and sky;
 Trembling he woke, and bowed o'er glory's
 trace,

And worshiped, awe-struck, in that fearful
 place.

And may ye not unseen around us hover,
 With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet?
 Though the fresh glory of those days be over,
 When, midst the palm-trees, man your footsteps
 met?

Are ye not near when faith and hope rise high,
 When love by strength o'er masters agony?
 Are ye not near, when sorrow, unrepining,
 Yields up life's treasures unto him who gave?
 And martyrs, all things for his sake resigning,
 Lead on the march of death serenely brave?

MRS. HEMANS.

Thou angel spirit, who so oft didst sing
 My infant cares to sleep upon thy breast,
 Let me but hear the rustling of thy wing,
 Around thy child its guardian influence fling!
 O come thou from the island of the blest,
 And bear my weary soul up to thy sainted
 rest!

"HEAVENLY RECOGNITION."

Angels of life and death alike are his;
 Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
 Against his messengers to shut the door?

LONGFELLOW.

Thou! who alone thyself dost deem,
 A solitary in thy grief,
 List! soft as footfall of a dream,
 Comes one to bear thee sweet relief;
 And fled is all thy hoarded care,
 The passing Seraph's wing is there.

WM. B. TAPPAN.

Ye stars that round the Sun of righteousness
 In glorious order roll,
 With harps forever strung, ready to bless
 God for each rescued soul,
 Ye eagle spirits that build in light divine,
 O! think of us to-day,
 Faint warblers of this earth, that would combine
 Our trembling notes with your accepted lay.

JOHN KEBLE.

O weary ones! ye may not see
 Your helpers in their downward flight;
 Nor hear the sound of silver wings,
 Slow beating through the hush of night!
 But not the less gray Dothan shone,
 With sun-bright watchers bending low,
 That fear's dim eye beheld alone
 The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

WHITTIER.

Angels—Archangels! glorious
 Guards of the Church victorious!
 Sing to the Lamb!
 Crown him with crowns of light,
 One of the Three by right,
 Love, Majesty, and Might,
 The great I Am!

BRYDGES.

Sure, to the mansions of the blest
 When infant innocence ascends,
 Some angel, brighter than the rest,
 The spotless spirit's flight attends.
 On wings of ecstasy they rise,
 Beyond where worlds material roll,
 Till some fair sister of the skies
 Receives the unpolluted soul.
 Hark! in such strains as saints employ,
 They whisper to thy bosom peace;
 Calm the perturbed heart to joy,
 And bid the streaming sorrow cease.
 Then dry, henceforth, the bitter tear;
 Their part and thine inverted see;
 Thou wert their guardian angel here,
 They, guardian angels now to thee.

JOHN Q. ADAMS.

Bright cherubim and seraphim,
In one mysterious crowd,
Expand the everlasting hymn
That rolls from cloud to cloud.
They gaze, and as they gaze, they shine,
And as they shine, admire,
With adoration all divine,
All love, all life, all fire.

BRYDGES.

Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin;
Yet absent, but not absent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles; Raphael sung
Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the sovereign.

YOUNG.

They dwell with thee—the dead;
Pavilioned in the auroral tents of light;
Their spheres of heavenly influence round thee
spread,
Their pure transparence vailing them from
sight.
Angelic ministers of love and peace,
Whose sweet solitudes will never cease.

"TESTIMONY OF THE POETS."

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is; else much more wretched were the
case

Of men than beasts; but O! the exceeding
grace

Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.
How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us
plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward;
O! why should heavenly God to men have such
regard?

SPENSER.

Times of joy and times of woe,
Each an angel-presence know.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

They are God's minist'ring spirits, and are sent,
His messengers of mercy, to fulfill
Good for salvation's heirs. For us they still
Grieve when we sin, rejoice when we repent;
And on the last dread day they shall present
The severed righteous at his holy hill,
With them God's face to see, to do his will,
And bear with them his likeness.

BISHOP MANT.

Holy angels in their flight
Traverse over earth and sky;
Acts of kindness their delight,
Winged with mercy as they fly.

"CHILD'S HYMN."

So parted they; the angel up to heaven,
And Adam to his bower.

MILTON.

Elysian race! while o'er their slumbering flocks
The Galilean shepherds watched, ye came
To sing hosannas to the heaven-born Babe,
And shed the brightness of your beauty round:
Nor have ye left the world, but still, unseen,
Surround the earth, as guardians of the good,
Inspiring souls, and leading them to heaven!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we sleep and when we
wake.

MILTON.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in peace,
Bidding our doubts and our fears to cease,
Wiping the tears which unbidden start
From that bitter fount in the broken heart,
Cheering us still on our lonely way,
Lest our spirits should faint, or our feet should
stray,
Till, risen with Christ, we come to be,
Beautiful thing, with our boy and thee.

BISHOP DOANE.

When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone;
Like those of old, on that thrice hallowed night,
Who sat and watched in heavenly raiment
bright;

And with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Said, pointing upward, that He is not here,
That he is risen!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Hush! hush! around her curtained bed
 Perchance with love there glides another!
 We cannot hear that spirit-tread,
 But in her sleep she murmurs, "Mother!"

ANONYMOUS.

'Tis your office, spirits bright,
 Still to guard us night and day,
 And before your heavenly might
 Powers of darkness flee away.
 Ever doth your unseen host
 Camp around us, and avert
 All that seek to do us hurt,
 Curbing Satan's malice most.
 And ye come on ready wing,
 When we drift toward sheer despair,
 Seeing naught where we might cling,
 Suddenly, lo, ye are there!
 And the wearied heart grows strong,
 As an angel strengthened Him,
 Fainting in the garden dim
 'Neath the world's vast woe and wrong.

From the German of RIST.

No cloud was visible, but radiant wings
 Were coming with a silvery rush to earth;
 And as the Saviour rose, a glorious one,
 With an illumined forehead, and the light
 Whose fountain is the mystery of God
 Encalmed within his eye, bowed down to him,
 And nerved him with a ministry of strength.

N. P. WILLIS.

In this dim world of clouding cares
 We rarely know, till 'wildered eyes
 See white wings lessening up the skies,
 The angels with us unawares.

GERALD MASSEY.

ANGER.

The ocean lashed to fury loud,
 Its high waves mingling with the cloud,
 Is peaceful, sweet serenity,
 To anger's dark and troubled sea.

J. W. EASTBURNE.

Madness and anger differ but in this:
 This is short madness, that long anger is.

CHARLES ALEYN.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath,
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scathe,
 Bitter despite, with rancor's rusty knife,
 And fretting grief—the enemy of life.

E. SPENSER.

Of all bad things by which mankind are cursed,
 Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

CUMBERLAND.

Anger is no attribute of justice.

HENRY KILLEGREW.

Senseless and deformed,
 Convulsive anger storms at large; or, pale
 And silent, settles into full revenge.

THOMSON.

'Tis all in vain, this rage that tears thy bosom;
 Like a poor bird that flutters in its cage,
 Thou beat'st thyself to death.

ROWE.

And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.

COLERIDGE.

See also THE PASSIONS.

APOSTASY — (See TREACHERY.)

APOSTLES.

Where is the fire which once descended
 On Thy apostles? Thou didst then
 Keep open house, richly attended,
 Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.
 The sun which once did shine alone,
 Hung down his head and wished for night,
 When he beheld twelve suns for one,
 Going about the world, and giving light.

HERBERT.

In them the Father shone;
 In them the Son o'ercame;
 In them the Holy Spirit wrought,
 And filled their hearts with flame.

"BREVIAIRY."

The Lord's eternal gifts,
 The apostles' mighty praise,
 Their victories and high reward,
 Sing we in joyful lays.
 Lords of the Churches they;
 Triumphant chiefs of war;
 Brave soldiers of the heavenly court;
 True lights for evermore.
 "BREVARY."

At once he rose and left his gold;
 His treasure and his heart
 Transferred, where he shall safe behold
 Earth and her idols part;
 While he beside his endless store
 Shall sit, and floods unceasing pour
 Of Christ's true riches, o'er all time and space,
 First angel of his Church, first steward of his
 grace.

KEBLE.

Look in, and see Christ's chosen saint
 In triumph wear his Christlike chain;
 No fear lest he should swerve or faint;
 "His life is Christ, his death is gain."
 KEBLE.

These, O Lord,
 Were all thy scanty followers; by thee
 First called, first rescued from a world of woe,
 To spread salvation into distant climes;
 And tell the meanest habitant of earth
 "Glad tidings of great joy."
 MADAN.

A Cesar's title less my envy moves,
 Than to be styled the man whom Jesus loves;
 What charms, what beauties in his face did
 shine,
 Reflected ever from the face divine!
 WESLEY.

APPEARANCES.

Appearances to save, his only care:
 So things *seem* right, no matter what they are.
 CHURCHILL.

Appearances deceive,
 And this one maxim is a standing rule—
 Men are not what they seem.

HAYARD.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.
 LONGFELLOW.

The deepest ice that ever froze
 Can only o'er the surface close:
 The living stream lies quick below,
 And flows, and cannot cease to flow.
 BYRON.

'Tis not the fairest form that holds
 The mildest, purest soul within;
 'Tis not the richest plant that folds
 The sweetest breath of fragrance in.
 DAWES.

A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
 SHAKESPEARE.

All that glitters is not gold,
 Gilded tombs do worms enfold.
 SHAKESPEARE.

How little do they see what is, who frame
 Their hasty judgments upon that which seems.
 SOUTHEY.

Not always actions show the man: we find
 Who does a kindness is not therefore kind;
 Who combats bravely is not therefore brave—
 He dreads a death-bed, like the meanest slave;
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise—
 His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.
 POPE.

As a beam o'er the face of the water may glow,
 While the tide runs in darkness and coldness
 below,
 So the cheek may be tinged with a warm
 sunny smile,
 Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the
 while.

T. MOORE.

Think not because the eye is bright,
 And smiles are laughing there,
 The heart that beats within is light,
 And free from pain and care.
 A blush may tinge the darkest cloud
 Ere Sol's last ray depart,
 And underneath the sunniest smile
 May lurk the saddest heart.

ANONYMOUS.

She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never reached one generous thought;
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies forever.

POPE.

APPETITES — (See PASSIONS.)

APPLAUSE.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled
The eternal regions.

MILTON.

At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

MILTON.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep,
Hoarse murmur echoed to his words-applause,
Through the infinite host.

MILTON.

O popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?

COWPER.

O breath of public praise,
Short lived and vain! oft gained without desert,
As often lost unmerited!

HAYARD.

The noisy praise
Of giddy crowds is changeable as winds;
Still vehement, and still without a cause;
Servant to change, and blowing in the tide
Of swoll'n success; but veering with the ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.

DRYDEN.

Applause
Waits on success; the fickle multitude,
Like the light straw that floats along the stream,
Glide with the current still, and follow fortune.

FRANKLIN.

[See also FAME.]

ASCENSION.

We must not stand to gaze too long,
Though on unfolding heaven our gaze we bend,
Where, lost behind the bright angelic throng,
We see Christ's entering triumph slow ascend.

KEBLE.

We did not mark the chosen few,
When thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

ANONYMOUS.

The eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of glory is gone up,
Unto his Father's side.
And ever on his earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils him from our eyes.

ANONYMOUS.

Jesus is gone up on high,
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing:
"Open now ye heavenly gates!
'Tis the King of glory waits."

KELLY.

Thank God that now the way is made!
The cherub-guarded door,
Through Him on whom our help was laid,
Stands open evermore.
Who knoweth this is glad at heart,
And swift prepares him to depart.
Where Christ is gone before.

From the German of ZWICK.

Bright portals of the sky,
Embossed with sparkling stars;
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars;
Your arras rich uphold,
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

DRUMMOND.

Circled round with angel powers,
 Their triumphant Lord and ours,
 Conq'r'or o'er death, hell, and sin,
 Take the King of glory in;
 Him though highest heaven receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves;
 Though returned to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own.

C. WESLEY.

Our Lord is risen from the dead;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky;
 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way."

C. WESLEY.

Hail the day that sees Him rise,
 Ravished from our wishful eyes!
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Reascends his native heaven.
 There the pompous triumph waits;
 Lift your heads, eternal gates;
 Wide unfold the radiant scene;
 Take the King of glory in.

C. WESLEY.

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
 Into thy native skies;
 Assume thy right;
 And where in many a fold
 The clouds are backward rolled,
 Pass through those gates of gold,
 And reign in light!

BRYDGES.

Thou stoopedst once to suffer here,
 And risest o'er the starry sphere;
 Hell's gates at thy descent were riven,
 Thy ascent is to highest heaven.

From St. AMBROSE, by FRANCE.

And now his conquering chariot wheels
 Ascend the lofty skies;
 While broke, beneath his powerful cross,
 Death's iron scepter lies.

MRS. BARBAULD.

ASPIRATIONS.

O how the thought of God attracts
 And draws the heart from earth,
 And sickens it of passing shows
 And dissipating mirth!
 God only is the creature's home,
 Though long and rough the road;
 Yet nothing less can satisfy
 The love that longs for God.

FABER.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
 Can win their way above;
 If mountains can be moved by faith,
 Is there less power in love?
 How little of that road, my soul!
 How little hast thou gone!
 Take heart, and let the thought of God
 Allure thee farther on.

FABER.

Father, my soul would be
 Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew;
 And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
 So would I be to thee.

ANONYMOUS.

My feet are worn and weary with the march
 O'er the rough road, and up the steep hill-side;
 O city of our God! I fain would see
 Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters
 glide.

ANONYMOUS.

Only to sit and think of God—
 O what a joy it is!
 To think the thought, to breathe the name—
 Earth has no higher bliss!
 Father of Jesus! love's reward!
 What rapture will it be
 Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
 And gaze and gaze on thee!

FABER.

Are there not aspirations in each heart
 After a better, brighter world than this?
 Longings for beings nobler in each part,
 Things more exalted, steeped in deeper bliss?
 Who gave us these? What are they? soul!
 in thee
 The bud is budding now for immortality!

ROBERT NICOLL.

Wings like a dove, to fly!
The spirit is faint with its feverish strife;
O for its home in the upper life!
When, when will death draw nigh?

ANONYMOUS.

Countless chords of heavenly music,
Struck ere earthly time began,
Vibrate in immortal concord
To the answering soul of man;
Countless rays of heavenly glory
Shine through spirit pent in clay,
On the wise men at their labors,
On the children at their play.
Man has gazed on heavenly secrets,
Sunned himself in heavenly glow,
Seen the glory, heard the music;
We are wiser than we know.

CHARLES MACKAY.

From the birth
Of mortal man, the Sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment; but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her
view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

AKENSIDE.

Father of life and light! thou good Supreme!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

THOMSON.

All my thoughts, which upward winging
Bathe where Thy own light is springing,
All my yearnings to be free,
Are as echoes answering Thee.

WHITTIER.

O! who the speed of bird and wind
And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,
That, soaring upward, I may find
My resting place and home in Thee?

WHITTIER.

Here for every hour and day
Measure full of care I pay;
Yonder opens to my sight
An unclouded morning light,
Eternity is still and bright,
O that my Lord would come!

J. F. VON MEYER.

O for a glimpse of Him my soul adores!
As the chased hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream; for Him who made
her,
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys.

YOUNG.

Was not my spirit born to shine,
Where yonder stars and suns are glowing?
To breathe with them the light divine,
From God's own holy altar flowing?
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul
In dreams hath thirsted for so long,
A portion of heaven's glorious whole
Of loveliness and song?

WHITTIER.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

Heavenward, ah heavenward!
This my daily choice shall be;
Earth's sweet voices are unheard,
I would heaven's glory see;
Heavenward, the waves I'll breast,
Till in heaven I am at rest.

ANONYMOUS.

Lord, thou biddest me aspire
To a prize so high, so grand,
That it sets my soul on fire
To be found amid thy band.
O how brightly shineth down,
From thy heights, the starry crown,
And the throne to victors given,
Who for thee have bravely striven!

From the German of MENTZER.

Lord, the lights are gleaming from the distant shore

Where no billows threaten, where no tempests roar :

Long beloved voices calling me I hear;

O how sweet their summons falls upon my ear!

Here are foes and strangers, faithless hearts and cold;

There is fond affection, fondly proved of old!

Let me haste to join them; may it not be so?

Loose the cable, let me go!

ANONYMOUS.

One sweetly solemn thought

Comes to me o'er and o'er—

I'm nearer home to-day

Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house

Where the many mansions be;

Nearer the great white throne,

Nearer the jasper sea;

Nearer the bound of life,

Where we lay our burdens down;

Nearer leaving the cross,

Nearer gaining the crown.

CARY.

It is a weary way, and I am faint;

I pant for purer air and fresher springs;

O Father, take me home! there is a taint,

A shadow, on earth's purest, brightest things;

This world is but a wilderness to me;

There is no rest, my God! no peace apart from thee.

ANONYMOUS.

[See also PROGRESS—HEAVEN.]

ATHEISM.

Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,

Be complaisance extended;

An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange

For Deity offended.

BURNS.

The owllet Atheism,

Sailing on obscene wings across the noon,

Drops his blue-fringed lids, and shuts them close,

And, hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,

Cries out, "Where is it?"

COLERIDGE.

"No God! no God!" The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,

Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound.

"No God," astonished Echo cries

From out her cavern hoar:

And every wandering bird that flies

Reproves the Atheist lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head

The Almighty to proclaim;

The brooklet on its crystal urn

Doth leap to grave his name;

High swells the deep and vengeful sea

Along its billowy track,

And red Vesuvius opes his mouth

To hurl the falsehood back.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

He travailed sorely, and made many a tack,

His sails oft shifting, to arrive, dread thought!

Arrive at utter nothingness; and have

Being no more—no feeling, memory—

No lingering consciousness that e'er he was;

Guilt's midnight wish! last, most abhorred thought!

Most desperate effort of extremest sin!

POLLAK.

Who can look on the earth,

And view the varied beauty, and the bloom

That lingers still, with Eden loveliness,

Upon the mountain top and on the plain,

And say, "There is no God?"

DAVID BATES.

These are they

That strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,

And in the place of Heaven's eternal King

Set up the phantom Chance.

GLYNN.

The flower, the grass, the sands, each wind
that blows,

All speak of God; throughout one voice
agrees,

And, eloquent, his dread existence shows;

Blind to thyself, ah! see him, fool, in these.

From the Italian of COTTA.

Atheist, use thine eyes,

And having viewed the order of the skies,

Think, if thou canst, that matter blindly hurled,

Without a guide, should frame this wondrous world.

CREECH.

"There is no God," the foolish saith,
 But none, "There is no sorrow;"
 And nature oft the cry of faith
 In bitter need will borrow.
 Eyes which the preacher could not school,
 By wayside graves are raised;
 And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
 That ne'er said, "God be praised!"

MISS BARRETT.

And hath man the power with his pride and
 his skill
 To arouse all nature with storms at will?
 Hath he power to color the summer cloud,
 To allay the tempest when hills are bowed?
 Can he waken the spring with her festal
 wreath?
 Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath?
 Will he come again when death's vale is trod?
 Who then shall dare murmur, "There is no
 God?"

WILLIS G. CLARK.

Nice philosophy
 May tolerate unlikely arguments,
 But Heaven admits no jests! Wits that pre-
 sumed
 On wit too much, by striving how to prove
 There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
 Discovered first the nearest way to hell,
 And filled the world with devilish atheism.

JOHN FORD.

[See also DOUBT.]

ATONEMENT.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He?
 By the sun at noonday pale,
 Shivering rocks and rending veil,
 By earth that trembles at his doom,
 By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
 By Eden, promised ere he died
 To the felon at his side,
 Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
 Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

H. H. MILMAN.

Thou, rather than thy justice should be stained,
 Didst stain the cross.

YOUNG.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There, adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete;
 "It is finished," hear him cry;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

MONTGOMERY.

By Thine hour of dire despair;
 By thine agony of prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice —
 Listen to our humble cry;
 Hear our solemn litany.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

"But the time comes swiftly toward me,
 (Nor do I bid it stay.)
 When the dead Christ will be more to me
 Than all I hold to-day.

MRS. J. W. HOWE.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

BAKEWELL.

God's own Son, unblemished victim, gave
 Himself a sacrifice, and by his blood
 Upon the cross poured forth, washed out the
 stain

Of primal sin.

SAMUEL HAYES.

The Son of God,
 Only begotten, and well-beloved, between
 Men and his Father's justice interposed;
 Put human nature on, His wrath sustained,
 And in their name suffered, obeyed, and died;
 Making his soul an offering for sin,
 Just for unjust, and innocence for guilt.

POLLOK.

Thus Truth with Mercy met, and Righteousness,
 Stooping from highest heaven, embraced fair
 Peace,
 That walked the earth in fellowship with Love.

POLLOK.

Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When, dying, he looks down to bid thee live?
Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffered good,
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood,
Whose virtues can thy deepest crimes efface,
Rebel thy nature, and confirm thy peace?

BOYER.

Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine
That suffered in my stead!
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quenched in death those flaming eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.

C. WESLEY.

Cling to the Crucified!
His death is life to thee;
Life for eternity.
His pains thy pardon seal;
His stripes thy bruises heal;
His cross proclaims thy peace,
Bids every sorrow cease.
His blood is all to thee:
It purges thee from sin,
It sets thy spirit free,
It keeps thy conscience clean.
Cling to the Crucified!

BONAR.

So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die;
And dying, rise; and rising, with Him raise
His brethren, ransomed with his own dear life.

MILTON.

Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee, by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross, and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life, I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

C. WESLEY.

And shall the sinful heart, alone,
Behold, unmoved, the atoning hour,
When nature trembles on her throne,
And death resigns his iron power?
O! shall the heart—whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to His sore distress,
And added to his tears of blood—
Refuse its trembling gratitude?

WHITTIER.

Jesus is come, an offering for sinners;
The sins of the whole world beareth this
Lamb;
He is the sufferer, we are the winners;
Our full redemption to purchase he came.
Love! in thy wonders we are but beginners!
An offering for sinners our Jesus is come!
From the German of N. FRELINGHAUSEN.

[See also THE CROSS — CRUCIFIXION — REDEMPTION — THE SAVIOUR — GETHSEMANE.]

AUTUMN — (See THE SEASONS.)

AVARICE—COVETOUSNESS.

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!

SHAKESPEARE

And 'tis gold
Which makes the true man killed, and saves
the thief:
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true
man: what
Can it not do and undo?

SHAKESPEARE.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? Raise thy
head:
Take stars for money: stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased:
None is so wasteful as the scraping dame;
She looseth three for one—her soul, rest,
fame.

HERBERT.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee
rich;
And, while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

HERBERT.

There walks Judas, he who sold
Yesterday his Lord for gold;
Sold God's presence in his heart
For a proud step in the mart.
He hath dealt in flesh and blood;
At the bank his name is good;
At the bank, and only there,
'Tis a marketable ware.

J. R. LOWELL.

Some, o'renamored of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.

YOUNG.

Or, (meaner still,) instead of grasping air,
For sordid lucre, plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, sweat, through every shame, for every
gain,

For vile, contaminating trash; throw up
Our hope in heaven, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt matured to gold?

YOUNG.

But scarce observed, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold:
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind.
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety
buys;

The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

DR. JOHNSON.

He turns, with anxious heart and crippled
hands,

His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands:
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

DR. JOHNSON.

Of all that sold eternity for time,
None bargained on so easy terms with death:
Illustrious fool! nay, most inhuman wretch!
He sat among his bags, and, with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the
poor

Away unalmased; and 'midst abundance died—
Sorest of evils—died of utter want.

POLLOK.

But there was one in folly further gone;
With eye awry, incurable, and wild,
The laughing-stock of devils and of men,
And by his guardian-angel quite given up—
The miser, who with dust inanimate
Held wedded intercourse.

POLLOK.

Avarice o'ershoots

Its destined mark; and, with abundance cursed,
In wealth the ills of poverty endures.

GEORGE BALLY.

For this I bartered thee, and sold
The riches of my heart for gold!
Its healthful love for sinful lust;
The calm content of honest toil
For feverish dream and fierce turmoil;
The wine of life for trodden dust.

WHITTIER.

O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starved in this, then damned in that to
come.

BLAIR.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might
suffice,
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise,
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made
him poor,
Who had enough, yet wished evermore.

SPENSER.

Gold! gold! in all ages the curse of mankind!
Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the
mind;

To gain thee men barter eternity's crown,
Yield honor, affection, and lasting renown.

PARK BENJAMIN.

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks
and thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoyed
In vision beatific.

MILTON.

Let none admire

That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.

MILTON.

O life misspent! O foulest waste of time!
No time has he his groveling mind to store
With history's truths, or philosophic lore.
No charms for him has God's all-blooming
earth—

His only question this: "What are they
worth?"

Art, nature, wisdom, are no match for gain;
And e'en religion bids him pause in vain.

THOMAS WARD.

For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell, himself for money sold;
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong alike in equal balance
weighed.

SPENSER.

Starve beside the chests, whose every coin,
At the last day, shall in the court of heaven
Witness against thee.

BULWER.

[See also MAMMON.]

BAPTISM.

What sparkles in that lucid flood
Is water, by gross mortals eyed;
But seen by faith, 'tis blood
Out of a dear Friend's side.
A few calm words of faith and prayer,
A few bright drops of holy dew,
Shall work a wonder there
Earth's charmers never knew.

KEBLE.

Through the wide earth was never mortal man
Born holier than John; to whom was given
The guilty world's Baptizer to baptize,
And ope the door of heaven.

"BREVIAKY."

All gorgeous hues are in the pure white beam,
All Christian graces in one drop of love
That sparkles from the bright baptismal stream
Over the fair young brow, where gently move
Christ's dawning rays.

KEBLE.

The heir of heaven, henceforth I dread not
death;
In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life. Let sea and earth and sky
Wage war against me; on my front I show
The mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, who can but end its woe.

COLERIDGE.

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move,
That we, through energy divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

BEDDOME.

A babe in deep repose
Where holy water flows,
Is bathed, while o'er him holiest words are said;
A child of wrath he came;
Now hath he Jesus' name;
A glory like a saint's surrounds his favored head.

KEBLE.

Baptized as for the dead, He rose
With prayer from Jordan's hallowed flood;
Ere long by persecuting foes,
To be baptized in his own blood;
The Father's voice proclaimed the Son,
The Spirit witnessed; these are one.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Water—of blest purity
Emblem—do we pour on thee;
Little one! regenerate be
Only by the crimson flood
Of the Spotless; in the blood
Of the very Son of God!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Take the feeble, take the lost,
Purchased, once, at Calvary's cost.

WM. B. TAPPAN.

"I but baptize,"
He said, "with water; but there cometh one,
The latchet of whose shoes I may not dare
E'en to unloose. He will baptize with fire
And with the Holy Ghost." And lo! while yet
The words were on his lips, he raised his eyes,
And on the bank stood Jesus.

N. P. WILLIS.

Death pierced through all this life of mine,
But Thou my foe hast slain;
Thy holy baptism is his grave;
He perishes beneath the flood
Of His most precious death and blood,
Who died our life to save.

From the German of GERHARDT.

While in this sacred rite of thine
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.
O may we die to earth and sin,
Beneath the mystic flood;
And when we rise, may we begin
To live anew for God!

S. F. SMITH.

BEAUTY.

The lesson which the many-colored skies,
The flowers, and leaves, and painted butterflies,
The deer's branched antlers, the gay bird that
flings

The tropic sunshine from its golden wings,
The brightness of the human countenance,
Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance,
Forevermore repeat,

In varied tones and sweet,
That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

WHITTIER.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

KEATS.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

KEATS.

Ah! how empty, ah! how fleeting!
Does all human beauty seem!
Like the form of a fragile flower,
Withering in an evil hour,
So is beauty's fading power.

MICHAEL FRANK.

The good is always beautiful,
The beautiful is good!

WHITTIER.

Labor in the path of duty
Gleamed up like a thing of beauty;
Beauty shone in self-denial;
In the sternest hour of trial;
In a meek obedience
To the will of Providence;
In the lofty sympathies
That, forgetting selfish ease,
Prompted acts that sought the good
Of every spirit; understood
The wants of every human heart,
Eager ever to impart
Blessings to the weary soul
That hath felt the bitter world's control.
Here is beauty such as ne'er
Met the eye or charmed the ear;
In the soul's high duties, then I felt,
That the loftiest beauty ever dwelt.

C. P. CRANCH.

Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.

SPENSER.

O what is beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?

Mute, mute is all
O'er beauty's fall,
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in
her pall.

H. K. WHITE.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

SHAKESPEARE.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass that's broken presently.
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

SHAKESPEARE.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deformed but the unkind;
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'er flourished by the devil.

SHAKESPEARE.

Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven!

D. M. MOIR.

Spirit of beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon;
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

SHELLEY.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee? all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

J. S. DWIGHT.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue,
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

J. R. LOWELL.

There's beauty all around our paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things,
And through their lowly guise.

MRS. HEWANS.

Beautiful, yes! but the blush will fade,
The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear,
The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,
And the sunbeam die in the waving hair.
Turn from the mirror, and strive to win
Treasures of loveliness still to last;
Gather earth's glory and bloom within,
That the soul may be bright when youth is
past.

MRS. OSGOOD.

Beauty was lent to nature as the type
Of heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss.

MRS. HALE.

So beauty, armed with virtue, bows the soul
With a commanding, but a sweet control,
Making the heart all holiness and love,
And lifting it to worlds that shine above.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

BENEFICENCE — BENEVOLENCE.

Largely thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely thy gifts should be restored;
Freely thou givest, and thy word
Is, "Freely give."

He only who forgets to hoard
Has learned to live.

KEBLE.

Man is God's image, but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot: both images regard;
God reckons for him, counts the favor His.

HERBERT.

The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not that which we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare:
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds
three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

J. R. LOWELL.

O, rich man's son, there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft, white hands:
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

J. R. LOWELL.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

SHAKESPEARE.

The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.

WORDSWORTH.

Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
Open for thee, or both may come too late.

HERBERT.

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

TALFOURD.

How sweet the sun shines over us at night,
When from the moon his radiance is reflected;
'Tis all the sun's own light, and not the moon's,
Though she lies near, and he be out of sight.
When thou hast done a work of charity,
And, veiled in tears, a human face smiles on
thee,
Then lo! the Godhead's mediate countenance,
Yet soft and mild, like sunshine from the moon.

From the German of SCHERR.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

GOLDSMITH.

Ye who hold
Slight tenantry therein, and call your lands
By your own names, and lock your gathered
gold

From him who in his bleeding Saviour's name
Doth ask a part, whose shall these riches be,
When like the grass-blade from the autumn
frost

You fall away?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Now thou mayest give
The famished food, the prisoner liberty,
Light to the darkened mind, to the lost soul
A place in heaven. Take thou the privilege
With solemn gratitude.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Bring thine all, thy choicest treasure,
Heap it high and hide it deep:
Thou shalt win o'erflowing measure,
Thou shalt climb where skies are steep.
For as heaven's true only light
Quickens all those forms so bright,
So when Bounty never faints,
There the Lord is with his saints.

KEBLE.

Worthless and lost our offerings seem,
Drops in the ocean of His praise;
But mercy with her genial beam
Is ripening them to pearly blaze,
To sparkle in His crown above
Who welcomes here a child's, as there an
angel's love.

KEBLE.

Alms all around and hymns within—
What evil eye can entrance win,
Where guards like these abound?
If chance some heedless heart should roam,
Sure thought of these will lure it home,
Ere lost in folly's round.

KEBLE.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken,
"The holier worship which he deigns to
bless,
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless."

WHITTIER.

The truly generous is the truly wise:
And he who loves not others lives unblest.

HOMER.

Would'st thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woe untold?
Balm would'st thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of
gold.

CHARLES WILCOX.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.

SHAKESPEARE.

But to the generous, still improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless as now descends the silent dew—
To him the long review of ordered life,
Is inward rapture only to be felt.

THOMSON.

And learn the luxury of doing good.

GOLDSMITH.

With a look of sad content
Her mite within the treasure-heap she cast;
Then, timidly as bashful twilight, stole
From out the temple. But her lowly gift
Was witnessed by an eye whose mercy views,
In motive all that consecrates a deed
To goodness; so He blessed the widow's mite,
More than the gifts abounding wealth bestowed.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

"God loves a cheerful giver," and, like love,
The more we give, the more we still receive;
Our mites at interest in the land above—
We only lend what charities we give.

S. H. DADDOW.

[See also CHARITY—KINDNESS—PITY.]

THE BIBLE.

O come! let us walk in the light of the Lord,
As it beams from the page of his life-giving
word!

'Tis a lamp to our feet, and we go not astray,
While we follow the path that's illumed by
its ray;

That path by the prophets and patriarchs trod—
Still bright with the steps of the chosen of God.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 Where all were false I found thee true,
 My counselor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasure give
 That could this volume buy:
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Every hour
 I read you kills a sin,
 Or lets a virtue in
 To fight against it.

ISAAC WALTON.

Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskilled
 in arts,
 In several ages born, in several parts,
 Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
 Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
 Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,
 Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

DRYDEN.

Thy word is like a flaming sword,
 A wedge that cleaveth stone;
 Keen as a fire so burns thy word,
 And pierceth flesh and bone.
 Let it go forth
 O'er all the earth,
 To purify all hearts within,
 And shatter all the might of sin.

"LYRA GERMANICA."

Retire and read thy Bible, to be gay;
 There truths abound of sovereign aid to
 peace;
 Ah! do not prize them less, because in-
 spired,
 As thou and thine are apt and proud to do.
 If not inspired, that fragrant page had stood,
 Time's treasure, and the wonder of the
 wise!

YOUNG.

It is the armory of light;
 Let constant use but keep it bright,
 You'll find it yields,
 To holy hands and humble hearts,
 More swords and shields
 Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

So has this Book entitled us to heaven,
 And rules to guide us to that mansion given.

WALLER.

Precious Bible! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford!
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and medicine, shield and sword:
 Let the world account me poor,
 Having this I need no more.

NEWTON.

If on the book itself we cast our view,
 Concurrent heathens prove the story true;
 The doctrine, miracles, which must convince,
 For heaven in them appeals to human sense;
 And though they prove not, they confirm the
 cause,

When what is taught agrees with Nature's
 laws.

Then for the style, majestic and divine,
 It speaks no less than God in every line:
 Commanding words; whose force is still the
 same

As the first fiat that produced our frame.

DRYDEN.

'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,
 Explains all mysteries, except her own,
 And so illuminates the path of life,
 That fools discover it and stray no more.

COWPER.

Most wondrous book! bright candle of the
 Lord!

Star of eternity! the only star
 By which the bark of man could navigate
 The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
 Securely; only star which rose on time,
 And, on its dark and troubled billows, still
 As generation, drifting swiftly by,
 Succeeded generation, threw a ray
 Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,
 The everlasting hills, pointed the sinner's eye.

POLLOK.

There wilt thou learn what to thy ardent mind
 Will make this world but as a thorny pass
 To regions of delight; man's natural life,
 With all its varied turmoil of ambition,
 But as the training of a wayward child
 To manly excellence; yea, death itself
 But as the painful birth of life unending.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The book—this holy book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last.

POLLOCK.

Thy word a wondrous guiding star,
On pilgrim hearts doth rise,
Leads to their Lord who dwell afar,
And makes the simple wise.
Let not its light
E'er sink in night,
But still in every spirit shine,
That none may miss this light divine.

"LYRA GERMANICA."

Within this ample volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
Happiest they of human race
To whom their God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
That read to doubt or read to scorn.

WALTER SCOTT.

O vain philosophy! thou wandering light
Which hast so oft misled our steps, attend!
And, prostrate at this heavenly shrine, lament
Thy blindness, and forego thy pride; here
cast
Thy trophies down, undeck thyself of all
Thy borrowed plumes, and own the fountain
whence
Thy hoary sons received the living fire
Which animates the glowing page they
penned.

HODSON.

Sad error this, to take
The light of nature, rather than the light
Of Revelation for a guide. As well
Prefer the borrowed light of earth's pale
moon
To the effulgence of the noon-day sun.

BATES.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss;
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

HERBERT.

BIGOTRY.

O love-destroying, cursèd Bigotry!
Cursèd in heaven, but cursèd more in hell!
The infidel who turned his impious war
Against the walls of Zion, on the rock
Of ages built, and higher than the clouds,
Sinned, and received his due reward; but ah
Within her walls sinned more; of Ignorance
Begot, her daughter, Persecution, walked
The earth from age to age, and drank the blood
Of saints.

POLLOCK.

On points of faith too fine for human sight,
And never understood in heaven, he placed
His everlasting hope, undoubting placed,
And died; and when he opened his ear, prepared
To hear, beyond the grave, the minstrelsy
Of bliss, he heard, alas! the wail of woe.

POLLOCK.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

POPE.

Christians have burned each other, well per-
suaded

That the apostles would have done as they did.

BYRON.

Ceremony leads her bigots forth,
Prepared to fight for shadows of no worth;
While truths on which eternal things depend,
Find not, or hardly find, a single friend.

COWPER.

He proved all creeds false but his own, and found,
At last, his own most false; most false, because
He spent his time to prove all others so.

POLLOCK.

And nature's God, to whom alone
The secret of the heart is known,
The hidden language traced thereon;
Who from its many cumberings
Of form and creed and outward things,
To light the naked spirit brings;
Not with our partial eye shall scan,
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban
The spirit of our brother man!

WHITTIER.

Can wars, and jars, and fierce contention,
Swoll'n hatred, and consuming envy, spring
From piety? No; 'tis opinion
That makes the riven heaven with trumpets
ring,
And thundering engine murderous balls out-
sling,
And send men's groaning ghosts to lower shade
Of horrid hell. This the wide world doth bring
To devastation, makes mankind to fade;
Such direful things doth false religion persuade.

SIR HENRY MORE.

While Bigotry, with well dissembled fears,
His eyes shut fast, his fingers in his ears,
Mighty to parry and push by God's word
With senseless noise, his argument the sword,
Pretends a zeal for godliness and grace,
And spits abhorrence in the Christian's face.

COWPER.

[See also SECTA.]

BIRDS.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.
Then spread each wing
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands, ' .
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

SPRAGUE.

There are many things like thee, bright bird,
Hopes as thy plumage gay;
Our air is with them forever stirred,
But still in air they stay.
And happiness, like thee, fair one,
Is ever hovering o'er;
But rests in a land of brighter sun,
On a waveless, peaceful shore,
And stoops to lave her weary wings
Where the fount of "living waters" springs.

MRS. SARAH L. P. SMITH.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches.

THOMSON.

Hark! how with lone and fluttering start
The skylark soars above,
And with her full, melodious heart
She pours her strains of love.
Bird of the pure and dewy morn!
How soft thy heavenward lay
Floats up where life and light are born,
Around the rosy day!

MRS. AMELIA WELBY.

No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down, by himself, to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.

Live so, my love, that when death shall
come,

Swanlike and sweet, it may waft thee home.

BISHOP DOANE.

Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?

Ye have no need of prayer,

Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Ye never knew

The crimes for which we come to weep.

Penance is not for you,

Bless'd wanderers of the upper deep.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

BISHOP DOANE.

The bird that soars to yonder skies,
Though heaven is nigh, still seems unblest;
It leaves them, and with rapture flies
Unmoved to its own much-loved nest.
Though beauteous scenes may meet its view,
And breezes blow from balmy groves,
With wing untired, with bosom true,
It turns to that dear spot it loves.

ANONYMOUS.

What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and
wrongs,

And lift a reverent eye and thought to heav-
en?

Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost
raise

To airs of spheres; yes, and to angels' lays.

DRUMMOND.

I think of angel voices

When the birds' songs I hear;
Of that celestial city bright
With jacinth, gold, and chrysolite,
Where with its blazing pomp of light
The morning doth appear!

MRS. HOWITT.

I am fond of the swallow; I learn from her
flight,

Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love;
How seldom on earth do we see her alight!
She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

From the French of MADAME GUION.

The bird that sings on highest wing,

Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

MONTGOMERY.

BIRTH—ANCESTRY.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

WORDSWORTH.

A life has just begun!
Another soul has won
The glorious spark of being.
Pilgrim of life, all hail!
He who at first called forth
From nothingness the earth,
Who piled the mighty hills, and dug the sea,
Who gave the stars to gem
Night like a diadem,
O blessed child! made thee,
Fair creature of the earth,
Heir of immortal life, though mortal in thy birth,
Hail, all hail!

"LONDON MAGAZINE"

Here, noble deeds and mental power
Give titles over birth.

MRS. GILMAN.

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies.

COWPER.

Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the
flood,

Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

POPE.

To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the conqueror.

YOUNG.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

SHAKESPEARE.

The stars shoot
An equal influence on the open cottage
Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely
nursed,
As on the cradle where the prince is rocked
With care and whisper.

HARRINGTON.

Howe'er we differ in the herald's book,
He that mankind's extraction shall o'erlook
In nature's rolls, must grant we all agree
In our best parts, immortal pedigree.

DR. HENRY KING.

I've learned to judge of men by their own
deeds;

I do not make the accident of birth
The standard of their merit.

MRS. HALE.

No distinction is 'tween man and man,
But as his virtues add to him a glory,
Or vices cloud him.

HARRINGTON.

Virtue alone is true nobility.

GIFFORD.

From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gard'ner and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

BLINDNESS.

Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

MILTON.

Eyes to the blind
Thou art, O God! Earth I no longer see,
Yet trustfully my spirit looks to thee.

MRS. NEAL.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon;
Irrevocably dark! total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!

MILTON.

I do not weep as some may weep,
Upon thy rayless brow to look;
A boon more rare 'twas thine to keep
When light forsook.
A glorious boon! thou shalt not view
One treasure from the earth depart;
Its starry buds, its pearls of dew,
Lie in thy heart.
Ours is the darkness, thine the light;
Within thy brow a glory plays;
Shrine, blossom, dew-drop, all are bright
With quenchless rays.

"BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE"

These eyes,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward.

MILTON.

On my bended knee,
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, thyself alone.
I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred: here
Can come no evil thing.

MISS E. LLOYD.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.
In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

MISS E. LLOYD.

It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see
no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the
earth.

WORDSWORTH.

BRIBERY—(See CORRUPTION.)

BROTHERHOOD—(See UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.)

CALUMNY—(See SLANDER.)

CARE.

Care that is entered once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.

BEN JONSON.

Pale care now sits enthroned upon that cheek,
Where rosy health did erst her empire hold.

J. T. WATSON.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared;
With blistered hands among the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nayles unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared;
His name was *Care*; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose iron wedges made:
Those be unquiet thoughts that careful minds
invade.

SPENSER.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth sleep will never lie.

SHAKSPERE.

Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
Let careless youth its seeming joys pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful
eye

The illusive past and dark futurity.

H. K. WHITE.

O polished perturbation! golden care,
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!

SHAKSPERE.

What bliss, what wealth, did e'er the world
bestow

On man, but cares and fears attended it?

MAY.

Faith fails—

Else cares would die,
And we should on God's care rely.
Man for the coming day doth grieve and fret,
And all past days doth sinfully forget.
For every beast God's care avails;
Why not for us? Faith fails.

From the German of S. O. SCHÖNER.

In the mean time we've still grim care, (whose
tooth

Is like the tiger's, sharp,) lest dreams should
fall,

And shadow us with sweet forgetfulness.

PROCTOR.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.

SHAKSPERE.

CENSURE—JUDGMENT.

He that deals blame, and yet forgets to praise,
Who sets brief storms against long summer
days,

Hath a sick judgment.

MRS. NORTON.

Be not too ready to condemn

The wrong thy brothers may have done:
Ere ye too harshly censure them

For human faults, ask, "Have I none?"

ELIZA COOK.

But by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.

WHITTIER.

He whom censure singles from the herd
To brand with infamy, whom envy loads
With blackening colors, to the omniscient
Judge,

Whom nought can bias, and whom nought
deceives,

May otherwise appear.

BALLY.

Name her not, the guilty one;
Virtue turns aside for shame
At the mention of her name:
Very evilly hath she done.

Pity is on her misspent:

She was born of guilty kin,
Her life's course hath guilty been;
Never unto school she went,
And whate'er she learned was sin:

Let her die!

MARY HOWITT.

Look so to judge, that at the latter day
Ye be not judged with those that wend astray.

LODGE.

Man is cruel, and doth smother
Tender mercy in his breast;
Lays fresh burdens on the oppressed;
Pities not an erring brother,
Pities not the stormy throes
Of the soul despair hath riven,
Nor the brain to madness driven.
No one but the sinner knows
What it means to be forgiven,
God of Love!

MARY HOWITT.

Hast thou created man, or canst thou make
Allowance for infirmity? Canst thou
Against his reason weigh his passions' force,
And thence pronounce his doom? By what
base crime

Can he, thy equal, lose a natural right,
That thou shouldst rise so high above his state,
And, as a judge, consign him to destruction?

C. P. LATARD.

Cast not the clouded gem away,
Quench not the dim but living ray;
My brother man, beware!
With that deep voice, which from the skies
Forbade the patriarch's sacrifice,
God's angel cries, Forbear!

WHITTIER.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us:
He knows each chord—its various tone;
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

BURNS.

Think gently of the erring! O do not thou
forget,

However darkly stained by sin, he is thy
brother yet,

Heir of the self-same heritage, child of the self-
same God!

He hath but stumbled in the path thou hast
in weakness trod.

JULIA A. FLETCHER.

Rashly, nor oftentimes truly, doth man pass judg-
ment on his brother;

For he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor
heareth the reasons of the mind.

TUPPER.

CHANGE—(See MUTABILITY.)

CHARACTER—REPUTATION.

O Reputation! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell,
Whose cordial drops, once spilt by some rash
hand,

Not all the owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude spiller, ever can collect
To its first purity and native sweetness.

SEWELL.

The reputation
Of virtuous actions passed, if not kept up
By an access and fresh supply of new ones,
Is lost and soon forgotten; and like palaces,
For want of habitation and repair,
Dissolves to heaps of ruin.

DENHAM.

I'll tread a righteous path; a good report
Makes men live long, although their life is
short.

WATKINS.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

SHAKESPEARE.

The dark grave,
Which knows all secrets, can alone reclaim
The fatal doubt once cast on woman's name.

W. HERBERT.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

SHAKESPEARE.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

LONGFELLOW.

Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
O grant me honest fame, or grant me none.

POPE.

[See also FAME.]

CHARITY.

Charity suffers long, is kind;
Charity bears a humble mind;
Rejoices not when ills befall,
But glories in the weal of all:
She hopes, believes, and envies not,
Nor vaunts, nor murmurs o'er her lot.

MONTGOMERY.

When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, and knowledge is
no more,
And the Great Day is come, thou by the
throne
Shalt sit triumphant.

GLYNN.

When constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy,
Then, thou more happy power, fair Charity!
Triumphant sister! greatest of the three!
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
Shalt stand before the host of heaven confess'd,
Forever blessing, and forever blest!

PRIOR.

O chime of blessed Charity!
Peal soon that Easter morn,
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost, when utterance clear
To all men shall be given;
When all can say, "*My brother*," here,
And hear, "*My son*," in heaven.

J. R. LOWELL.

The tongues of teachers shall be dumb,
Prophets discern not things to come,
Knowledge shall vanish out of thought,
And miracles no more be wrought,
But Charity shall never fail—
Her anchor is within the veil.

MONTGOMERY.

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home, she had none.

HOOD.

The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

WORDSWORTH.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity;
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

POPE.

True charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green;
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.

COWPER.

And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

PRAED.

Let shining charity adorn your zeal,
The noblest impulse generous minds can feel.

HILL.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three,
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, charity.

ANONYMOUS.

Faith must conquer, hope must bloom,
As our onward way we wend,
Else we come not through the gloom;
But with earth they also end.
Thou, O love, dost stretch afar
Through the wide eternity,
And the soul arrayed in thee
Shines forever as a star.
Faith and hope must pass away,
Thou, O love, endurest aye.

From the German of ERNST LANGE.

[See also BENEFICENCE — KINDNESS — LOVE.]

CHASTITY.

So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

MILTON.

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbored heaths.

MILTON.

Chaste as the icicle
That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

SHAKESPEARE.

Of chastity, the ornaments are chaste.

SHAKESPEARE.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide—
In part, she is to blame that has been tried;
He comes too near that comes to be denied.

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

The woman that deliberates is lost.

ADDISON.

CHILDHOOD — CHILDREN.

God keep thee, child, with thine angel brow,
Ever as sinless and bright as now;
Fresh as the roses of earliest spring,
The fair pure buds it is thine to bring.
Would that the bloom of the soul could be,
Beautiful spirit! caught from thee:
Would that thy gift could anew impart
The roses that bloom for the pure in heart.

LUCY HOOPER.

O childhood's innocence! The voice
Of thy deep wisdom is my choice!
Who hath thy love is truly wise
And precious in our Father's eyes.

From the German of GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN.

Yet sometimes sudden sights of grace,
Such as the gladness of thy face,
O sinless babe, by God are given,
To charm the wanderer back to heaven.

JOHN WILSON.

Little children, not alone
On the wide earth ye are known,
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares;
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing has trod,
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide!

MARY HOWITT.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of
three;

I'll not declare how bright and fair his little
features be;

His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden
home and hearth,

To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten
all our mirth.

Should he grow up to riper years, God grant
his heart may prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now
for earthly love:

And if beside his grave, the tears our aching
eyes must dim,

God comfort us for all the love which we
shall lose in him.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

Childhood, to thee I turn from life's alarms,
Serenest season of perpetual calms;
Turn with delight, and bid the passions cease,
And joy to think with thee I tasted peace.

H. K. WHITE.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
O hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

H. WARR, JR.

My child, even now I see thy tender breath
Full quickly come and go
At sound of praise. O may the touch of faith
Those chords so fine and low
Early control, and tune thy heart too high
For aught beneath the sky.
So may that little spark of glory swell
To a full orb, and soar with loftiest saints to
dwell.

KEBLE.

"Suffer these little ones to come to me,"
 Was the command of Him who on the cross
 Bowed his anointed head, and with his blood
 Purchased redemption for our fallen race;
 And blessed they who to that holy task
 Devote the energies of their young years,
 Teaching, with pious care, the dawning light
 Of infant intellect to know the Lord.

ANONYMOUS.

"Take care of the children;" nor wasted
 Is care on the weakest of these;
 The culturer the product has tasted,
 And found it the palate to please.
 There are sheaves pushing higher and faster,
 And age has more branches and roots;
 But dearer are none to the Master
 Than childhood, in blossoms and fruits!

W. B. TAPPAN.

Ah, what would the world be to us,
 If the children were no more?
 We should dread the desert behind us
 Worse than the dark before.
 They are better than all the ballads
 That ever were sung or said;
 For they are living poems,
 And all the rest are dead.

WHITTIER.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

WORDSWORTH.

A sweet new blossom of humanity,
 Fresh fallen from God's own home to flower
 on earth.

GERALD MASSEY.

Blessed Jesus ever loved to trace
 The innocent brightness of an infant's face.
 He raised them in his holy arms;
 He blessed them from the world and all its
 harms:
 Heirs though they were of sin and shame,
 He blessed them in his own, and in his Father's
 name.

KEBLE.

O what a treasure of sweet thought
 Is here! what hope, and joy, and love,
 All in one tender bosom brought,
 For the all-gracious Dove
 To brood o'er silently, and form for heaven
 Each passionate wish and dream to dear affec-
 tion given.

KEBLE.

Thou, over whom thy immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by!
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height;
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou pro-
 voke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

WORDSWORTH.

O they are Thine,
 These jewels of my life, not mine, not mine!
 So keep them that the blossoms of their youth
 Shall, in a gracious growth of love and truth,
 With an abundant harvest, honor thee.

MRS. F. K. BUTLER.

O holy is the sway
 Of that mysterious sense which bids us bend
 Toward the young souls new clothed in help-
 less clay—

Fragile beginnings of a mighty end—
 Angels unwinged—which human care must
 tend

Till they can tread the world's rough path
 alone,

Serve for themselves, or in themselves offend.
 But God o'erlooketh all from his high throne,
 And sees, with eyes benign, their weakness
 and our own!

MRS. NORTON.

O child! O new-born denizen
 Of life's great city! on thy head
 The glory of the morn is shed
 Like a celestial benison!
 Here at the portal thou dost stand,
 And with thy little hand
 Thou openest the mysterious gate
 Into the future's undiscovered land.
 By what astrology of fear or hope
 Dare I to cast thy horoscope?
 Like the new moon thy life appears;
 A little strip of silver light,
 And widening outward into night,
 The shadowy disk of future years.
 A prophecy and intimation,
 A pale and feeble adumbration,
 Of the great world of light, that lies
 Behind all human destinies.

LONGFELLOW.

Mystery! mystery!
 Holy and strange;
 What a life-history,
 Fruitful of change,
 And endless of range,
 Is folded here, sweet within sweet, like a blossom.

Darling of Paradise,
 Pure as its dew,
Dropped from the starry skies,
 With their rich hue
 In thine eyes blue,
 O dearer than life is thy weight on my bosom.

S. C. MERRIGATE.

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
 This seeming visitant from heaven,
 This bird with the immortal wing,
 To me, to me Thy hand has given.
 Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise;
 Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer—
 Room for my bird in Paradise,
 And give her angel plumage there.

MRS. JUDSON.

A man looketh on his little one as a being of
 better hope;
 In himself ambition is dead, but it hath a res-
 urrection in his son.

M. F. TUPPER.

Pure ones, your feelings all unfeigned,
 Your souls untouched by time,
 Ye keep first innocence unstained,
 First simple faith sublime.
 Such once the holy Saviour blessed,
 For such in heaven he knew,
 And they are greatest, wisest, best,
 Who most resemble you.

J. S. BABCOCK.

O children young, I bless ye,
 Ye keep such love alive!
 And the home can ne'er be desolate
 Where love has room to thrive.
 O precious household treasures!
 Life's sweetest, holiest charm!
 The Saviour blessed ye while on earth;
 I bless you in his name!

MRS. HOWITT.

A cherub might mistake our rosy boy
 For a reposing mate!

A. C. COXE.

Of all the joys that brighten suffering earth,
 What joy is welcomed like a new-born child?
 What life so wretched, but that at its birth
 Some heart rejoiced, some lip in gladness
 smiled?

MRS. NORTON.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure;
 a messenger of peace and love;
 A resting-place for innocence on earth; a link
 between angels and men.

M. F. TUPPER.

It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing
 Bright as a dew-drop when it first descends,
 Or as the plumage of an angel's wing,
 Where every tint of rainbow beauty blends.

MRS. WELBY.

The history of Paradise
 To woman's faith is clear,
 For happy childhood ever brings
 The Eden vision near.

MRS. S. J. HALE.

To her new beauty largely given
 From deeper fountains, looked and smiled;
 And, like a morning dream from heaven,
 The woman gleamed within the child.

JOHN STERLING.

O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God,
 The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
 By the unceasing music of thy being!
 Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
 'Tis ages since he made his youngest star,
 His hand was on thee as 'twas yesterday.
 Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
 Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
 Whence all things flow! O bright and singing
 babe!

What wilt thou be hereafter?

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be
 clever;
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day
 long,
 And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
 One grand sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift span,
Where weeping virtue parts with man;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please without self-ends.
An age of mysteries! which he
Must live twice that would God's face see;
Which angels guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

VAUGHAN.

Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
"These are my jewels!" Well of such as he,
When Jesus spake, well might his language be,
"Suffer these little ones to come to me!"

ROGERS.

[See also YOUTH.]

CHRISTIANS — CHRISTIANITY.

A Christian is the highest style of man.

YOUNG.

O Antioch, thou teacher of the world!
From out thy portals passed the feet of those,
Who, banished and despised, have made thy
name

The next in rank to proud Jerusalem.
Within thy gates the persecuted few
Who dared to rally round the holy cross,
And worship Him whose sacred form it bore,
Were first called Christians. In thy sad conceit,
Thou mad'st a stigma of reproach and shame,
This noblest title of the sons of earth;
While, save for this, thy name were scarcely
known,

Except among the mouldering vestiges
Of dim antiquity.

J. L. CHESTER.

That Christ is ours, his word our guide,
His bright example be our aim;
The life he lived, the death he died,
Circle with grace the Christian name.

ANONYMOUS.

A Christian dwells like Uriel, in the sun;
Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight;
And ardent hope anticipates the skies.

YOUNG.

The Christian faith,
Unlike the timorous creeds of Pagan priest,
Was frank, stood forth to view, invited all
To prove, examine, search, investigate,
And gave herself a light to see her by.

POLLOCK.

Behold his life, and learn from him to live;
In death still greater view thy dying Lord,
And imitate that worth thou canst not reach;
Smooth are his paths, and to conduct thy feet,
The Gospel's holy light around thee sheds
Its mild effulgence.

BOLLAND.

But for that contention and brave strife
The Christian hath, to enjoy the future life,
He were the wretchedest of the race of men;
But as he soars at that, he bruises then
The serpent's head; gets above death and sin,
And, sure of heaven, rides triumphing in.

BEN JONSON.

Who wears the Christian name
Hath stamped upon his brow,
His glory or his shame,
As he hath kept his vow,
And those bright garments of his second birth.

A. C. COXE.

Behold a Christian! and without the fires
The Founder of that name alone inspires,
Though all accomplishments, all knowledge
meet,

To make the shining prodigy complete,
Whoever boasts that name, behold a cheat!

COWPER.

Just such is the Christian; his course he
begins

Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for
his sins,

And melts into tears; then he breaks out and
shines,

And travels his heavenly way;
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in
grace,

And gives a sure hope, at the end of his
days,

Of rising in brighter array.

WATTS.

O happy Christian, who can boast,
 "The Son of God is mine!"
 Happy, though humbled in the dust,
 Rich in this gift divine.

DODDRIDGE.

[See also RELIGION.]

CHRISTMAS — THE NATIVITY.

Who can forget, never to be forgot,
 The time that all the world in slumber lies,
 When like the stars the singing angels shot
 To earth, and heaven awakèd all his eyes
 To see another sun at midnight rise
 On earth? Was never sight of pareil fame,
 For God before man like himself did frame,
 But God himself now like a mortal man became.
 The angels caroled loud their sòng of peace;
 The cursèd oracles were stricken dumb;
 To see their Shepherd, the poor shepherds press;
 To see their King, the kingly sophics come;
 And then, to guide unto his Master's home,
 A star comes dancing up the orient,
 That springs for joy over the strawy tent;
 When gold to make their prince a crown they
 all present.

GILES FLETCHER.

See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
 Whom all the world is not enough to hold!
 Who of his years or of his age hath told?
 Never such age so young, never a child so old.

GILES FLETCHER.

Welcome! all wonders in one sight,
 Eternity shut in a span;
 Summer in winter, day in night,
 Heaven in earth, and God in man.
 Great Little One, whose all-embracing birth
 Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth.

CRASHAW.

There was joy in heaven!
 There was joy in heaven!
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem;
 And along the echoing hill
 Angels sang, "On earth good-will,
 And glory in the heaven!"

HEER.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King,
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring,
 For so the holy sages once did sing,
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

MILTON.

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began;
 The winds, with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kissed,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sat brooding on the charm-
 ed wave.

MILTON.

Rise, happy morn! Rise, holy morn!
 Draw forth the cheerful day from night!
 O Father! touch the east, and light
 The light that shone when hope was born.

TENNYSON.

That so thy blessèd birth, O Christ,
 Might through the world be spread about,
 Thy star appearèd in the East,
 Whereby the Gentiles found thee out;
 And off'ring the myrrh, incense, gold,
 Thy threefold office did unfold.
 Tears that from true repentance drop,
 Instead of myrrh, present will we;
 For incense, we will offer up
 Our prayers and praises unto thee;
 And bring, for gold, each pious deed
 Which doth from saving grace proceed.

GEORGE WITHER.

Wherefore from his throne exalted,
 Came He on this earth to dwell;
 All his pomp, an humble manger,
 All his court, a narrow cell?
 "From *that* world to bring to *this*,
 Peace, which of all earthly blisses
 Is the brightest, purest bliss.

VIOLANTE DO CRO.

At His birth a star, unseen before in heaven,
 Proclaims him come.

MILTON.

Than earth's prime hour, more joyous far
 Was the eventful morn,
 When the bright beam of Bethlehem's star
 Announced a Saviour born!
 Then sweeter strains from heaven began,
 "Glory to God, good-will to man."

N. H. CARTER.

O! lovely voices of the sky
 Which hymned the Saviour's birth,
 Are ye not singing still on high,
 Ye that sang, "Peace on earth?"
 To us yet speak the strains
 Wherewith, in time gone by,
 Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
 O! voices of the sky!

MRS. HEMANS.

What sudden blaze of song
 Spreads o'er the expanse of heaven?
 In waves of light it thrills along,
 Th' angelic signal given,
 "Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
 Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry
 quire:

Like circles widening round
 Upon a clear blue river,
 Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
 Is echoed on forever:
 "Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
 And love toward men of love—salvation and
 release."

KEBLE.

His place of birth a solemn angel tells
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
 They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
 Of squadroned angels hear his carol sung.
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire
 The power of the Most High; he shall ascend
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the
 heavens.

MILTON.

When man in darkness lay, and death forlorn,
 The heavenly love, which did at first create,
 Caused on death's shadow a new light to dawn;
 Once more the Spirit over chaos sate;
 The Son of God was of the virgin born,
 Emmanuel, Saviour! Thy Incarnate Love,
 Lord, I believe! Mine unbelief remove!

H. H. WELD.

O! star which led to Him, whose love
 Brought down man's ransom free,
 Where art thou? 'midst the host above,
 May we still gaze on thee?
 In heaven thou art not set,
 Thy rays earth may not dim;
 Send them to guide us yet,
 O! star which led to him.

MRS. HEMANS.

How shall we celebrate the day
 When God appeared in mortal clay,
 The mark of worldly scorn;
 When the archangel's heavenly lays
 Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
 And hailed salvation's morn?

CHATTERTON.

Wrapped in his swaddling bands,
 And in his manger laid,
 The Hope and Glory of all lands
 Is come to the world's aid:
 No peaceful home upon his cradle smiled;
 Guests rudely came and went, where slept the
 royal Child.

KEBLE.

Hail the night, all hail the morn,
 When the Prince of peace was born!
 When amid the wakeful fold,
 Tidings good the angel told.
 Now our solemn chant we raise
 Duly to the Saviour's praise;
 Now with carol hymns we bless
 Christ the Lord, our righteousness.

From the German.

Blessed night, when first that plain
 Echoed with the joyful strain,
 "Peace hath come to earth again!"
 Happy shepherds, on whose ear
 Fell the tidings glad and dear,
 "God to man is drawing near!"
 Babe of weakness, can it be
 That the earth's great victory
 Is to be achieved by thee?

BONAR.

How bright Thy lowly manger beams!
 Down earth's dark vale its glory streams.
 The splendor of thy natal night
 Shines through all time in deathless light.

From St. AMBROS, by FRANCK.

Awful is this watching place,
 Awful what I see from hence,
 A king, without regalia,
 A God, without the thunder,
 A child, without the heart for play;
 Ay, a Creator, rent asunder
 From his first glory, and cast away
 On his own world, for me alone
 To hold in hands created, crying, Son!

MRS. BROWNING.

Listen, all ye Christian people,
 Let no fears your souls dismay;
 God's own Son, the Lord, the Saviour,
 He was born on Christmas day.
 All the earth was bound in sadness,
 Darkness lay upon the land,
 And the silence of the midnight,
 When the moment was at hand;
 When through all the midnight darkness,
 Through the world's sad heart forlorn,
 Passed a thrill of life ecstatic;
 And the Christ! the Christ was born!

MRS. HOWITT.

'Twas much, that man was made like God
 before;
 But, that God should be made like man, much
 more.

DONNE.

THE CHURCH.

But Thou hast made it sure
 By thy dear promise to thy Church and bride,
 That thou on earth wouldst aye with her en-
 dure,
 Till earth to heaven be purified.
 Thou art her only spouse,
 Whose arm supports her, on whose faithful
 breast
 Her persecuted head she meekly bows,
 Sure pledge of her eternal rest.

KEBLE.

Sons of the Church are we,
 And who but she shall guide,
 Mother and nurse of immortality,
 And our Redeemer's bride?

A. C. COXE.

Far down the ages now,
 Much of her journey done,
 The pilgrim Church pursues her way
 Until her crown be won.
 No wider is the gate,
 No broader is the way,
 No smother is the ancient path
 That leads to life and day.

BONAR.

See the Gospel Church secure,
 And founded on a Rock;
 All her promises are sure;
 Her bulwarks who can shock?
 Count her every precious shrine,
 Tell, to after-ages tell,
 Fortified by power divine,
 The Church can never fail.

C. WESLEY.

So should the Church, the bride elect of
 Heaven,
 Remembering whom she goeth forth to meet,
 And with a truth that cannot brook deceit,
 Holding the faith which unto her is given,
 Pass through this world which claims her
 for a while,
 Nor cast about her longing look nor smile.

MRS. NEAL.

O sweeter than the marriage feast—
 'Tis sweeter far to me
 To walk together to the kirk
 With a goodlie company!
 To walk together to the kirk,
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends—
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay!

COLERIDGE.

One family we dwell in Him;
 One Church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream—
 The narrow stream—of death.
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

C. WESLEY.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.
Lord, thy Church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the Gospel's light.

NEWTON.

Happy the Church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.
Thy walls are strength; and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

WATTS.

Thou, too, O Church! which here we see,
No easy task hath builded thee.
Long did the chisels ring around!
Long did the mallet's blows rebound!
Long worked the head and toiled the hand
Ere stood thy stones as now they stand!
Thy gates a pearly luster pour;
Thy gates are open evermore;
And thither evermore draw nigh,
All who for Christ have dared to die;
Or, smit with love of their dear Lord,
Have pains endured, and joys abhorred.

"BREVARY."

O where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.
We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.
Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.

A. C. COXE.

O God, that hour speed on! speed on!
When sin's tall wave shall wildly toss
Thy Church no more; when, conflict done,
She'll sing of victory 'neath the cross.

TAPPAN.

There is a joy which angels well may prize:
To see, and hear, and aid God's worship,
When
Unnumbered tongues, a host of Christian
men,
Youth, matrons, maidens, join.

BISHOP MANT.

The tempest rages through the earth around,
Tossing the ocean into mountain waves:
Thrones shake and totter, as the storm-wind
raves,
And mightiest empires tremble at the sound;
What is there stable 'mid this wild uproar?
The Church heeds not the angry billow's
shock;
Thy Church, O Lord, is founded on a rock!

ALLEN.

Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no
more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
gladness;
Arise! for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

ANONYMOUS.

I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

T. DWIGHT.

The Church of Christ that he hath hallowed
here
To be his house, is scattered far and near,
In North and South, and East and West
abroad,
And yet in earth and heaven, through Christ
her Lord

The Church is one.

From the German of SPANGENBERG.

CHURCHYARD—(See GRAVE.)
CLERGY—(See PASTORS.)
COMMUNION—(See LORD'S
SUPPER.)

CONCEIT.

Drawn by conceit from reason's plan,
How vain is that poor creature, man!
How pleased is every paltry elf
To prate about that thing—himself.

CHURCHILL.

Conceit, in weakest bodies, strongest works.

SHAKSPEARE.

This self-conceit is a most dangerous shelf,
Where many have made shipwreck unawares:
He who doth trust too much unto himself,
Can never fail to fall in many snares.

EARL OF STIRLING.

Self is the medium least refined of all
Through which opinion's searching beams can
fall;
And, passing there, the clearest, steadiest ray,
Will tinge its light, and turn its line astray.

MOORE.

One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.

SHAKSPEARE.

[See also VANITY.]

CONFESSION.

God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom our praise belongs.
Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent,
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent.
These and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

J. TAYLOR.

Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker.

SHAKSPEARE.

Much have we sinned to our shame;
But spare us who our sins confess;
And for the glory of thy name,
To our sick souls afford redress.

DRUMMOND.

Have mercy thou, most gracious God!
And my remittance sign;
The more thy mercy shall accord
The greater glory thine.
Too long, alas! my wand'ring feet
The crooked paths have trod;
Henceforth I'll follow, as is meet,
The sure unerring road.
"LYRA CATHOLICA."

Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
And still for mercy, mercy pray;
Unworthy to behold thy face,
Unfaithful stewards of thy grace,
Our sin and wickedness we own,
And deeply for acceptance groan.

C. WESLEY.

'Tis not to cry God mercy, or to sit
And droop, or to confess that thou hast
failed:

'Tis to bewail the sins thou didst commit,
And not commit those sins thou hast
bewailed.

He that bewails, and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather what he means to do.

QUARLES.

Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all!
Prostrate at thy feet we fall;
Hear, O hear our earnest cry!
Frown not, lest we faint and die.
Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners we have been;
Oft have sinned before thy face;
Trampled on thy richest grace.

T. RAFFLES.

Out of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.
Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at the gate;
Open, and take me in.

MONTGOMERY.

Lord, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts now bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

WATTS.

In sorrow I lament before thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent, and vile
ingratitude:

Sure there was ne'er a heart so base, so false
as mine has been;

So faithless to its promises, so prone to every
sin.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

[See also CONTRITION.]

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience, Heaven's silent oracle, the assessor
Of right and wrong in every human breast,
Sternly condemns the impenitent transgressor
To live unblest.

DR. CHATFIELD.

What stronger breastplate than a heart un-
tainted?

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

SHAKESPEARE.

He that hath light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the center, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun,
Himself in his own dungeon.

MILTON.

O conscience! conscience! man's most faithful
friend!

Him can'st thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend;
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
Thou art, O woe for me, his deadliest foe!

CRABBE.

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through gain's silence, and o'er glory's
din;

Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God.

BYRON.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas.

POPE.

There is a kind of conscience some men keep,
Is like a member that's benumbed with sleep;
Which, as it gathers blood, and wakes again,
It shoots, and pricks, and feels as big as ten.

QUARLES.

Before, I was secure 'gainst death and hell;
But now am subject to the heartless fear
Of every shadow, and of every breath,
And would change firmness with an aspen
leaf;

So confident a spotless conscience is,
So weak a guilty.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me.

SHAKESPEARE.

O coward conscience, how dost thou affright
me!

SHAKESPEARE.

O conscience! into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of
which

I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!

MILTON.

No; 'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but
true,

She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;

Armed at all points, bids scorpion vengeance
pass,

And to the mind holds up reflection's glass—
The mind, which starting, heaves the heartfelt
groan,

And hates that form she knows to be her
own.

CHURCHILL.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

POPE.

How awful is that hour, when conscience stings

The hoary wretch, who on his death-bed hears,

Deep in his soul, the thundering voice, that rings,

In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years,

And screaming like a vulture in his ears,
Tells, one by one, his thoughts and deeds of shame;

How wild the fury of his soul careers!
His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,
And like the torture rack the wrestling of his frame.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

Now conscience wakes despair,
That slumbered; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse, if worse deeds, worse sufferings must ensue.

MILTON.

Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
But mark how just the ways of Heaven;
True joy to all is free.

Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon,
'Tis thine, O conscience! thine alone;
It all belongs to thee.

MICKLE.

Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign
Can match the fierce, the unutterable pain
He feels, who, night and day devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.

GIFFORD.

The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.

GOFFE.

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grain'd spots
As will not leave their tinct.

SHAKESPEARE.

So gnaws the grief of conscience evermore,
And in the heart it is so deeply grave,
That they may never sleep nor rest therefor,
Nor think one thought but on the dread they have.

EARL OF DORSET.

Skeptic, whoe'er thou art, tell if thou knowest,
Tell why on unknown evil grief attends,
Or joy on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force when sickness, age, or pain
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?

GLYNE.

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

SHAKESPEARE.

What law would punish, conscience can prevent,
And so the world from many mischiefs frees,
Known by her cures, as law by punishment.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Conscience is the mirror of our souls,
Which represents the errors of our lives
In their full shape.

BANCROFT.

The worm that never dies! the "thorn within"
That pricks and pains! the whip and scourge
of sin!

The voice of God in man! which without rest
Does softly cry within a troubled breast,
"To all temptations is that soul set free
That makes not to itself a curb of me."

SIR E. SHERBURNE.

O treacherous conscience! while she seems to sleep
On rose and myrtle, lulled with syren song,

The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills;

Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
Writes our whole history; which Death shall read

In every pale delinquent's private ear,
And Judgment publish; publish to more worlds

Than this; and endless age in groans resound.

YOUNG.

O conscience! who can stand before thy
power?

Endure thy gripes and agonies one hour?

No pleasures, riches, honors, friends can tell
How to give ease in this: 'tis like to hell!

FLAVEL.

Those awful syllables—hell, death, and sin,
Though whispered, plainly tell what works
within:

That conscience there performs her proper
part,

And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart!

COWPER.

But conscience, in some awful, silent hour,
When captivating lusts have lost their power,
Perhaps when sickness, or some fearful dream,
Reminds him of religion, hated theme!
Starts from the down on which she lately
slept,

And tells of laws despised, at least not kept;
Shows with a pointing finger, but no noise,
A pale procession of past sinful joys,
All witnesses of blessings foully scorned,
And life abused, and not to be suborned.

COWPER.

A quiet conscience makes one so serene.

BYRON.

CONSOLATION—ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Come unto me, ye who are heavy laden,"

Come unto me, ye who are sore oppressed,
The white-haired sire, the young and tender
maiden,

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

"Come unto me," though shadows round you
gather,

Though the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Then ask for comfort from a heavenly Father,
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
Though thy heart is stained with sin,
Jesus lives, he'll ne'er forget thee,
He will make thee pure within.

FAWCETT.

Know, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee;
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

GRANT.

Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power.
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

ALTENBURG, 1631.

Battle-song of Gustavus Adolphus.

Soldiers of Christ! arise!
The God of armies calls
Unto his mansions in the skies,
His everlasting halls:
Behold! the angel host appears
To welcome you to bliss;
O! what is earth, its sighs and tears,
Its joys, compared to this?
"LYRA CATHOLICA."

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
Our God is good, in every place
His love is known, his help is found;
His mighty arm and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.
Easier than we think can be
Turn to joy our agony;
Soul, remember, 'mid thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

From the German of ZAHN.

Raise it to Heaven when thine eye fills with
tears,
For only in the watery sky appears
The bow of light; and from th' invisible skies
Hope's glory shines not, save through weeping
eyes.

FRANCES A. KEMBLE.

The soul, reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief;
Forgets her labor as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

COWPER.

Onward, Christian, though the region
 Where thou art be drear and lone;
 God hath set a guardian legion
 Very near thee, press thou on!
 Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
 Rolleth o'er thee, "God is love,"
 Write upon thy red-cross banner,
 Upward ever, heaven's above.

S. JOHNSON.

God liveth ever!
 Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
 What though thou tread with bleeding feet
 A thorny path of grief and gloom;
 Thy God will choose the way most meet
 To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.
 For this life's long night of sadness
 He will give thee peace and gladness;
 Soul, forget not in thy pains,
 God o'er all for ever reigns.

From the German of ZIHN.

Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure
 Of thine eternal treasure;
 The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee nought,
 The world for thee was bought;
 And as this landscape broad—earth, sea, and
 sky—

All centers in thine eye,
 So all God does, if rightly understood,
 Shall work thy final good.

KEBLE.

Thus ever in the steps of grief
 Are sown the precious seeds of joy;
 Each fount of Marah hath a leaf
 Whose healing balm we may employ.
 Then 'mid life's fitful, fleeting day,
 Look up! the sky is bright above!
 Kind voices cheer thee on thy way!
 Faint spirit! Trust the God of love.

MISS WOODBRIDGE.

Behind the soft, bright summer cloud,
 That makes such haste to melt and die,
 Our wistful gaze is oft allowed
 A glimpse of the unchanging sky;
 Let storm and darkness do their worst;
 For the lost dream the heart may ache;
 The heart may ache, but may not burst,
 "Heaven will not leave thee nor forsake."

KEBLE.

Workers on the barren soil,
 Yours may seem a thankless toil;
 Sick at heart with hope deferred,
 Listen to the cheering word:
 Now the faithful sower grieves;
 Soon he'll bind his golden sheaves.

ANONYMOUS.

Thou in adversity canst be a sun;
 Thou hast a healing balm, a sheltering tower,
 The peace, the truth, the life, the love of One
 Nor wound, nor grief, nor storm can overpower.
 Gifts of a king; gifts, frequent and yet free:
 There's none like thee, O Lord! none, none
 like thee!

MISS JEWSEBURY.

Happy he whose inward ear
 Angel comfortings can hear
 O'er the rabble's laughter;
 And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
 Glimpses through the smoke discern
 Of the good hereafter.

WHITTIER.

Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
 Fond, fairest boy,
 That heaven is God's, and thou art there
 With him in joy;
 There past are death and all its woes;
 There beauty's stream forever flows;
 And pleasure's day no sunset knows.

D. M. MOIR.

They who die in Christ are blest;
 Ours be, then, no thought of grieving!
 Sweetly with their God they rest,
 All their toils and troubles leaving;
 So be ours the faith that saveth,
 Hope that every trial braveth,
 Love that to the end endureth,
 And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

BISHOP DOANE.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home!
 Sweet hope!
 Lord tarry not, but come.

BONAR.

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.

WHITTIER.

No groan creation heaves is heaved in vain,
Nor e'er shall be repeated; it is done.
Once heaved, it never shall be heaved again;
Earth's pangs and throes are lessening one
by one.

That which is added to the troubled past
Is taken from the future, whose sad store
Grows less and less each day, till soon the last
Dull wave of woe shall break upon our shore.

BONAR.

Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:

"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise."

COWPER.

Where now with pain thou treadest, trod
The whitest of the saints of God!
To show thee where their feet were set,
The light which led them shineth yet.
The foot-prints of the life divine,
Which marked their path, remain in thine;
And that great life, transfused in theirs,
Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy prayers.

WHITTIER.

Ye who shrink
Neath time's adversities, the weary months
Of sickness and of pain, the treachery
Of trusted friends, the agony that finds
No comforter, forget not who hath said
That all things, *all*, shall work their good who
love
The Father of their spirits.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Sure stands the promise, ever to the meek
A heritage is given;
Nor lose they earth, who, single-hearted, seek
The righteousness of heaven.

WHITTIER.

O! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of him to be our friend!

WORDSWORTH.

All are not taken; there are left behind
Living beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where "dust to dust" the love from life dis-
joined;
And if, before those sepulchers unmoving,
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)
Crying, "Where are ye, O my loved and loving?"
I know a voice would sound, "Daughter, I AM.
Can I suffice for HEAVEN, and not for earth?"

MRS. BROWNING.

We sow in tears; but let us keep
Our faith in God, and trust him still;
Yonder our harvest we shall reap,
Where gladness every heart and mouth shall fill.
Such joy is there
No mortal tongue its glory can declare;
A joy that shall endure,
Changeless and deep and pure,
That shall be ours, if here the cross we bear.

From the German of HEERMAN.

Soon, and forever,
The work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished,
The victory won;
Soon, and forever,
The soldier lay down
His sword for a harp,
And his cross for a crown.
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near;
When, blessed reward
Of each faithful endeavor,
Christians with Christ shall be,
Soon, and forever.

J. B. MONSELL.

The rougher the way, the shorter our stay;
 The tempests that rise
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
 The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
 The troubles that come
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

C. WESLEY.

[See also PATIENCE—RESIGNATION—TRUST.]

CONSTANCY—(See FIDELITY.)

CONTEMPLATION—REFLECTION.

In lowliest depth's of bosky dells
 The hermit Contemplation dwells;
 A fountain's pine-hung slope his seat,
 And lotus-twined his silent feet;
 Whence, piercing heaven, with screenèd sight,
 He sees at noon the stars, whose light
 Shall glorify the coming night.

WHITTIER.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
 And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
 And how they might have borne more welcome
 news.

YOUNG.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
 Our kinsmen at the grave;
 But virtues of the mind unto
 The heavens with us we have;
 Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
 I can be well content
 The sweetest time of all my life
 To deem in thinking spent.

LORD VAUX.

A soul without reflection, like a pile
 Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

YOUNG.

Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retirèd solitude,
 Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her
 wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.

MILTON.

Thus every object of creation
 Can furnish hints for contemplation,
 And, from the most minute and mean,
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.

GAY.

But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne—
 The cherub Contemplation.

MILTON.

Thanks to the human heart, by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

Look at this skeleton of a once green leaf;
 Time and the elements conspired its fall;
 The worm hath eaten out the tenderer parts,
 And left this curious anatomy,
 Distinct of structure, made so by decay;
 So, at this moment, lies my life before me,
 In all its intricacies, all its errors.

H. TAYLOR.

When restless on my bed I lie,
 Still courting sleep which still will fly,
 Then shall reflection's brighter power,
 Illume the lone and midnight hour.

NOEL.

[See also MEMORY.]

CONTENTMENT.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content,
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown.

ROBERT GREEN.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.

SHAKSPERE.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
 Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
 Nor to be seen; my crown is called content;
 A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

SHAKSPERE.

Content hath all; and who hath all is rich.

P. FLETCHER.

To others let the glittering baubles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.

CHURCHILL.

Large scope of pleasure drowns us like a flood;
To rest in little is our greatest good.

BEAUMONT.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

SPENSER.

Content I live; this is my stay—
I seek no more than may suffice.
I presse to beare no haughtie away;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

WM. BYRD.

Obscur'd life sets down a type of bliss,
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREEN.

Sour discontent, that quarrels with our fate,
May give fresh smart, but not the old abate.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;
This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

H. WOTTON.

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

SOUTHWELL.

For not that which men covet most is best,
Nor that thing worst which men do most
refuse,
But fittest is that each contented rest
With that they hold; each has his fortune in
his breast.

SPENSER.

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize
Than he, who, in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
Of treasure in the skies?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Much will always wanting be
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he
To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

COWLEY.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.
Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

BUNYAN.

[See also DISCONTENT.]

CONTRITION—REPENTANCE.

O! behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight;
What odor can be, than a heart contrite
To Thee more sweet.

BEN JONSON.

Four things which are not in thy treasury,
I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition;
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

SOUTHEY.

Out of my penitence there has grown hope;
I trust, and raise my suppliant eyes to heaven,
And when my soul desponds, I meekly say,
"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

MISS LONDON.

The all-seeing Power,
To whom each secret from the human view
Removed, lies open, sanctifies alone
The offering of a contrite heart.

HAYES.

All powerful is the penitential sigh
Of true contrition; like the placid wreaths
Of incense, wafted from the righteous shrine
Where Abel ministered, to the blest seat
Of mercy, an accepted sacrifice,
Humiliation's conscious plaint ascends.

HAYES.

The sun and every vassal star,
All space, beyond the soar of angel wings,
Wait on His word; and yet he stays his car,
For every sigh a contrite suppliant brings.

KEBLE.

Heaven may forgive a crime to penitence,
For Heaven can judge if penitence be true.

DRYDEN.

Repentance clothes in grass and flowers
The grave in which the past is laid;
And close to faith's old minster towers,
The cross lights up the ghostly shade.

STERLING.

Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart!
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with thy mercy's dart!
Wound the heart that wounded thee!
Break it, in Gethsemane!

HART.

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of Peace!
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat!
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease;
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.

P. FLETCHER.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to
mend;
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel
them.

HENRY TAYLOR.

The very rod,
If we but kiss it as the stroke descendeth,
Distilleth oil to allay the inflicted smart,
And "peace that passeth understanding,"
blendeth

With the deep sighing of the contrite heart.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth, and never rise;
While tears that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalament reach the skies.

MOORE.

From the depths of grief and fear,
O Lord! to thee my soul repairs;
From thy heaven bow down thy ear,
Let thy mercy meet my prayers.
O, if thou mark'st
What's done amiss,
What soul so pure
Can see thy bliss?

P. FLETCHER.

Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart.
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

C. WESLEY.

Not all the pride of empire
E'er gave such bless'd sensations as one hour
Of penitence, though painful.

HENRY BROOKE.

The grief of penitence wakes bliss divine
Before His throne who bore the crown of
thorns,
And angels' harps resound with rapturous
songs!

W. ALLEN.

Lo! Thy gracious face I seek,
Shame and grief are on my cheek,
Sighs and tears my sorrow speak.
Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive;
Didst the dying thief receive;
Hence doth hope within me live.

"MISSAL."

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

BEDDOME.

More shall thy penitent sighs
His endless mercy please,
Than their importune suits, which dream
That words God's wrath appease:
For heart contrite of faith
Is gladsome recompense;
And prayer, fruit of faith whereby
God doth with sin dispense.

EARL OF SURREY, 1540.

God liveth ever!
O my soul, despair thou never!
When sins and follies long forgot
Upon thy tortured conscience prey,
O come to God, and fear him not,
His love shall sweep them all away.
Pains of hell, at look of his,
Change to calm content and bliss.
Soul, forget not in thy pain
God o'er all doth ever reign.

From the German of ZIHN.

O blest Repentance, in thy weeping eye
Swim the pure beams of embryo ecstasy.
And Faith, and Hope, and Love, and Joy
prepare

To still thy heart, and wipe thy bitter tear!
To thee alone the privilege is given,
By earthly woe, to kindle joy in heaven;
For God himself descends to soothe the heart
That weeps o'er sin, and struggles to depart;
And deeper transport swells the bliss above,
As seraphs sing the triumphs of his love.

MITCHELL.

O Lord, thy tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Thy hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

STERLE.

He who seeks repentance for the past,
Should woo the angel Virtue in the future.

BULWER.

Repent, return, and live;
He who no penitent disdains,
New heavens, new earth can give.
Simple obedience shall restore
Green fields and sunny skies;
And hearkening to His voice, bring more
Than Eden to their eyes.

BERNARD BARTON.

In the midst of life, behold!
Death has girt us round.
Whom for help then shall we pray?
Where shall grace be found?
In Thee, O Lord, alone!
We rue the evil we have done,
That thy wrath on us hath drawn.
Holy Lord and God!
Strong and holy God!
Merciful and Holy Saviour!
Eternal God!

Sink us not beneath
Bitter pains of endless death,
Kyrie eleison!

*From the Latin of NOTKER, A. D. 900.**Translated by LUTHER, A. D. 1524.*

Father of Light! to thee I call,
My soul is dark within;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou who canst guide the wand'ring star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

BYRON.

O'er my crimes I guilty groan,
Blush to think what I have done;
Spare thy suppliant, Holy One.
Naught of thee my prayers can claim
Save in thy free mercy's name:
Save me from the deathless flame!

Translation of "Dies Irae," by WILLIAMS.

CONVERSION — REGENERATION.

Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it too,
For that is more than I can do.

THOMAS ELWOOD.

I need a cleansing change within :
 My life must once again begin ;
 New hope I need, and youth renewed,
 And more than human fortitude ;
 New faith, new love, and strength to cast
 Away the fetters of the past.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Creator ! let thy Spirit shine
 The darkness of our souls within,
 And lead us by thy grace divine
 From the forbidden paths of sin ;
 And may that voice which bade the earth
 From chaos and the realms of night,
 From doubt and darkness call us forth
 To God's own liberty and light !
 Thus made partakers of thy love,
 The baptism of the Spirit ours,
 Our grateful hearts shall rise above,
 Renewed in purposes and powers ;
 And songs of joy again shall ring
 Triumphant through the arch of heaven,
 The glorious songs which angels sing,
 Exulting over souls forgiven !

W. H. BURLEIGH.

O lost and found ! All gentle souls below
 Their dearest welcome shall prepare, and
 prove
 Such joy o'er thee as raptured seraphs
 know,
 Who learn their lesson at the throne of
 Love.

KEBLE.

And He was slain that we might be trans-
 formed,
 Not into Adam's sweet similitude,
 But the more glorious image of Himself :
 A resolution of our destiny
 As high transcending Eden's life and lot,
 As He surpasses Eden's fallen lord.

J. G. HOLLAND.

When man is born anew,
 And being's perfect bliss is given,
 Lo, a new Eden starts to view,
 While angel-harps rejoice in heaven :
 'Tis wondrous all, divinely bright,
 And the new creature walks in light.

T. GREENFIELD.

'Twas then my soul beheld from far
 The glimmering of an orient star,
 That pierced and cheered my nature's night ;
 Sweetly it dawned, and promised day,
 Sorrow and sin it chased away,
 And opened into glorious light.

C. WESLEY.

To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give ;
 Whose new creating power
 Makes dying sinners live :
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

WATTS.

The consciousness of faith, of sins forgiven,
 Of wrath appeased, of heavy guilt thrown off,
 Sheds on my breast its long-forgotten peace,
 And shining steadfast as the noon-day sun,
 Lights me along the path that duty marks.

MRS. HALL.

So now the soul's sublimed, her sour desires
 Are recalined in heaven's well tempered fires ;
 The heart restored, and purged from drossy
 nature,
 Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature ;
 It lives another life, it breathes new breath,
 It neither fears nor feels the sting of death.

QUARLES.

O if there be a sight on earth
 That makes good angels smile,
 'Tis when a soul of mortal birth
 Is washed from mortal guile :
 When some repentant child of Eve's
 In age is born anew,
 Or when on life's first buds and leaves
 Falls the baptismal dew.

A. C. COXE.

Thou strong and loving Son of man,
 Redeemer from the bonds of sin,
 'Tis thou the living spark dost fan
 That sets my heart on fire within.
 Thou openest heaven once more to men,
 The soul's true home, thy kingdom, Lord,
 And I can trust and hope again,
 And feel myself akin to God.

From the German of NOVALIS.

The spring of the regenerate heart,
The pulse, the glow of every part,
Is the true love of Christ our Lord,
As man embraced, as God adored.

KEBLE.

Come to Thy temple here on earth,
Be thou my spirit's guest,
Who givest us of mortal birth,
A second birth more blest;
Spirit belov'd, thou mighty Lord,
Who with the Father and the Son
Reignest upon an equal throne,
Art equally adored!

From the German of GERHARDT.

What profits it that Christ is born,
And bringeth childhood back to men,
Unless our long-lost right we mourn,
And win through penitence again;
And lead a Godlike life on earth,
As children of the second birth?

From the German.

The soul whose sight all-quickenng grace re-
news,
Takes the resemblance of the good she views;
As diamonds stripped of their opaque disguise,
Reflect the noon-day glory of the skies.

COWPER.

CORRUPTION—BRIBERY.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting
upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but
to golden keys;
And the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt
that honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at
each other's heels.

TENNYSON.

Corruption is a tree, whose branches are
Of an unmeasurable length; they spread
Everywhere; and the dew that drops from
thence
Hath infected some chairs and stools of au-
thority.

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from
footsale up to crown,
Give to shame what God hath given unto honor
and renown!

WHITTIER.

You yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

SHAKSPERE.

Petitions not sweetened
With gold, are but unsavory and oft refused;
Or if received, are pocketed, not read.

MASSINGER.

Fraud exults, while solemn words
Sanctify his stolen hoards;
Slavery laughs, while ghostly lips
Bless his manacles and whips.

WHITTIER.

Inaction now is crime. The old earth reels,
Inebriate with guilt; and vice grown bold,
Laughs innocence to scorn. The thirst for
gold
Hath made men demons, till the heart that feels
The impulse of impartial love, nor kneels
In worship foul to mammon, is contemned.
He who hath kept his purer faith, and
stemmed
Corruption's tide, and from the ruffian heels
Of impious trampers rescued periled right,
Is called fanatic, and with scoffs and jeers
Maliciously assailed.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

Slow rises worth by poverty depressed;
But here more slow, where all are slaves to
gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are
sold.

DR. JOHNSON.

Temptations and trials, without and within,
From the pathway of virtue the spirit may
lure;
But the soul shall grow strong in its triumph
o'er sin,
And the heart shall preserve its integrity
pure.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.

MOORE.

COURAGE—FORTITUDE— HEROISM.

Count me, o'er earth's chosen heroes; they were
souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the
contumelious stone,
Stood serene and down the future saw the
golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their
faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to
God's supreme design.

J. R. LOWELL.

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with
fear.

SHAKESPEARE.

A valiant man
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways.
He undertakes by reason, not by chance;
His valor is the salt to his virtues,
They're all unseasoned without it.

BEN JONSON.

The strength of man sinks in the hour of
trial;
But there doth live a power, that to the battle
Girdeth the weak.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Think ye, one heart of man or child
Will falter from its lofty faith,
At the mob's tumult, fierce and wild,
The prison cell, the shameful death?
No! nursed in storm and trial long,
The weakest of our band is strong.

WHITTIER.

Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valor;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valor too.

BEN JONSON.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

SHAKESPEARE.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we
share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis
prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the
coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is
crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith
they had denied.

J. R. LOWELL.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is towering phrensy and distraction.

ADDISON.

Who the Creator love, created might
Dread not; within their tents no terrors walk.

COLERIDGE.

This is true courage; not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason.

WHITEHEAD.

Ay, there we stand with planted feet
Steadfast, where those old worthies stood;
Upon us let the tempest beat,
Around us swell and surge the flood:
We fail or triumph on that spot;
God helping us, we falter not.

WHITTIER.

True courage is a fixed, not sudden, heat;
Is always humble, lives in self distrust,
And will itself into no danger thrust.
Devote yourself to God, and you will find
God fights the battles of a will resigned.

BISHOP KEN.

What! shall one monk, scarce known beyond
his cell,

Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn
her frown?

Brave Luther answered, "Yes;" that thunder
swell

Rocked Europe, and discharmed the triple
crown.

J. R. LOWELL.

Not to the ensanguined field of death alone
Is valor limited; she sits serene
In the deliberate council, sagely scans
The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides;
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone.

SMOLLETT.

Stand but your ground, your ghostly foes will
fly;

Hell trembles at a heaven-directed eye.

BISHOP KEN.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle
slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers'
graves.

J. R. LOWELL.

That man alone is truly brave, whose soul
By virtue tutored, by religion swayed,
At their tribunal every impulse scans.

SAMUEL HAYES.

Fortitude is not the appetite
Of formidable things, nor inconsult
Rashness; but virtue fighting for a truth;
Derived from knowledge of distinguishing
Good or bad causes.

T. NARR.

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable
will?

J. R. LOWELL.

Breasting calmly but firmly the full tide of
wrong,
Overwhelmed, but not borne on its surges along;
Unappalled by the danger, the shame, and the
pain,
And counting each trial for Truth as their
gain.

WHITTIER.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.
O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long;
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW.

I said to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on! Thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye."

LAVINIA STODDARD.

Though banded devils throng our path,
Like beasts of prey to work our ill,
Why should we greatly fear their wrath?
Jesus will make us victors still.
This world's proud king, with vengeful frown,
Marshals his demon-hosts in fight;
We calmly bide his fiercest might!
Doomed soon to lose th' usurper's crown,
Christ's slightest word can strike him down.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.

COVETOUSNESS—(See Avarice.)

COWARDICE—FEAR.

To be afraid to die, and wish for death,
Are words and passions of despairing breath;
Who doth the first, the day doth faintly yield;
And who the second, basely flies the field.

QUARLES.

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

SHAKESPEARE.

He that's at any time afraid to die
Is in weak case, and, whatsoe'er he saith,
Hath but a wavering and a feeble faith.

GEORGE WITHER.

Fear is the virtue of slaves: but the heart that
loveth is willing.

LONGFELLOW.

What are fears? Grim phantoms, throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,
Every moment darker growing,
If we yield unto their sway.

BERNARD BARTON.

Fear on guilt attends, and deeds of darkness:
The virtuous breast ne'er knows it.

HAYARD.

Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.

YOUNG.

Desponding Fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.

THOMSON.

The coward wretch whose hand and heart
Can bear to torture aught below,
Is ever first to quail and start
From slightest pain or equal foe.

ELIZA COOK.

I groan beneath this cowardice of heart,
Which rolls the evil to be borne to-day
Upon to-morrow, loading it with gloom.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

CREATION.

There was joy in heaven!

There was joy in heaven!

When this goodly world to frame,
The Lord of might and mercy came:
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky,
"Glory to God in heaven!"

HEBER.

In the beginning primal darkness flung
Her veil o'er chaos, void and formless all;
The brooding Spirit o'er the waters hung;
The Father's fiat moved the empty pall:
"Let there be light!" Forthwith Creation
sprung
Glad into being. Thy creating love,
Lord, I believe! mine unbelief remove!

H. H. WELD.

Thus was the first day even and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birthday of heaven and earth, with joy and
shout
The hollow universal orb they filled,
And touched their golden harps, and hymning
praised
God and his works; Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first
morn.

MILTON.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets launched
along

The illimitable void! Thus to remain
Amid the flux of many thousand years.

THOMSON.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence; Lord, in thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin! all life, all beauty thine;
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious!
Great!

Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

From the Russian of G. R. DERZHAVIN.

Ye clouds proclaim your forming God!
Who called yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades dispel!" the Eternal said;
At once the involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.

JOHN OGILVIE.

Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, Earth, Flood, Air, Fire;
And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they
move:

Each had his place appointed, each his course.

MILTON.

Then moved upon the waveless deep
The quickening Spirit of the Lord;
And broken was its pulseless sleep
Before the everlasting Word!
"Let there be light!" and listening earth,
With tree and plant and flowery sod,
"In the beginning" sprang to birth,
Obedient to the voice of God.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

Of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy
channel keep.

MILTON.

In hymns of praise, eternal God!
 When thy creating hand
 Stretched the blue arch of heaven abroad,
 And meted sea and land,
 The morning stars together sung,
 And shouts of joy from angels rung.

N. H. CARTER.

Confusion heard His voice, and wild uproar
 Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined;
 Till, at his second bidding, darkness fled,
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.

MILTON.

All dead and silent was the earth,
 In deepest night it lay;
 The Eternal spoke creation's word,
 And called to being Day.
 It streamed from on high,
 All reddening and bright,
 And angels' songs welcomed
 The new-born light.

From the German of KRUMMACHER.

THE CROSS.

Upon the cross He hung, and bowed the head;
 And prayed for them that smote, and them
 that cursed;
 And, drop by drop, his slow life-blood was
 shed,
 And his last hour of suffering was his worst!

H. H. MILMAN.

Through the cross comes the crown; when the
 cares of this life,
 Like giants in strength, may to crush thee
 combine,
 Never mind, never mind! after sorrow's sad
 strife
 Shall the peace and the crown of salvation
 be thine.

From the German of KOSGARTEN.

Or if, at times, wild storms shall hover dark,
 Still fix thy gaze upon that hallowed mark
 Which gilds the tempest with hope's bow
 divine:

Cling to the cross, and conquer in that sign.

B. D. WINSLOW.

The cross once seen is death to every vice;
 Else He that died there suffered all His pain,
 Bled, groaned, and agonized, and died in vain.

COWPER.

O depth of love! for us He drinks
 The chalice of his agony;
 For us a victim on the cross,
 He meekly lays him down to die.
 Hail, purest victim Heaven could find,
 The powers of hell to overthrow!
 Who didst the chains of Death destroy,
 Who dost the prize of Life bestow.

"BREVIAIRY."

The cross on Golgotha will never save thy
 soul,
 The cross in thine own heart alone can make
 thee whole.

From the Latin of ANGELUS SILESIUS.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
 And he that had no cross, deserves no crown.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
 Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
 Our sentence bore, our ransom paid;
 Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
 Life's torrent rushing from his side,
 To wash us in that precious flood,
 Where mingled water flowed and blood.

From the Latin of VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS.

O Thou who diedst to give us life!
 Full well to thee is known
 The cross, and all the inner strife
 Of those who weep alone,
 And 'neath their burden well nigh faint:
 The aching heart's unspoken plaint
 Finds echo in thine own.

From the German of GERHARDT.

My soul is caught:
 Heaven's sovereign blessings, clustering from
 the cross,
 Rush on her in a throng, and close her round,
 The prisoner of amaze! In his bless'd life
 I see the path, and in his death the price,
 And in his great ascent the proof supreme
 Of immortality.

YOUNG.

O the wormwood and the gall!
 O the pangs His soul sustained!
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;—
 Learn of Him to bear the cross!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

To thee, eternal Three in One,
 Let homage meet by all be done,
 Whom by the cross thou dost restore,
 Preserve, and govern evermore.

From the Latin of FORTUNATUS.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds new luster to the day.
 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

BOWRING.

The cross! it takes our guilt away;
 It holds the fainting spirit up;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.
 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
 It takes the terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.

KELLY.

Once again beside the cross,
 All my gain I count but loss;
 Earthly pleasures fade away,—
 Clouds they are that hide my day;
 Hence, vain shadows! let me see
 Jesus crucified for me.

DUFFIELD.

O tree of beauty, tree of light!
 O tree with royal purple dight!
 Elect, on whose triumphal breast
 Those holy limbs should find their rest!
 On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
 The weight of this world's ransom hung,
 The price of human kind to pay,
 And spoil the spoiler of his prey!

From the Latin of FORTUNATUS.

I'll trace His steps, and bear my cross,
 Despising every grief and loss;
 Since He, despising pain and shame,
 First took up his, and did the same.

PARNELL.

Is it not strange, the darkest hour
 That ever dawned on sinful earth,
 Should touch the heart with softer power
 For comfort, than an angel's mirth?
 That to the cross the mourner's eye should
 turn,
 Sooner than where the stars of Christmas
 burn?

KELLY.

Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone;
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to the cross I cling.

TOPLADY.

In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain;
 I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliv'r come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

C. WESLEY.

The cross our Master bore for us,
 For him we fain would bear;
 But mortal strength to weakness turns,
 And courage to despair.
 Have mercy on our failings, Lord,
 Our sinking faith renew;
 And when thy sorrows visit us,
 O send thy patience too.

BISHOP HEBER.

But the grand comment, which displays at
 full
 Our human height, scarce severed from divine,
 By Heaven composed, was published on the
 cross.

YOUNG.

The cross on which He bows his head,
 Shall lift us to the skies.

C. WESLEY.

Wouldst thou inherit life with Christ on high?

Then count the cost, and know

That here on earth below

Thou needs must suffer with thy Lord and die.

We reach that gain to which all else is loss,

But through the cross.

From the German of SIMON DACH.

O Cross, we hail thy bitter reign!

O come, thou well beloved guest!

Whose sorest sufferings work not pain,

Whose heaviest burden is but rest.

Pledge of our glorious home afar!

Thee, holy sign, with joy we take,

Sign of a peace life could not mar,

Of just content death could not shake.

From the German of GOTTER.

The cross! O ravishment and bliss,
How grateful ev'n its anguish is!

Its bitterness how sweet!

There every sense, and all the mind,

In all her faculties refined,

Tastes happiness complete.

Thy choice and mine shall be the same,

Inspirer of that holy flame

Which must forever blaze!

To take the cross and follow Thee

Where love and duty lead, shall be

My portion and my praise.

From the French of MADAME GUION.

The more the cross, the better Christian;

God lays the touch-stone to each soul.

How many a garden must lie waste,

Did not a tear storm o'er it roll!

Refining grief, a living coal,

Upon the Christian's heart is placed.

From the German of SCHMOLK.

[See also AFFLICTION — CRUCIFIXION — ATONEMENT — REDEMPTION.]

THE CRUCIFIXION.

See where man's voluntary sacrifice

Bows his meek head, the God eternal dies!

Fixed to the cross his bleeding arms are bound,

While copious mercy streams from every wound.

BISHOP LOWTH.

O Love of God! O sin of man!

In this dread act your strength is tried;

And victory remains with love,

For He, our Love, is crucified.

"LYRA CATHOLICA."

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;

There adoring at His feet,

Mark that miracle of time—

God's own sacrifice complete!

"It is finished!" hear him cry;

Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Cast up thy tearful eyes

To where thy Lord and Love was crucified;

So shall the world and all its vanities

Appear like dross; Ambition, Lust, and Pride

Shall far, far off their baleful powers remove;

And in the pure, unspotted mind

Nothing remain behind

But adoration, ecstasy, and love.

JAMES SCOTT.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,

Whose precious blood the cross did stain,

Let not those agonies be vain.

ROSCOMMON.

I asked the heavens, "What foe to God hath done
This unexampled deed?" The heavens

exclaim,
" 'Twas man! and we in horror snatched the

sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."

MONTGOMERY.

He dies; in whose high victory

The slayer, Death himself, shall die:

He dies! by whose all-conquering tread

Shall yet be crushed the serpent's head:

From his proud throne to darkness hurled,

The god and tempter of this world.

He dies, creation's awful Lord,

Jehovah, Christ, Eternal Word!

CROLY.

Behold Him now

Suspended on the cross! on his pale brow

Hang the cold drops of death; through every limb

The piercing torture rages; every nerve,

Stretched with excess of pain, trembles convulsed.

C. P. LAYARD.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and vails the sky:

"It is finished,"

Hear the dying Saviour cry."

"It is finished!" O what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

"It is finished!"

Saints the dying words record.

FRANCIS.

Well may the cavern depths of earth
 Be shaken, and her mountains nod:
 Well may the sheeted dead come forth
 To gaze upon a suffering God!
 Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,
 And shadows veil the cherubim,
 When He, the chosen one of Heaven,
 A sacrifice for guilt is given!

WHITTIER.

From whence these direful omens round,
 Which heaven and earth amaze?
 And why do earthquakes cleave the ground?
 Why hides the sun his rays?
 Well may the earth, astonished, shake,
 And nature sympathize;
 The sun as darkest night be black:
 Their Maker, Jesus, dies!

S. WESLEY, JR.

Lovely was the death
 Of Him whose life was love! Holy, with power,
 He on the thought-benighted skeptic beamed,
 Manifest Godhead.

COLERIDGE.

On Judah's hills a weight of darkness hung,
 Felt shudderingly at noon; the land had driven
 A Guest Divine back to the gates of heaven;
 A life whence all pure founts of feeling sprung,
 All grace, all truth; and when to anguish
 wrung,
 From the sharp cross the enlightening spirit
 fled,
 O'er the forsaken earth a pall of dread
 By the great shadow of that death was flung.

MRS. HEMANS.

This day the wond'rous mystery
 Is set before our eyes,
 Of Jesus stretched upon the cross
 In dying agonies.
 O deed of Love! the Prince becomes
 A victim for his slave,
 The sinner an acquittal finds,
 The Innocent a grave.

From the "BREVIAIRY."

Dies the glorious Cause of all!
 The true eternal Pan.
 Falls to raise us from our fall,
 To ransom fallen man!
 Well may Sol withdraw his light,
 With the Sufferer sympathize,
 Leave the world in sudden night,
 While his Creator dies!

C. WESLEY.

[See also THE CROSS — ATONEMENT — RE-
 DEMPTION.]

CUSTOM — FASHION.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
 The pious fraud transparent gown,
 The good held captive in the use
 Of wrong alone—
 These wait their doom from that great law
 Which makes the past time serve to-day;
 And fresher life the world shall draw
 From their decay.

WHITTIER.

What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heaped
 For truth to overpeer.

SHAKESPEARE.

With thousand scattered beauties nature's
 rife,
 And airs and woods and streams breathe
 harmonies;
 Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife;
 Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties;
 He feverish, blinded, lives, and feverish, sated,
 dies.

R. H. DANA.

Custom does often reason overrule,
 And only serves for reason to the fool.

ROCHESTER.

Vainly to the child of Fashion,
Giving to ideal woe
Graceful luxury of compassion,
Shall the stricken mourner go;
Hateful seems the earnest sorrow,
Beautiful the hollow show!

WHITTIER.

Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because delivered down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.

COWPER.

Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as do offend, make less the sin.
For each particular crime, a strict account
Will be exacted; and that comfort which
The damned pretend fellows in misery,
Takes nothing from their torments.

MASSINGER.

Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its sevenfold vial.

WHITTIER.

Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may
use,
Their knavery and folly to excuse.

CHURCHILL.

The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art,
The polished jewel's blaze,
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
But never, never can come near the worthy
heart.

BURNS.

Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant,
O'er servile man extends her blind dominion.

THOMSON.

It is a custom
More honored in the breach than in the
observance.

SHAKESPEARE.

To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.

COWPER.

Away with custom! 'tis the plea of fools,
Where crimes enormous, that debase the man,
Rise in their own defense: the long-drawn roll
Where the ascent and fall of states or men
Stand variously portrayed; what is it else
Than a sad series of collective guilt,
Whence custom for each wantonness of ill
May draw the shameful precedent?

C. P. LAYARD.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are followed.

SHAKESPEARE.

And meekly still the martyrs go,
To keep with Pain their solemn bridal!
And still they walk the fire who bow
Not down to worship Custom's idol.

MASSEY.

O for a world in principle as chaste
As this is gross and selfish! over which
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
That govern all things here, shouldering aside
The meek and modest Truth, and forcing her
To seek a refuge from the tongue of strife
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men.

COWPER.

O! villanous custom makes the Muses' song
Stale as the common highway;

Makes dear friends, smiling in each other's
face,
Deem each a tiresome fool; the preacher
crying
Of death and judgment, from which we are
divided

But by this thin partition of a breath,
A pleasant buzzing in a drowsy ear
In a soft-cushioned pew.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

DARKNESS — EVENING — NIGHT.

O blessed night! that comes to rich and poor
Alike; bringing us dreams that lure
Our hearts to One above!

H. B. HIRST.

Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretched out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis reason's reign,
And virtue's too.

YOUNG.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!

Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

YOUNG.

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,

Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,

Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay
concealed

Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us
blind?

Why do we, then, shun death with anxious
strife?

If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

J. BLANCO WHITE.

Now glowed the firmament
With livid sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in cloudy majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unvailed her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MILTON.

The night comes calmly forth,
Bringing sweet rest upon the wings of even;
The golden wain rolls round the silent north,
And earth is slumbering 'neath the smiles of
heaven.

BOWRING.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

SHAKESPEARE.

O night! most beautiful, most rare!
Thou giv'st the heavens their holiest hue!
And through the azure fields of air,
Bring'st down the golden dew!
For thou, with breathless lips apart,
Didst stand in that dim age afar,
And hold upon thy trembling heart
Messiah's herald star!
For this I love thy hallowed reign!
For more than this thrice blest thou art!
Thou gain'st the unbeliever's brain
By entering at his heart!

T. B. READ.

Yet as the stars, the holy stars of night,
Shine out when all is dark,
So would I, cheered by hopes more purely
bright,
Tread still the thorny path, whose close is
light,
If but at last the tossed and weary bark
Gains the sure haven of her final rest.

LUCY HOOPER.

The glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are
bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian
of night.

H. WARE, JR.

Night is the time when nature seems
God's silent worshiper,
And ever with a chastened heart
In unison with her,
I lay me on my peaceful couch,
The day's dull cares resigned,
And let my thoughts fold up like flowers
In the twilight of the mind.

SARAH J. CLARK.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
I linger yet with nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.

BYRON.

How is night's sable mantle labored o'er!
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What wisdom shines! what love! This mid-
night pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid!
Built with Divine ambition.

YOUNG.

O wild and wondrous midnight,
There is a might in thee
To make the charmed body
Almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses
Of immortality.

J. R. LOWELL.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

MOORE.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor
stain
Breaks the serene heaven;
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky:
How beautiful is night!

SOUTHEY.

Night is the time to think,
When from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and, on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

MONTGOMERY.

Though light and glory be the Almighty's
throne,

Darkness is his pavilion;
From *that* his radiant beauty, but from *these*
He has his terror and his majesty.

NORRIS.

'Tis evening; and the sun hath sunk to rest
Mid purple clouds descending; and the stars,
Kindling their watchlights from his blazing
fire,

With milder radiance fill the vault of heaven;
Each to the others, in responsive notes,
Singing the praises of their great Creator.

R. PARK.

Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender
thought

To *reason*, and off *reason* build *resolve*.

YOUNG.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine!

MOORE.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's
ear,

Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's
ebon vault,

Studded with stars innumerable bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur
rolls,

Seems like a canopy which love has spread
Above the sleeping world.

SHELLEY.

Go forth at eventide,
Commune with thine own bosom, and be
still;

Check the wild impulses of wayward will,

And learn the nothingness of human pride:

Morn is the time to act, noon to endure;

But O! if thou wouldst keep thy spirit pure,

Turn from the beaten path by worldlings trod,

Go forth at eventide, in heart to walk with
God.

MRS. EMBURY.

Night is the time to weep;
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory, where sleep
 The joys of other years;
 Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
 But died when young, like things of earth.

MONTGOMERY.

Not only doth the voiceful day
 Thy loving kindness, Lord, proclaim,
 But night, with its sublime array
 Of worlds, doth magnify thy name!
 Yea, while adoring seraphim
 Before thee bend the willing knee,
 From every star a choral hymn
 Goes up unceasingly to thee.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

O thou true Life of all that live!
 Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway,
 Who dost the morn and evening give,
 And through its changes guide the day;
 Thy light upon our evening pour:
 So may our souls no sunset see;
 But death to us an open door
 To an eternal morning be.

"BREVIAIRY."

Clouds and thick darkness are Thy throne,
 Thy wonderful pavilion;
 O dart from thence a shining ray,
 And then my midnight shall be day.

FLATMAN.

Softly the moonbeams shine
 On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
 While all sweet sounds of evening on the
 breeze

Steal through the slumbering vine.
 'Tis nature's time for prayer;
 The silent praises of the glorious sky,
 And the earth's orisons profound and high,
 To heaven their breathings bear.

ANONYMOUS.

This sacred shade and solitude, what is it?
 'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
 Few are the faults we flatter when alone;
 Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
 And looks, like other objects, black by night.
 By night an atheist half believes a God.

YOUNG.

Now with religious awe, the farewell light
 Blends with the solemn coloring of the night.
 WORDSWORTH.

Stringing the stars at random round her head,
 Like a pearl net-work, there she sits, bright
 night!

I love night more than day, she is so lovely.

BAILEY.

The trembling stars
 See crimes gigantic, stalking through the
 gloom
 With front erect, that hide their head by day,
 And making night still darker by their deeds.
 Slumbering in covert, till the shades descend,
 Rapine and murder linked, now prowl for
 prey.

YOUNG.

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
 The cold round moon shines deeply down;
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually bright:
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,
 And turned to earth without repining?
 Nor wished for wings to flee away,
 And mix with their eternal ray?

BYRON.

Dear night! this world's defeat;
 The stop to busy fools; care's check and curb;
 The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
 Which none disturb!
 Christ's progress, and his prayer time;
 The hours to which high heaven doth chime.

VAUGHAN.

And now they change; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains: parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new color as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all
 is gray.

BYRON.

[See also MOON—STARS.]

DAY—(See LIGHT.)

THE DEAD.

Brother, thou art gone before us,
 And thy saintly soul is flown
 Where tears are wiped from every eye,
 And sorrow is unknown;
 From the burden of the flesh,
 And from care and sin released,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

H. H. MILLMAN.

On a high arm, and strong,
 The soul its burdens cast;
 While soaring, soaring high,
 The weakness of mortality
 Fell like a dried leaf on the blast;
 And with a conqueror's song,
 Heaven's gate she passed.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached
 the shore,
 "Where tempests never beat, nor billows
 roar,"
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.

COWPER.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
 Throned above;
 Souls like thine with God inherit
 Life and love!

J. T. FIELDS.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning
 dew,
 She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.

YOUNG.

O! why should tears
 Be shed unto the blest and beautiful,
 By us poor dwellers in the woeful shades
 Of mortal being?

WILSON.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
 Blossom of being! seen and gone!
 With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
 O blest departed one!
 Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
 Blushed into dawn, and passed away.

MRS. HEMANS.

By the bright waters now thy lot is cast;
 Joy for thee, happy friend! thy bark hath
 passed

The rough sea's foam!
 Now the long yearnings of thy soul are stilled;
 Home! home! thy peace is won, thy heart is
 filled,

Thou art gone home!

MRS. HEMANS.

The dead,
 The only beautiful, who change no more;
 The only blest, the dwellers on the shore
 Of spring fulfilled. The dead! whom call we
 so?

They that breathe purer air, that feel, that
 know,

Things wrapt from us.

MRS. HEMANS.

O change! O wondrous change!

Burst are the prison bars;
 This moment there, so low,
 So agonized, and now

Beyond the stars!

O change! stupendous change!

There lies the soulless clod;
 The sun eternal breaks,
 The new immortal wakes,

Wakes with his God!

MRS. SOUTHEY.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I
 cannot tell,

For they reckon not by years and months,
 where he is gone to dwell.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he
 weareth now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his
 shining seraph brow.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that
 he is now at rest,

Where other blessed infants be, on their Sav-
 iour's loving breast.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their
 glittering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of
 heaven's divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mo-
 ther dear and I)

Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears
 from every eye.

JOHN MOULTREE.

Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind? .
He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing
moulds.

MISS LONDON.

Methought her soul
Faded in light, even as a glorious star
Is hidden 'mid the splendors of the morn.

WILSON.

Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last.
Gently!
While you are weeping,
She to heaven has past.

C. G. EASTMAN.

God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.
Now like a dew-drop shined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my own!
Safe with the Source of love,
The everlasting One!

CAROLINE BOWLES.

With what unknown delight the mother smiled,
When this frail treasure in her arms she
pressed!
Her prayer was heard—she clasped a living
child;
But how the gift transcends the poor re-
quest!
A child was all she asked, with many a vow;
Mother, behold the child an angel now!

JANE TAYLOR.

Champion of Jesus! man of God,
Servant of Christ, well done!
Thy path of thorns hath now been trod,
Thy red-cross crown is won.

Champion of Jesus! on that breast
From whence thy fervor flowed,
Thou hast obtained eternal rest—
The bosom of thy God!

BRYDGES.

All darkness thou hast left behind;
It was not thee they wound
In dreary grave-clothes, and consigned
To perish in the ground;
'Twas but thy mantle, dropt in sight,
When thou wert vanishing in light.

MONTGOMERY.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

MONTGOMERY.

The dead are like the stars by day;
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky;
Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amid immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

MONTGOMERY.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in
heaven,
As a star that is lost when the daylight is
given,
As a glad dream of slumber which wakens in
bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the holy from
this.

WHITTIER.

And, if the brightest diadem
Whose gems of glory purely burn
Around the ransomed ones in bliss,
Be evermore reserved for them
Who here, through toil and sorrow, turn
Many to righteousness,
May we not think of thee, as wearing
That star-like crown of light, and bearing
Amid heaven's white and blissful band,
The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand;
And joining with a seraph's tongue
In that new song the elders sung,
Ascribing to its blessed Giver
Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever?

WHITTIER.

He did but float a little way
 Adown the stream of time,
 With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
 Or listening their fairy chime;
 His slender sail
 Ne'er felt the gale:
 He did but float a little way,
 And, putting to the shore
 While yet 'twas early day,
 Went calmly on his way,
 To dwell with us no more!

He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
 And wandered hither, so his stay
 With us was short, and 'twas most meet
 That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
 Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
 To stand before his God—
 O blest word—evermore!

J. R. LOWELL.

I have friends in spirit-land,
 Not shadows in a shadowy band,
 Not *others*, but *themselves* are they.
 And still I think of them the same
 As when the Master's summons came;
 Their change—the holy morn-light breaking
 Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking—
 A change from twilight into day.

WHITTIER.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
 Hath evil wrought;
 Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
 The good die not!
 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not
 wholly
 What he hath given;
 They live on earth, in thought and deed, as
 truly
 As in His heaven.

WHITTIER.

Another hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given,
 And glows once more with angel-steps
 The path which reaches heaven.

WHITTIER.

For them hath bloomed a spring,
 Whose flowers perennial deck a holier sod,
 Whose music is the song that seraphs sing,
 Whose light the smile of God!

W. J. PARODIE.

Lo! on the quiet grave thy life-borne cross,
 Dropped only at its side, methinks doth shine,
 Of thy beatitude the radiant sign!

No sob of grief, no wild lament be there,
 To break the Sabbath of the holy air;
 But in their stead, the silent-breathing
 prayer

Of hearts still waiting for a rest like thine.

WHITTIER.

His was the morning hour,
 And he hath passed in beauty from the day,
 A bud, not yet a flower,
 Torn in its sweetness from the parent spray;
 The death-wind swept him to his soft repose,
 As frost, in spring time, blights the early rose.

W. G. CLARK.

There is weeping on earth for the lost!

There is bowing in grief to the ground!
 But rejoicing and praise 'mid the sanctified
 host,

For a spirit in Paradise found!
 Though brightness hath passed from the earth,
 Yet a star is new-born in the sky,
 And a soul hath gone home to the land of its
 birth,

Where are pleasures and fullness of joy!
 And a new harp is strung, and a new song is
 given
 To the breezes that float o'er the gardens of
 heaven!

W. H. BURLEIGH.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
 The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
 Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
 Whispered a word that had a sound like
 Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
 A shadow on those features fair and thin;
 And softly from that hushed and darkened
 room,

Two angels issued, where but one went in.

LONGFELLOW.

Thus saints, that seem to die in earth's rude
strife,

Only win double life;
 They have but left our weary ways,
 To live in memory here, in heaven by love and
 praise.

KEBLE.

I know thou hast gone to the house of thy
rest,

Then why should my soul be so sad?

I know thou hast gone where the weary are
blest,

And the mourner looks up and is glad!

Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,

The stain it had gathered in this;

And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened
the earth,

Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss!

T. K. HERVEY.

The amaranth flowers that bloom in heaven,

Entwine thy temples now;

The crown that shines immortally,

Is beaming on thy brow:

The seraphs round the burning throne

Have borne thee to thy rest,

To dwell among the saints on high,

Companions of the blest.

W. B. O. PHABODY.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,

Fair Spirit! rest thee now;

E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,

His seal was on thy brow;

Dust to its narrow house beneath!

Soul to its place on high!

They that have seen thy look in death

No more may fear to die.

MRS. HEMANS.

God gives us ministers of love,

Which we regard not, being near:

Death takes them from us; then we feel

That angels have been with us here.

JAMES ALDRICH.

When Death strikes down the innocent and
young,

For every fragile form from which he lets

The parting spirit free,

A hundred virtues rise,

In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,

To walk the world and bless it.

Of every tear

That sorrowing mortals shed on such green
graves,

Some good is born, some gentler nature
comes.

CHARLES DICKENS.

That infant is a seraph now!

That daughter kneels before the throne!

That beauteous boy, with harp and crown,

Exulting, spreads his silver wings!

Thou almost hear'st those perfect strings

Whose music is to thee unknown,

Sound where the glad immortals bow,

Where children cast their honors down,

Where elders and apostles meet

At Jesus' feet.

Think, mother! while sweet tears are shed,

How blessed are the early dead!

W. B. TAPPAN.

Fallen—as sets the sun at eve—

To rise in splendor where

His kindred luminaries shine,

Their heaven of bliss to share;

Beyond the stormy battle-field

He reigns and triumphs now,

Sweeping a harp of wondrous song,

With glory on his brow.

J. N. MAFFIT.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"

The reaper said, and smiled;

"Dear tokens of the earth are they,

Where he was once a child."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,

The flowers she most did love;

She knew she should find them all again

In the fields of light above.

LONGFELLOW.

An angel stood and met my gaze,

Through the low doorway of my tent;

The tent is struck, the vision stays:

I only know she came and went.

LOWELL.

Mourn not for the child from thy tenderness
riven

Ere stain on its purity fell!

To thy questioning heart, lo! an answer from
heaven:

"Is it well with the child?" "It is well!"

N. P. WILLIS.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled;

Awhile she sat with folded wings,

Sung round us a few hoverings,

Then straightway into glory sped.

GERALD MASSEY.

We weep, though not in bitterness;
Ours are not tears of gloom;
No thoughts but those of tenderness
Shall glisten round his tomb;
No painful recollections rise;
His morn—it dawned so blest,
And, ere a cloud had dimmed its skies,
Sweet lamb, he was at rest.

WM. PETER.

The dead alone are blest!
While they are here, clouds mar the day,
And bitter snow-falls nip their May;
But when the tempest time is done,
The light and heat of heaven's own sun
Brood o'er their land of rest.

HENRY ALFORD.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!
Shall light thy dark up like a star,
A beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love, and fainting faith.
Through tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters through the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the jasper sea.

GERALD MASSEY.

Hail, heavenly voice, once heard in Patmos!
"Write,

'Henceforth the dead who die in Christ are
blest:

Yea, saith the Spirit, for they now shall rest
From all their labors!'" But no dull, dark
night

That rest o'ershadows: 'tis the day-spring
bright

Of bliss; the foretaste of a richer feast;

A sleep, if sleep it be, of lively zest,
Peopled with visions of intense delight.

BISHOP MANT.

Thou art amid the sorrowless, I here
Amid the sorrowing; and yet not long
Shall I remain 'mid sin, and fear, and wrong:
Soon shall I join you in your sinless song.

Thy day has come, not gone,

Thy sun has risen, not set;

Thy life is now beyond

The reach of death or change,

Not ended, but begun.

Such shall our life be soon.

BONAR.

[See also DEATH—THE GRAVE.]

DEATH—THE DYING.

There's nothing terrible in death;
'Tis but to cast our robes away,
And sleep at night without a breath
To break repose till dawn of day.

MONTGOMERY.

O fear not thou to die!

Far rather fear to live; for life

Hath thousand snares thy faith to try,

By peril, pain, and strife.

Brief is the work of Death;

But life! the spirit shrinks to see

How full, ere Heaven recalls the breath,

The cup of woe may be.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theater as yet is shut, and Death,
Strong Death alone, can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free!

YOUNG.

This world Death's region is, the other Life's;
And here, it should be one of our first strifes
So to front death, as each might judge us
past it,

For good men but see death, the wicked taste it.

JONSON.

Is not the mighty mind—that son of Heaven—
By tyrant *Life* dethroned, imprisoned, pained?

By *Death* enlarged, ennobled, deified?

Death but entombs the body; Life the soul.

YOUNG.

Death has no terrors for the Christian's soul.
His sting's extracted, and his mighty dart
Was blunted by its task on Calvary.

WITHERS.

O villain Death, compassion's foe,

The mother from of old of woe,

Inexorable judge severe,

Thou givest sorrow for the heart to bear;

Wherefore in grief I go,

And blaming thee my very tongue outwear.

From the Italian of DANTE.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death,
To him that is at ease in his possessions!
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come!
In that dread moment how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain!

BLAIR.

Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.

PARNELL.

Not where Death hath power may love be
blest.

MRS. HEMANS.

Weep not for those
Who sink within the arms of death,
Ere yet the chilling wintry breath
Of sorrow o'er them blows;
But weep for them who here remain,
The mournful heritors of pain,
Condemned to see each bright joy fade,
And mark grief's melancholy shade
Flung o'er hope's fairest rose.

MRS. EMBURY.

O what is death? 'Tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more!
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again:
Where in their bright results shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs and joys.

GAMBOLD.

Behold the bed of death;
This pale and lovely clay;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
No; life so sweetly ceased to be,
It lapsed in immortality.

MONTGOMERY.

How strange is Death to Life! and yet how
sure

The law which dooms all living things to
die!

Whate'er is outward cannot long endure,
And all that lasts, eludes the subtle eye.

STERLING.

Death shall come
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,
As light winds, wandering through groves of
bloom,

Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree.

W. C. BRYANT.

Death
Is but a step that reaches to eternity.

JONES.

A change from woe to joy, from earth to
heaven;

Death gives me this; it leads me calmly
where

The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again! Death answers many a
prayer;

Bright day! shine on; be glad; days brighter
far

Are stretched before my eyes than those of
mortals are.

ROBERT NICOLL.

Is this death's seal? The impression, O how
fair!

Look what a radiant smile is playing there!
That was the soul's farewell; the sacred dust
Awaits the resurrection of the just.

GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

The dead alone are great!
While heavenly plants abide on earth,
The soil is one of dewless dearth;
But when they die, a morning shower
Comes down, and makes their memories
flower

With odors sweet, though late.

H. ALFORD.

Through death comes our life; to the portal
of pain,

Through Time's thistle fields, are our weary
steps driven;

Never mind, never mind! through this passage
we gain

The mansions of light and the portals of
heaven.

From the German of KOSEGARTEN.

Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
Yes, but not his: 'tis Death itself there dies.

COLERIDGE.

And the pure soul emancipate by Death,
The enlarger, shall attain its end predoomed,
The eternal newness of eternal joy.

SOUTHEY.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's
breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. HEMANS.

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest death; and lo! thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

TENNYSON.

There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

LONGFELLOW.

Soon as man, expert from time, has found
The key of life, it opes the gates of death.

YOUNG.

Death! Take her to thine arms,
In all her stainless charms!
And with her fly
To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,
The angels lie!
Wilt bear her there, O Death! in all her white-
ness?
Reply, reply!

PROCTOR.

O death! thou art the palace of our hopes,
The storehouse of our joys, great labor's end;
Thou art the bronzed key which swiftly opes
The coffers of the past; and thou shalt send
Such trophies to our hearts as sunny days
When life upon its golden harpstring plays.

WM. E. CHANNING, JR.

Let others trembling bow,
Angel of death, before thee; not to those
Whose spirits with eternal truth repose,
Art thou a fearful shape.

MRS. HEMANS.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
A blow which while it executes, alarms;
And startles thousands with a single fall.

YOUNG.

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then, to die!

MRS. BARBAULD.

If you would learn Death's character, attend;
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random; or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite *sarcastic*, and insults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.

YOUNG.

O death, all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

POPE.

Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just,
Shining no where but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!
He that hath found some fledged bird's nest
may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

VAUGHAN.

Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more calmly on the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.

BLAIR.

And her last fond, lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to heaven.
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.

PEROIVAL.

Alone with Thee! in that dread strife
Uphold me through my agony;
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

MONTGOMERY.

And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter
still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears; and closed without a cloud.
They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor
hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

POLLOK.

They who die in Christ are blest;
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving!
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving;
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth!

BISHOP DOANE.

O fear not thou to die!
To die, and be that blessed one
Who in the bright and beauteous sky
May feel his conflict done;
May feel that never more
The tear of grief, of shame, shall come,
For thousand wanderings from the Power
Who loved and called him home.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

Ah, yes! the hour is come
When thou must hasten home,
Pure soul! to him who calls.
The God who gave thee breath
Walks by the side of Death,
And naught that step appals.

W. S. LANDOR.

Haste, my spirit, fly away!
'Tis thy gracious Saviour calls;
Leave this tenement of clay,
Quit its broken, shattered walls;
Through these ruins I descry
Gleams of immortality.
God hath sent his envoy Death;
Earthly blessings I resign;
Lord, to thee I yield my breath,
Take this ransomed soul of mine;
And my songs of joy shall be
Ceaseless as eternity.

ANONYMOUS.

Is thy earthly house distressed?
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it, must die;
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

TOPLADY.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.
Christ is mine, he cannot fail me;
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength, forever!
Weep not for me.

DAKE.

Lift not thou the wailing voice,
Weep not, 'tis a Christian dieth;
Up where blessed saints rejoice,
Ransomed now, the spirit lieth;
High in heaven's own light she dwelleth,
Full the song of triumph swelleth;
Freed from earth, and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing!

BISHOP DOANE.

Her suffering ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.
But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise.

JAMES ALDRICH.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.
Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.
For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed, she had
Another morn than ours.

HOOD.

The silver cord in twain is snapped,
 The golden bowl is broken,
 The mortal mould in darkness wrapped,
 The words funeral spoken ;
 The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
 Or delved is the grassy clod ;
 And what for mourning man is left ?
 O what is left, but God ?

"LYRA CATHOLICA."

O ye ! who talk of Death, and mourn for Death,
 Why do you raise a phantom of your weakness,
 And then shriek loud to see what ye have
 made ?

There is no death to those who know of life ;
 No time to those who see eternity.

R. M. MILNES.

That man lives greatly,
 Whate'er his fate or fame, who greatly dies.

YOUNG.

She thought our good-night kiss was given,
 And like a lily her life did close ;
 Angels uncurtained that repose,
 And the next waking dawned in heaven.

GERALD MASSEY.

Now aid, sustain me still ! to Thee I come,
 Make thou my dwelling where thy children
 are ;

And for the hope of that immortal home,
 And for thy Son, the bright and morning
 Star,

The Sufferer, and the Victor-king of death,
 I bless thee with my glad song's dying
 breath,

I bless thee, O my God !

MRS. HEMANS.

Come, come ! the gates of pearl unfold,
 Eternal glory shines on thee ;
 Body, relax thy lingering hold,
 And set the struggling spirit free !
 'Tis done ! 'tis done ! before my sight
 Opens the awful infinite ;
 I see, I hear, I live anew,
 O friends, dear friends, adieu, adieu !

MRS. HOWITT.

He gave his honors to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

SHAKESPEARE.

Death is another life. We bow our heads
 At going out, we think, and enter straight
 Another golden chamber of the King's,
 Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.

P. J. BAILLY.

No smile is like the smile of death,
 When all good musings past
 Rise wafted with the parting breath,
 The sweetest, though the last.

KEBLE.

Lay on my coffin many a wreath,
 For conquerors wreathed are seen ;
 And lo ! my soul attains through death
 The crown of evergreen,
 That blooms in fadeless groves of heaven ;
 And this fair victor's crown
 That mighty Son of God hath given,
 Who for my sake came down.

From the German of SACHER.

Come to me ere I die,
 My Comfort and my Shield ;
 And gazing on thy cross can I
 Calmly my spirit yield.
 When life is well nigh past,
 My darkening eyes shall dwell
 On thee, my heart shall hold thee fast ;
 Who dieth thus, dies well.

From the German of GERHARDT.

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
 When death's approach is seen so terrible.

SHAKESPEARE.

The other shape,
 If shape it may be called that shape had none
 Distinguishable in members, joint, or limb,
 Or substance might be called that shadow
 seemed,
 For each seemed either ; black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart ; what seemed his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

MILTON.

What is death ?

Blood only stopped, and interrupted breath ;
 The utmost limit of a narrow span,
 And end of motion which with life began.

PRIOR.

Death is the crown of life;

Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign!

Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost!
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.

YOUNG.

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft do think, must needs die well.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Go and dig my grave to-day!

Homeward doth my journey tend,
And I lay my staff away

Here where all things earthly end,
And I lay my weary head

In the only painless bed.

Weep not, my Redeemer lives;

Heavenward springing from the dust,
Clear-eyed Hope her comfort gives;

Faith, Heaven's champion, bids us trust;
Love eternal whispers nigh,

"Child of God, fear not to die!"

From the German of E. M. ARNDT.

'Tis a blessing to live, but a greater to die;
And the best of the world, is its path to the sky.

MITCHELL.

[See also THE DEAD — THE GRAVE.]

DECEIT — FALSEHOOD.

Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips;
Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts!
And doubly shame on that inglorious tongue
That sold its honesty and told a lie.

HAVARD.

Lying's a certain mark of cowardice;
And when the tongue forgets its honesty,
The heart and hand may drop their functions too,
And nothing worthy be resolved or done.

SOUTHERN.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware
As to descry the crafty cunning train
By which deceit doth mask in visor fair,
And cast her colors dyed deep in grain,
To seem like truth, whose shape she well can feign,

And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltless man with guile to entertain?

SPENSER.

Lie not: but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both.
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod.

HERBERT.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

HERBERT.

Falsehood puts on the face of simple truth,
And masks i' th' habit of plain honesty,
When she in heart intends most villany.

"MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES."

O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!

WALTER SCOTT.

That love a lie, where truth would pay as well,

As if, to them, vice shone her own reward.

YOUNG.

Deceit is the false road to happiness;
And all the joys we travel through to vice,
Like fairy banquets, vanish when we touch them.

AARON HILL.

The man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part;
He never needs the screen of lies,
His inward bosom to disguise.

GAY.

O what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

SHAKESPEARE.

Ah that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!

SHAKESPEARE.

DEITY — GOD.

Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of light; thyself invisible
Amid the glorious brightness where thou
sitt'st

Throned inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a
cloud

Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their
eyes.

MILTON.

From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavor and his glad success,
His strength to suffer and his will to serve.
But, O thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are
poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

COWPER.

How great that power, whose providential
care
Through these bright orbs' dark centers darts
a ray!

Of nature universal threads the whole!
And hangs creation, like a precious gem,
Though little, on the footstool of his throne.

YOUNG.

Stupendous Architect! thou, thou art all!
My soul flies up and down in thoughts of
thee,

And finds herself but at the center still!
"I AM," thy name! existence all thine own!
Creation's nothing; flattered much, if styled,
"The thin and fleeting atmosphere of God."

YOUNG.

Hail, Source of being! Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence,
hail!

To thee I bend the knee; to thee my
thoughts

Continual climb, who with a master hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touched.

THOMSON.

Thou, dread Source,
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all
That in the scale of being fill their place;
Above our human region or below,
Set and sustained. Thou, thou alone, O Lord,
Art everlasting!

WORDSWORTH.

O Thou, too vast for thought to comprehend,
That wast ere time—shalt be when time is
o'er!

Ages and worlds begin, grow old, and
end;

Systems and suns, thy changeless throne before,
Commence and close their cycles; lost, I
bend

To earth my prostrate soul, and shudder and
adore!

MILMAN.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys!

To thee, my only rock, I fly;
Thy mercy, in thy justice, praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

CHATTERTON.

O mighty Spirit! Source whence all things
sprung!

O glorious Majesty of perfect Light!
Hath ever worthy praise to thee been sung,
Or mortal heart endured to meet thy sight?

If they who sin have never known
Must veil their faces at thy throne,
O how shall I, who am but sin and dust,
Approach untrebling to the Pure and Just?

From the German of RAMBACH.

O God! thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?

O height immense! what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?

Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast ere Time began its race,
Ere glowed with stars th' ethereal blue.

Greatness unspeakable is thine;
Greatness whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine
When earth and heaven are fled away.

JOHN WESLEY.

O beauteous God! uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure!
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,
Where Thou prepar'st a glorious place,
Within the brightness of thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit,
That builds his hopes upon thy merit,
And loves Thee with a holy charity.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Infinite God, thou great unrivaled One!
Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun!
Compared with thine, how dim his beauty
seems!

How quenched the radiance of his golden
beams!

Thou art my bliss, the light by which I move;
In Thee alone dwells all that I can love.

COWPER.

I asked myself what this great God might be
That fashioned me?

I answered: "The all-potent, solely immense,
Surpassing sense;

Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal—
Lord over all.

The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew."

HEYWOOD.

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide!
Unchanged through time's all-devastating
flight!

Thou only God! there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none ex-
plore!

Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er!
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

From the Russian of DERZHAVIN.

Author of being, Source of light,
With unfading beauties bright,
Fullness, goodness, rolling round
Thy own fair orb without a bound;
Whether Thee thy suppliants call
Truth, or Good, or One, or All,
Ei or Jao! Thee we hail,
Essence that can never fail,
Grecian or Barbaric name,
Thy steadfast being still the same.

S. WESLEY.

Exhaustless Treasure! Being limitless!
What gaze hath ever pierced thy deep abyss?
Deep Fount of life! Light inaccessible!
How great thy power, O God! what tongue
can tell?

Thy Christendom is singing night and day,
"Glory to Him, the mighty God, for aye,
By whom, through whom, in whom all beings
are!"

Grant us to echo on this song afar!

From the German of J. FRANCK.

[See also DIVINE LOVE—OMNIPOTENCE—
PROVIDENCE.]

DELAY—PROCRASTINATION.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace, from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

SHAKESPEARE.

In delay,
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by
day.

SHAKESPEARE.

That comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution.

SHAKESPEARE.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

SHAKESPEARE.

The means that Heaven yields must be em-
braced,
And not neglected; else if Heaven would,
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse.

SHAKESPEARE.

Where is to-morrow? in another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this "perhaps,"
This "peradventure," infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain-hopes, spin out eternal schemes.

YOUNG.

To-morrow—

The fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemned to lose
A useless life in waiting for to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect;
Strange, that this general fraud, from day to
day,
Should fill the world with wretches unde-
tected.

DR. JOHNSON.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time doth serve thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labors come to naught.
Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.

SOUTHWELL.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

YOUNG.

Think not to-morrow still shall be your care;
Alas! to-morrow like to-day will fare.
Reflect that yesterday's to-morrow's o'er;
Thus one "to-morrow," one "to-morrow"
more,
Have seen long years before them fade away,
And still appear no nearer than to-day.

GIFFORD.

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou
shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still,
"To-morrow!"

From the Spanish of LOPE DE VEGA.

It comes too late,
And falls like sunbeams on a blasted blossom.

SUOLING.

To-morrow, did'st thou say? to-morrow!
'Tis a sharper that stakes his penury
Against thy plenty; who takes thy ready
cash,
And pays thee naught but wishes, hopes, and
promises,
The currency of idiots. . . . To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those that own it. . . .
'Tis fancy's child, and folly is its father;
Wrought on such stuff as dreams are; and
baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

COTTON.

Disease approached,
And reason fled. The maniac strove with
death,
And grappled like a fiend, with shrieks and
cries,
Till darkness smote the eyeballs, and thick ice
Closed in around his heart-strings. The poor
clay
Lay vanquished and distorted. But the soul—
The soul whose promised season never came
To hearken to his Maker's call, had gone
To weigh His sufferance with his own abuse,
And bide the audit.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
"To-morrow I will live," the fool does say;
To-day itself's too late; the wise lived yes-
terday.

From the Latin of MARTIAL.

O how many deeds
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime
The world had wanted, had the actor said,
"I will do this to-morrow."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promised hour.

YOUNG.

Delay not, sinner, till the hour of pain
 To seek repentance; pain is absolute,
 Exacting all the body and the brain,
 Humanity's stern king, from head to foot.
 How canst thou pray when fevered arrows
 shoot
 Through this torn targe, while every bone doth
 ache,
 And the scared mind raves up and down
 her cell,
 Restless, and begging rest for mercy's sake?
 Add not to death the bitter fears of hell;
 Take pity on thy future self, poor man,
 While yet in strength thy timely wisdom
 can;
 Wrestle to-day with sin; and spare that strife
 Of meeting all its terrors in the van,
 Just at the ebbing agony of life.

TUPPER.

[See also THE PRESENT—OPPORTUNITY.]

THE DELUGE—THE RAINBOW.

Earth shall be ocean;
 And no breath,
 Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!
 Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot;
 Not even a rock from out the liquid grave,
 Shall lift its point to save,
 Or show the place where strong despair hath
 died;
 All shall be void,
 Destroyed!

BYRON.

And now, the thickening sky
 Like a dark ceiling stood; down rushed the
 rain
 Impetuous, and continued till the earth
 No more was seen. The floating vessel swam
 Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow,
 Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelmed, and them, with all their
 pomp,
 Deep under water rolled; sea covered sea,
 Sea without shore; and in their palaces,
 Where luxury late reigned, sea monsters
 whelped
 And stabled. Of mankind, so numerous late,
 All left in one small bottom swam embarked.

MILTON.

Hark! hark! the sea bird's cry!
 In clouds they overspread the lurid sky,
 And hover round the mountain, where before
 Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,
 Yet dared to soar,
 Even when the waters waxed too fierce to
 brave;
 Soon shall it be their only shore.
 And then, no more!

BYRON.

The mighty ark
 Rests upon Ararat; but nought around
 Its inmates can behold, save o'er the expanse
 Of boundless waters, the sun's orient orb
 Stretching the hull's long shadow, or the moon
 In silence through the silver-curtained clouds
 Sailing, as she herself were lost and left
 In hollow loneliness.

BOWLES.

Sunk beneath the wave,
 The guilty share a universal grave;
 One wilderness of waters rolls in view,
 And heaven and ocean wear one turbid hue;
 Methinks I see a distant vessel ride,
 A lonely object on the shoreless tide,
 Within whose ark the innocent have found
 Safety, when stayed destruction ravens round;
 Thus in the hour of vengeance, God, who knows
 His servants, spares them, while he smites his
 foes.

MONTGOMERY.

Upward they toiled the mountain steep,
 But the flood came steadily on;
 Day gave no rest, the night no sleep,
 For the revengeful waves did after them creep,
 Till the remnant of hope was gone.
 A few of the strongest stemmed the flood,
 Till it covered the mountain top;
 Then with failing eye, and thickening blood,
 They prayed for mercy from their God,
 And the dark wave swallowed them up.
 Infants, mothers, husbands, brides,
 Beasts and creeping things besides,
 All met one common doom;
 So that none were left in all the land,
 Save those delivered by God's right hand,
 As it were in a floating tomb.

W. S. STUDLEY.

The rainbow dies in heaven, and not on earth.

BAILEY.

All was a waste profound;
 Shoreless the drowned orb swung;
 Each mountain brow around,
 Wide watery arms were flung;
 And overshadowing all,
 A dead world's mourning pall,
 One somber cloud of brooding blackness hung.

S. T. FROST.

The rainbow bending in the sky,
 Bedecked with sundry hues,
 Is like the seat of God on high,
 And seems to tell these news:
 That as, thereby, He promised
 To drown the world no more,
 So, by the blood which Christ has shed,
 He will our souls restore.

GASCOIGNE.

And yet, fair bow, no fabled dreams,
 But words of the Most High,
 Have told why first thy robe of beams
 Was woven in the sky.
 As fresh, in yon horizon dark,
 As young thy beauties seem,
 As when the eagle from the ark
 First sported in thy beam.
 For, faithful to its sacred page,
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span;
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
 That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPELL.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence; bent in His
 hand,
 Whose grasp at Creation the universe spanned;
 'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,
 His vow from the flood to the exit of time!
 Not dreadful as when in the whirlwind he
 pleads,
 When storms are his chariot, and lightnings
 his steeds,
 The black clouds his banner of vengeance un-
 furled,
 And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken
 world;
 Not such was the rainbow, that beautiful one!
 Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone the
 sun;
 A pavilion it seemed which the Deity graced,
 And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.

CAMPELL.

My soul was dark,
 But for the golden light and rainbow hue,
 That sweeping heaven with their triumphal arc,
 Break on the view.
 Enough to feel
 That God indeed is good. Enough to know,
 Without the gloomy cloud, he could reveal
 No beauteous bow.

CROSWELL.

O beautiful rainbow! all woven of light!
 There's not in thy tissue one shadow of night;
 Heaven surely is open when thou dost appear,
 And, bending above thee, the angels draw near,
 And sing, "The rainbow! the rainbow!
 The smile of God is here."

MRS. HALE.

Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
 Its soft tinted pinions of purple and gold;
 'Twas born in a moment, yet quick at its birth,
 It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the
 earth,
 And fair as an angel, it floated as free,
 With a wing on the earth, and a wing on the
 sea.

MRS. WELBY.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure
 tie
 Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
 When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
 Distant, and low, I can in thine see Him
 Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
 And minds the covenant betwixt all and One.

VAUGHAN.

DESPAIR.

Try what repentance can; what can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged!

SHAKESPEARE.

I have gnashed
 My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
 Then cursed myself till sunset; I have prayed
 For madness as a blessing; 'tis denied me.

BYRON.

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environed with a wilderness of sea;
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by
 wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

SHAKESPEARE.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

MILTON.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
 Evil, be thou my good.

MILTON.

But desperate is their doom whom doubt has
 driven

To censure fate, and pious hope forego;
 Like yonder blasted boughs, by lightning riven,
 Perfection, beauty, life they never know,
 But frown on all who pass, a monument of woe.

BEATTIE.

Some deluded minds,
 Harrowed by penal terrors, in the gulf
 Of black despair are whelmed. No ray of hope
 Dispels the involving gloom; a Deity,
 With all the thunder of dread vengeance round
 him,

Is ever present to their tortured thoughts.

HAYES.

'Tis only change of pain,
 (A bitter change!) severer for severe.
 The day too short for my distress; and night,
 E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
 Is sunshine to the color of my fate.

YOUNG.

Mine after-life! what is mine after-life?
 My day is closed! the gloom of night is come!
 A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
 Cares little into what abyss.

BYRON.

To be thus,
 Gray-haired with anguish, like these blasted
 pines,
 Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branch-
 less,
 A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
 Which but supplies a feeling to decay,
 And to be thus eternally!

BYRON.

The world is cruel, the world is untrue;
 Our foes are many, our friends are few;
 No work, no bread, however we sue!
 What is there left for me to do,

But fly, fly

From the cruel sky,

And hide in the deepest deeps, and die!

PROCTOR.

The sinner on his sins must brood,
 And wait, alone, his hour,
 A stranger to earth's beauty, human love;
 There's here no rest for him, no hope above!

R. H. DANA.

The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver;
 But not the dark arch,
 Or the black flowing river;
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery,
 Swift to be hurled,
 Anywhere, anywhere,
 Out of the world!

HOOD.

No dream for him of sin forgiven,
 While still that baleful specter stood
 With its hoarse murmur, "*Blood for blood!*"
 Between him and the pitying Heaven!

WHITTIER.

[See also REMORSE.]

DEVOTION — WORSHIP.

One grain of incense with devotion offered,
 Is beyond all perfumes or Sabeian spices,
 By one that proudly thinks he merits it.

MASSINGER.

Man is not made to question, but adore.

YOUNG.

Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
High heaven's orchestra chants Amen to man.

YOUNG.

When longings pure, when holy prayers,
When self-denying thoughts and cares
Room in thy heart would win,
Stay not too long to count them o'er:
Rise in His name: throw wide the door,
Let the good angels in.

"LYRA INNOCENTIUM."

When Heaven in mercy gives thy prayers
return,
And angels bring thee treasures from on
high,
Shut fast the door, nor let the world discern,
And offer thee fond praise when God is
nigh.

"LYRA INNOCENTIUM."

O God most bounteous!
O Infinite of goodness and of glory!
The knee that thou hast shaped shall bend to
thee;
The tongue which thou hast tuned shall
chant thy praise:
And thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to thee forever.

SMART.

Pleasant are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints;
For the brightness of thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

LYTE.

Each place alike is holy ground,
Where prayer from humble souls is poured,
Where praise awakes its silver sound,
Or God is silently adored.
His sanctuary is the heart;
There with the contrite will he rest;
Lord, come, a Sabbath frame impart,
And make thy temple in my breast.

ANONYMOUS.

Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that
feels,
And all is holy where devotion kneels.

HOLMES.

To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

WHITTIER.

He foretold the place
And form to serve Him in, should be true
grace,
And the meek heart; not in a mount, nor at
Jerusalem, with blood of beasts and fat.
A heart is that dread place, that awful cell,
That secret ark where the mild Dove doth
dwell.

VAUGHAN.

Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,
Those precious words comprise it still;
We trace them on the blooming mead,
We hear them in the flowing rill;
One chorus hails the great Supreme,
Each varied breathing tells the same;
The strains may differ, but the theme,
Is, Father, "Hallowed be thy name."

ELIZA COOK.

Father! thou must lead.
Do thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my
mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

From the Italian of MICHAEL ANGELO.

O all ye powers of soul and mind!
Arise, keep silence thus no more;
Put forth your strength, and ye shall find
Your noblest work is to adore.
O soul and body, make ye pure and meet,
With heartfelt praise your God and Lord to
greet.

From the German of MENTZER.

For God is a Spirit! and they who aright
Would perform the pure worship he loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek with
delight
That spirit the Father approveth.

BARTON.

Right glad was I when unto me,
 They said with one accord,
 "O let us up to Zion's hill,
 The city of our Lord!"
 Our feet shall stand within thy gates,
 Jerusalem, our home,
 And to thy temples beauty-built,
 Our wearied steps shall come.

A. C. COXE.

Depart awhile, each thought of care,
 Be earthly things forgotten all;
 And speak, my soul, thy vesper prayer,
 Obedient to that sacred call.
 For hark! the pealing chorus swells;
 Devotion chants the hymn of praise;
 And now of joy and hope it tells,
 Till fainting on the ear it says,
 "Gloria tibi Domine."

J. HUGHES.

Spirit! whose life-sustaining presence fills
 Air, ocean, central depths, by man untried,
 Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified
 All place, all time! The silence of the hills
 Breathes veneration; founts and choral rills
 Of Thee are murmuring; to its inmost glade
 The living forest with thy whisper thrills,
 And there is holiness in every shade.

MRS. HEMANS.

Let me with my heart to-day,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 Wrapt awhile from earth away,
 All my soul to Thee upspringing,
 Have a foretaste inly given,
 How they worship Thee in heaven.
From the German of B. SCHMOLCK.

Who worships the great God, that instant joins
 The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.

YOUNG.

[See also PRAISE — PRAYER.]

DISAPPOINTMENT.

How like a broken instrument beneath
 The skillful touch, my joyless heart lies dead!

YOUNG.

Thus is my summer worn away and wasted,
 Thus is my harvest hastened all to rathe;
 The ear that budded fair is burnt and blasted,
 And all my hoped gain is turned to scathe.
 Of all the seed that in my youth was sown,
 Was none but brakes and brambles to be mown.

SPENSER.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

SHAKESPEARE.

Disappointment rather seemed
 Negative of delight. It was a thing
 Sluggish and torpid, tending toward death.
 Its breath was cold, and made the sportive
 blood

Stagnant, and dull, and heavy round the
 wheels

Of life; the roots of that whereon it blew,
 Decayed, and with the genial soil no more
 Held sympathy; the leaves, the branches
 drooped,

And moldered slowly down to formless dust.

POLLOCK.

Long disappointed, disappointed still,
 The hopeless man, hopeless in his main wish,
 As if returning back to nothing, felt;
 In strange vacuity of being hung,
 And rolled and rolled his eye on emptiness,
 That seemed to grow more empty every hour.

POLLOCK.

Come, Disappointment, come!
 Not in thy terrors clad;
 Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
 Thy chastening rod but terrifies
 The restless and the bad.

But I recline
 Beneath thy shrine,
 And round my brow resigned, the peaceful
 cypress twine.

Come, Disappointment, come!
 Though from Hope's summit hurled,
 Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
 For thou severe wert sent from heaven
 To wean me from the world;
 To turn my eye
 From vanity,
 And point to scenes of bliss that never, never
 die.

H. K. WHITE.

What ardently I wished, I long believed;
And, disappointed still, was still deceived:
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.

COWPER.

I dream no more; the vision flies away,
And Disappointment—
There fell my hopes; I lost my all in this,
My cherished all of visionary bliss.
Now hope farewell, farewell all joys below;
Now welcome sorrow, and now welcome woe.
Plunge me in glooms.

H. K. WHITE.

Ay, I had planned full many a sanguine
scheme
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard
To feel the hand of Death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding
hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.

H. K. WHITE.

Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the
view,

That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies.

GOLDSMITH.

O! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die.

MOORE.

Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep
As any man's clay mixture undergoes.
Our least of sorrows are such as we weep;
'Tis the vile daily drop on drop that wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

BYRON.

Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.

BYRON.

"O, I am weary of earth," said the child,
As it gazed with a tearful eye
On the snow-white dove that it held in its
hand,

"For whatever I love will die."

MONTGOMERY.

To-morrow spans the dark to-day,
A cheating promise-bow!
It is a fair and fleeting hope,
To gild our misery given;
The only morrow bright and sure
Is that which dawns in heaven!

R. T. CONRAD.

There is a grief that wastes the heart,
Like mildew on a tulip's dyes,
When hope, deferred but to depart,
Loses its smiles, but keeps its sighs.

MISS LONDON.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, when Hope has
built a bower,
Like that of Eden, wreathed about with every
thornless flower,
To dwell therein securely—the self-deceiver's
trust—

A whirlwind from the desert comes, and "all
is in the dust!"

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, that when the
poor heart clings
With all its finest tendrils, with all its flexile
rings,
That goodly thing it cleaveth to, so fondly and
so fast,
Is struck to earth by lightning, or shattered
by the blast.

ANONYMOUS.

A homeless, troubled age—the gray
Pale setting of a weary day;
Too dull his ear for voice of praise,
Too sadly worn his brow for bays.
Pride, lust of power and glory, slept,
Yet still his heart its young dream kept,
And wandering like the deluge dove,
Still sought the resting place of love.

WHITTIER.

Comfort! comfort scorned of devils! this is
truth, the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remem-
bering happier things.

TENNYSOON.

The love he sent forth, void returned;
The fame that crowned him, scorched and
burned;
Burning, yet cold and drear and lone —
A fire-mount in a frozen zone!

WHITTIER.

Hope cheated too often when life's in its
spring,
From the bosom that nursed it forever takes
wing;
And memory comes, as its promises fade,
To brood o'er the havoc that passion has
made.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

The best enjoyment is half disappointment
To what we mean, or would have, in this
world.

BAILEY.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

BYRON.

DISCIPLINE—(See ADVERSITY.)

DISCONTENT.

O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

SHAKESPEARE.

Sour discontent that quarrels with our fate,
May give fresh smart, but not the old abate;
The uneasy passion's disingenuous wit
The ill reveals, but hides the benefit.

SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Against our peace we arm our will;
Amid our plenty something still
For houses, horses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting:
That cruel something unpossess
Corrodes and leavens all the rest;
That something if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain.

PRIOR.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage,
As through the world he wends;
On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends.
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

SOUTHEY.

O! who would cherish life,
And cling unto this heavy clog of clay?
Love this rude world of strife,
Where glooms and tempests cloud the fairest
day;
And where, 'neath outward smiles,
Concealed, the snake lies feeding on its prey,
Where pitfalls lie in every flowery way,
And sirens lure the wanderer to their wiles?
Hateful it is to me,
Its riotous railings and revengeful strife;
I'm tired with all its screams and brutal
shouts
Dinning the ear: away, away with life!

H. K. WHITE.

Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned;
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround;
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another
measure.

SHELLEY.

O shame upon thee, listless heart,
So sad a sigh to heave,
As if thy Saviour had no part
In thoughts that make thee grieve.

As if along his lonesome way,
He had not borne for thee
Sad languors through the summer day,
Storms on the wintry sea.

KEBLE.

O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!

BURNS.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

WHITTIER.

[See also CONTENTMENT.]

DISEASE—(See SICKNESS.)

DIVINE JUSTICE—(See JUSTICE.)

DIVINE LOVE—(See LOVE.)

DOUBT—UNBELIEF.

His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th' other backward
bent,

And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved peril he did fear,
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not
appear.

SPENSER.

And is there who the blessed cross wipes off
As a foul blot from his dishonored brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight.

YOUNG.

O how this tyrant, Doubt, torments my breast!
My thoughts, like birds, who, frightened from
their nest,
Around the place where all was hushed before,
Flutter and hardly nestle any more.

OTWAY.

The voluptuaries who ne'er forget
One pleasure lost, lose heaven without regret;
Regret would rouse them, and give birth to
prayer;
Prayer would add faith, and faith would fix
them there.

COWPER.

Skeptic! no more the dazzling beams with-
stand,
Bright emanations of a sapient God;
But, taught by nature, nature's Lord adore.

BALLY.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

SHAKESPEARE.

A daring infidel (and such there are)
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought,
Of all earth's madmen, most deserve a chain.

YOUNG.

A fugitive from heaven and prayer,
He mocked at all religious fear,
Deep-scienced in the mazy lore
Of mad Philosophy.

From the Latin of HORACE.

Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites;
Pretend the worst, and at the bottom fail.
When visited by thought (thought will intrude)
Like him they serve, they tremble, and believe.

YOUNG.

O'erwhelmed with shame, the Lord of life I see,
Abhor myself, and give my soul to Thee.
Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger
more;

Man was not made to *question*, but *adore*.

YOUNG.

Some wish they *did*; but no man disbelieves.

YOUNG.

But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has
driven

To censure fate, and pious hope forego;
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of
woe.

BEATTIE.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan,
Through the dark medium of life's feverish
dream;

Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.

BEATTIE.

No truth from heaven descends upon our sphere,
Without the greeting of the skeptic's sneer;
Denied, and mocked at, till its blessing fall,
Common as dew and sunshine, over all.

WHITTIER.

Sepping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.

BYRON.

What sweeter pledge could God bestow
Of help in future scenes of woe,
Than grace already given?
But unbelief, that hateful thing,
Of makes me sigh, when I should sing
Of confidence in Heaven!

ANONYMOUS.

Doubt is the eternal shade by evil cast!
"The vision and the faculty divine"
Fail when the spirit o'er its empire vast
Thrones appetite and crime.
Only the ear in chord with goodness grown
Hears the full tide of truth's immortal hymn;
The heart where living virtues bloom alone,
God's angels enter in!
Write the great law in alphabet of flame,
Sound it with prophecy and psalm abroad;
"Doubt's awful tempests veil the tents of
shame;
The pure alone see God!"

T. L. HARRIS.

For all thy rankling doubts so sore,
Love thou thy Saviour still,
Him for thy Lord and God adore,
And ever do his will.
Though vexing thoughts may seem to last,
Let not thy soul be quite o'ercast;
Soon will he show thee all his wounds, and
say,
"Long have I known thy name, know thou
my face alway."

KEBLE.

The clear, cold question chills to frozen doubt;
Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without;
O then, if reason waver at thy side,
Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide;
Go to thy birthplace, and, if faith was there,
Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer!

O. W. HOLMES.

Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
Shut up in sin and unbelief,
Deliver from this gloomy pit,
This dungeon of despairing grief.
Open my eyes the Lamb to know,
Who bears the general sin away;
And to my ransomed spirit show
The glories of eternal day.

C. WESLEY.

Beware of doubt; faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the infinite; the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence.

MRS. E. O. SMITH.

[See also **ATHESISM**.]

DRUNKENNESS—(See **TEMPERANCE**.)

DUTY.

When first thy eyes unvail, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.

VAUGHAN.

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!
Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee,
are fresh and strong.

WORDSWORTH.

To hallowed duty,
Here, with a loyal and heroic heart,
Bind we our lives.

MRS. OSGOOD.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves;
Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoever is willed is done!

WHITTIER.

Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passion holds a fluctuating seat;
But, subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty remains.

WORDSWORTH.

Rugged strength and radiant beauty,
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty,
These will form the perfect man.

MRS. HALE.

Midst soulless forms, and false pretense
Of spiritual pride and pampered sense,
A voice saith, "What is that to thee?
Be true thyself, and follow me!"

WHITTIER.

Then the purposes of life
Stood apart from vulgar strife;
Labor in the path of duty
Gleamed up like a thing of beauty.

C. P. CRANCH.

Yet life is not to her what it hath been;
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss;
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross!

MRS. WELBY.

EARTH—THE WORLD.

False world, thou ly'st; thou canst not lend
The least delight;
Thy favors cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight;
Thy morning pleasure makes an end
To please at night.
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st;
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heaven; fond earth, thou boast'st, false
world, thou ly'st.

QUARLES.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.

SHAKESPEARE.

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb.
SHAKESPEARE.

The world's a hive,
From whence thou canst derive
No good but what thy soul's vexation brings;
But case thou meet
Some petty, petty sweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.
QUARLES.

The world's a lab'rinth, where unguided men
Walk up and down to find their weariness;
No sooner have we measured with much toil
Our crooked path, in hope to gain our freedom,
But it betrays us to a new affliction.

BAUMONT.

The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril.
YOUNG.

What is the world itself, thy world? a grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plow, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.

YOUNG.

Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the
heart;
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope ex-
pires.

YOUNG.

A world, where lust of pleasure, grandeur,
gold,
Three demons that divide its realms between
them,
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying
ball.

YOUNG.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear.

COWPER.

Virtue forever frail as fair below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world without a stain;
The world's infectious.

YOUNG.

What is this world?

What but a spacious burial field, unwalled,
Strewed with death's spoils, the spoils of
animals

Savage and tame, and full of dead men's
bones?

The very turf on which we tread once lived;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring in their turns;
They too must cover theirs.

BLAIR.

What are earthly joys? a weary
Chase of mist, or wind-borne foam!
On this desert black and dreary,
Sins and vices have their home;
Thine, O world, are war and strife,
Mocking pleasures, dying life.

From the German of ALBINUS.

Vain is the world, but only to the vain.

YOUNG.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but heaven.

MOORE.

Earthly things

Are but the transient pageants of an hour:
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

H. K. WHITE.

Then since this world is vain
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing
heart be still?

H. K. WHITE.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coined my cheeks to smiles, nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them.

BYRON.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

WORDSWORTH.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers.

WORDSWORTH.

The world, in all its boasted grandeur proud,
In all its stores of dazzling splendor bright,
Is but a transient, unsubstantial cloud,
Which the sun skirts with momentary light.

HAYES.

This bitter world—

This cold, unanswering world, that hath no
voice

To greet the gentle spirit, that drives back
All birds of Eden which would sojourn here
A little while—how have I turned away
From its keen, soulless air!

MRS. HEMANS.

I believe this earth on which we stand
Is but the vestibule to glorious mansions,
Through which a moving crowd forever press.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Sometimes we feel the wish across the mind,
That we could join with God, and give the
world

The go-by; but the world meantime turns round,
And peeps us in the face, the wanton world;
We feel it gently pressing down our arm,
The arm we raised to do for truth such wonders;
We feel it softly bearing on our side;
We feel it touch and thrill us through the body;
And we are fools, and there's an end of us.

BAILEY.

Yes, fair as the syren, but false as her song,
Are the world's painted shadows, that lure us
along;
Like the mist on the mountain, the foam on
the deep,
Or the voices of friends that we greet in our
sleep,
Are the pleasures of earth.

MRS. HALE.

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth
In her fair page; see, every season brings
New change to her, of everlasting youth;
Still the green soil, with joyous living things
Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,
And myriads still are happy in the sleep
Of ocean's azure gulfs.

BRYANT.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveler's foot astray
From realms of love.

From the Spanish of MANRIQUE.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

From the Spanish of MANRIQUE.

O world! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

From the Spanish of MANRIQUE.

'Tis a harsh world in which affection knows
No place to treasure up its loved and lost,
But the lone grave.

WILLIS.

Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

R. W. EMERSON.

The world for sale! Hang out the sign,
Call every traveler here to me;
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set me from earth's bondage free!
'Tis going! Yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away:
I'll sell it, whatso'er it bring;
The world at auction here to-day!

RALPH HOTT.

Like visions glittering in life's young day,
Bright as yon globules, like them light as
air;
Like hopes, by disappointment swept away,
Which, vanishing, are followed by despair;
Like shadowy phantoms of the poet's brain,
Or like ambition's wild-aspiring schemes,
Equally bright, and equally as vain;
Like fancy's magic, or like lover's dreams,
Emblems of all by which we're here perplexed—
This world itself a bubble to the next.

MRS. BROWN.

Earth is a prison-house of care,
And blest are those to whom are given
The wings of faith to upward bear
The pure enfranchised soul to heaven;
Bright the release from sin and gloom,
To lasting life beyond the tomb.

MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

She's empty; hark! she sounds; 'tis vain and
void.

What's here to be enjoyed,
But grief and sickness, and large bills of
sorrow,

Drawn now and crossed to-morrow?
Or, what are men but puffs of dying breath,
Revived with living death?

Fond youth, O build thy hopes on surer
grounds

Than what dull flesh propounds;
Trust not this hollow world; she's empty,
hark! she sounds.

QUARLES.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand, must pass
away;

And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings.
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms if compared with Thee.

QUARLES.

Thou art not Truth! for he that tries
Shall find thee all deceit and lies.
Thou art not Friendship! for in thee
'Tis but the bait of policy;
Which, like a viper lodged in flowers,
Its venom through that sweetness pours;
And when not so, then always 'tis
A fading paint, the short-lived bliss
Of air and humor, out and in,
Like colors in a dolphin's skin.

VAUGHAN.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the flower-
lips of the sod,
The happy birds that hymn their raptures in
the ear of God,
The summer wind that bringeth music over
land and sea,
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet
song of songs to me:
"This world is full of beauty, as other worlds
above;
And if we did our duty, it might be full of
love."

GERALD MASSEY.

EDEN—(See ADAM.)

EDUCATION—INSTRUCTION.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

POPE.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast!

THOMSON.

Our most important are our earliest years;
The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees;
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the
clue
That education gives her, false or true.

COWPER.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they'll prove a spring

Whence pleasures ever rise:

We'll form their mind with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

COTTON.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold
firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces?
Love, Hope, and Patience—these must be thy
graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep
school.

For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of education—Patience, Love, and Hope.

COLERIDGE.

A child is born; now take the germ and
make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
For soon the gathering hand of death will
break it
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely
flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one
pain,
O! who shall say that it has lived in vain?

BOWRING.

Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wild usurped the scene.
And such is man—a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as an aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or flow'ret fair.

BOWRING.

Character groweth day by day, and all things
aid it in unfolding,
And the bent unto good or evil may be given
in the hours of infancy.

TUPPER.

O mother, take thy little son,
A path to him unknown;
And lead him to the holy cross—
He cannot go alone—

And teach, betimes, those rosy lips,
Ere stain may gather there,
To lip of God; those infant knees
O teach to bow in prayer.

W. B. TAPPAN.

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly
twist it in the soil,
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee
for centuries to come;
Even so may'st thou guide the mind to good, or
lead it to the marrings of evil,
For disposition is builded up by the fashioning
of first impressions.

TUPPER.

Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak
knees their kneeling;
Let him see thee speaking to thy God; he will
not forget it afterward;
When old and gray will he feelingly remember
a mother's tender piety,
And the touching recollection of her prayers
shall arrest the strong man in his sin.

TUPPER.

Childhood, sweet and sunny childhood,
With its careless, thoughtless air,
Like the verdant, tangled wildwood,
Wants the training hand of care.
Childhood is the vernal season;
Trim and train the tender shoot;
Love is to the coming reason
As the blossom to the fruit.

DAVID BATES.

O! teach him this should be our aim:
To cheer the aching heart;
To strive where thickest darkness reigns
Some radiance to impart;
To spread a peaceful, quiet calm,
Where dwells the noise of strife;
Thus doing good, and blessing all,
To spend the whole of life.

ANONYMOUS.

Learning by study must be won:
'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son.

GAY.

O say not, dream not heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.
Dim or unheard the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind.

KEBLE.

Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day?
And loved He not of heaven to talk
With children in his sight,
To meet them in his daily walk,
And to his arms invite?

KEBLE.

And say to mothers, what a holy charge
Is theirs; with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born
mind;
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world has sown its tares.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Break oblivion's sleep,
And toil with florist's art,
To plant the germs of virtue deep
In childhood's fruitful heart.

To thee the babe is given,
Fair from its glorious Sire;
Go, nurse it for the King of heaven,
And he will pay the hire.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Source of truth, whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind;
God of love, who from thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind;
Shed on those who in thy name
Teach the way of truth and right—
Shed that love's undying flame—
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

BRYANT.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-
rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the
garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

SHAKESPEARE.

O! if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsunned temper of a child—
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill, 'tis human love!

N. P. WILLIS.

ENCOURAGEMENT—(See CON-
SOLATION.)

ENDURANCE—(See PERSEVER-
ANCE.)

ENJOYMENT—(See JOY.)

ENVY.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neighbor's wealth that made him sad;
For death it was when any good he saw:
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
And when he heard of harm, he waxed won-
drous glad.

SPENSER.

Envy, with a pale and meager face, (whose
Body was lean, that one might tell all
Her bones, and whose garment was so tattered
That it was easy to number every
Thread,) stood shooting at stars, whose darts
fell down
Again on her own face.

LILLY.

Envy not greatness; for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.

HERBERT.

Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Do bite the best.

SHAKESPEARE.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues.

SHAKESPEARE.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds;
And him no less, that any like did use;
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His alms for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse.

SPENSER.

How bright see'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dangerous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

COWPER.

The cankering rust corrodes the brightest steel,
The moth frets out your garment, and the
worm
Eats its slow way into the solid oak;
But Envy, of all evil things the worst,
The same to-day, to-morrow, and forever,
Saps and consumes the heart in which it
works.

CUMBERLAND.

O Envy! hide thy bosom! hide it deep;
A thousand snakes, with black, envenomed
mouths,
Nest there, and hiss, and feed through all thy
heart.

POLLOCK.

Beside thine hearth, thine home within,
Lies couched and still a deadly sin,
O chain it while 'tis time!
Learn on thy brother's joy to gaze
With thankful eye; and heaven's high counsel
praise,

That crowned him with the forfeit of thy crime.

KEBLE.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live,
Out of the teeth of emulation.

SHAKESPEARE.

For envy doth invade
Works breathing to eternity, and cast
Upon the fairest piece the greatest shade.

ALEYN.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates the excellence it cannot reach.

THOMSON.

Envy will merit as its shade pursue;
But like a shadow, prove the substance true.

POPE.

ERROR.

Man, on the dubious waves of error tost,
His ship half-foundered, and his compass lost,
Sees, far as human optics may command,
A sleeping fog, and fancies it dry land;
Spreads all his canvas, every sinew plies;
Pants for 't, aims at it, enters it, and dies!

COWPER.

Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill,
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked
will,
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide.

COWPER.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these, reciprocally, those again.
The mind and conduct mutually imprint,
And stamp their image in each other's mint.

COWPER.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of
men
The things that are not?

SHAKESPEARE.

For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth
stray.

SPENSER.

Twixt truth and error there's this difference
known,
Error is fruitful, truth is only one.

HERRICK.

Even so, by tasting of that fruit forbid,
Where they sought knowledge, they did
error find;
Ill they desired to know, and ill they did,
And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.

DAVIES.

Error is worse than ignorance.

BAILEY.

Error is a hardy plant, it flourisheth in every
soil.

TUPPER.

If error cometh in like a flood, it mixeth with
streams of truth;
And the adversary loveth to have it so, for
thereby many are decoyed.

TUPPER.

Spurn not at seeming error, but dig below its
surface for the truth;
And beware of seeming truths that grow on
the roots of error.

TUPPER.

Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies:
He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies;
And he that will be cheated to the last,
Delusions strong as hell shall bind him fast.

COWPER.

Truth is vitality, and if the mind
Be fed on poison, it must lose its power.
The vision that forever strains to err,
Soon finds its task a habit; and the taste
That will own nothing true or beautiful,
Soon finds the world distorted as itself.

WILLIS.

[See also TRUTH.]

ETERNITY.

Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity whose end no eye can reach.

MILTON

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
A circle infinite art thou,
Thy center an eternal now.
Never we name thy outward bound,
For never end therein is found.
Ponder, O man, Eternity!
Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
As long as God is God, so long
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
So long the joys of heaven remain;
O lasting joy! O lasting pain!
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

From the German of WULFFER.

Feeling through all this fleshly dress,
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

VAUGHAN.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must
we pass?

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before
me;

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

ADDISON.

Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

ADDISON.

We strive with earthly imagings,
To reach and understand
The wondrous and the fearful things
Of an eternal land.
But soon the doubt, the toil, the strife
Of earth shall all be done,
And knowledge of our endless life
Be in a moment won.

CURRY.

Eternity, by all, or wished or feared,
Shall be, by all, or suffered or enjoyed.

MASON.

Death springs to life:
Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up!
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

MONTGOMERY.

The eternal life beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid—the spirit
Corrupt with sin—shall not inherit
A joy so great.

From the Spanish of MANRIQUE.

Eternity, thou awful gulf of time,
This wide creation on thy surface floats.

DOWE.

Before creation peopled earth,
Its eyes shall roll through chaos back,
And where the fairest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance o'er all dilate, to be,
While sun is quenched, or system breaks,
Fixed in its own eternity.

BYRON.

Spirit, proud spirit, ponder thy state,
If thine the leaf's lightness, not thine the leaf's
fate.

It may flutter, and glisten, and wither, and die,
And heed not our pity, and ask not our sigh;
But for thee, the immortal, no winter may
throw

Eternal repose on thy joy or thy woe;
Thou must live, and live ever, in glory or
gloom,

Beyond the world's precincts, beyond the
dark tomb.

MISS JEWSBURY.

Our better nature pineth—let it be!
Thou human soul! earth is no home for thee;
Thy starry rest is in Eternity!

MISS LONDON.

I have learned
This doctrine from the vanishing of youth.
The pictured primer, true, is thrown aside;
But its first lesson liveth in my heart.
I shall go on through all eternity.
Thank God, I only am an embryo still;
The small beginning of a glorious soul,
An atom that shall fill immensity.

A. C. COXE.

A thousand years, and years on years sublime,
So may we mete eternity by time;
A thousand cycles measured day by day,
When day itself shall long have burned away;
Each single soul, each mind that lists me now;
Yes, shrinking spirit, these, and surely thou!
I know, in some far world beyond our ken,
Deathless as God, will still be thinking then.
There is no end; ye are, and cannot die!

A. C. COXE.

Eternity depending covers all;
Sets earth at distance; casts her into shades;
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her powers.

YOUNG.

He of the lion voice, the rainbow crowned,
Shall stand upon the mountains and the sea,
And swear by earth, by heaven's throne, and
Him

Who sitteth on the throne, there shall be time
No more, no more! Then veiled eternity
Shall straight unvail her awful countenance
Unto the reeling world, and take the place
Of seasons, years, and ages. Aye and aye
Shall be the time of day!

MISS BARRETT.

O what were life,
Even in the warm and summer light of joy,
Without those hopes, that like refreshing gales
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul,
Breathed from the ocean of eternity!

WILSON.

So live, that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night-time in the Vale of
Death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning
march,

Thou shalt mount onward to the Eternal Hills,
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renewed
Like the strong eagle's for the upward flight.

ANONYMOUS.

Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province, and their future prize;
Doubt you this truth? Why labors your belief?
If earth's whole orb by some due distanced eye
Was seen at once, her towering Alps would sink,
And leveled Atlas leave an even sphere.
Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallowed in eternity's vast round.

YOUNG.

Days come and go, in joy or woe,
Days go and come, in endless sum.

Only the eternal day
Shall come but never go;
Only the eternal tide
Shall never ebb but flow.

O long eternity,
My soul goes forth to thee!

BONAR.

[See also IMMORTALITY—THE SOUL—RES-
URRECTION—HEAVEN.

EVE—(See ADAM.)

EVENING—(See DARKNESS.)

EXAMPLE.

Example strikes

All human hearts; a bad example more;
More still a father's.

YOUNG.

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
GOLDSMITH.

Ambition fires ambition; love of gain
Strikes like a pestilence from breast to breast;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapors breathe;
And inhumanity is caught from man,
From smiling man.

YOUNG.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

POPE.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last;
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!

"LYRA INNOCENTIUM."

Children are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart,
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

W. S. LANDOR.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
SHAKESPEARE.

Thus everywhere we find our suffering God,
And where he trod
May set our steps.

KERLE.

Still shines the light of holy lives
Like star-beams over doubt;
Each sainted memory, Christlike, drives
Some dark possession out.

WHITTIER.

O friend! O brother! not in vain
 Thy life so calm and true,
 The silver dropping of the rain,
 The fall of summer dew!
 How many burdened hearts have prayed
 Their lives like thine might be!
 But more shall pray henceforth for aid
 To lay them down like thee.

WHITTIER.

Our lives,
 In acts exemplary, not only win
 Ourselves good names, but do to others give
 Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

CHAPMAN.

Example hastens deeds to good effects.

ANONYMOUS.

A fault doth never with remorse
 Our minds so deeply move,
 As when another's guiltless life
 Our error doth reprove.

BRANDON.

The blessing of her quiet life
 Fell on us like the dew;
 And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
 Like fairy blossoms grew.
 Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
 Were in her very look;
 We read her face, as one who reads
 A true and holy book.

WHITTIER.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,
 To higher levels rise.
 The tidal wave of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

LONGFELLOW.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
 For the love's sake of brethren dear,
 Keep thou the one true way
 In work and play,
 Lest in that world their cry
 Of woe thou hear!

KEBLE.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
 Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's
 temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

WHITTIER.

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
 For thy life of pain and peace;
 While it needs thee, O! no longer
 Pray thou for thy quick release.

S. JOHNSON.

The wise, the just, the pious, and the brave
 Live in their deaths, and flourish in the grave.

JOSEPH GREEN.

O more than thrice-blest relic, more
 Than solemn rite or sacred lore,
 The holy life of one who trod
 The foot-marks of the Christ of God!

WHITTIER.

[See also INFLUENCE.]

EXCELLENCE—WORTH.

He loved the world that hated him; the tear
 That dropped upon his Bible was sincere;
 Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
 His only answer was—a blameless life;
 And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
 Had each a brother's interest in his heart.

COWPER.

Talents, angel-bright,
 If wanting worth, are shining instruments
 In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
 Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

YOUNG.

Who makes by force his merit known,
 And lives to clutch the golden keys,
 To mould a mighty state's decrees,
 And shape the whisper of the throne;
 And moving up from high to higher,
 Becomes on fortune's crowning slope
 The pillar of a people's hope,
 The center of a world's desire,

TENNYSON.

Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth,
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.

YOUNG.

Blessing she is; God made her so;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

J. R. LOWELL.

He lived the Truth which reconciled
The strong man Reason, Faith the child;
In him belief and act were one,
The homilies of duty done!

WHITTIER.

She taught us how to live;
With blameless life girt round with sanctity,
Lowly in heart, in soul and purpose high,
Sweet lessons did she give
Of faith, of love, of hope; for all that shone
Brightest in Christian lives, she made her own.

W. H. BURLINGAME.

Midst fawning priests and courtiers foul,
The loveliest swarm of crown and cowl,
White-robed walked Francois Fenelon,
Stainless as Uriel in the sun.

WHITTIER.

The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declares a life whose course hath been
Unsoiled still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

T. W. PARSONS.

But there are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the
earth

Forget her empires with a just decay,
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death
and birth;

The high, the mountain majesty of worth
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality look forth
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

BYRON.

He hath a daily beauty in his life.

SHAKESPEARE.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the
sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness: and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WORDSWORTH.

[See also INNOCENCE—GOODNESS.]

EXPERIENCE.

Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

SHAKESPEARE.

Experience, O! thou disprov'st report.

SHAKESPEARE.

To willful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters.

SHAKESPEARE.

Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee, I had remained
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.

MILTON.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome
news.

Their answers form what men experience call;
If wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.

YOUNG.

Experience wounded is the school
Where man learns piercing wisdom out of
smart.

LORD BROOKE.

Experience, that chill touchstone whose
Sad proof reduces all things from their hue.

BYRON.

With pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

POPE.

But the old and the grave look on, pitying the
generous youth,
For they also have tasted long ago the bitter-
ness of hope destroyed;
They pity him, and are sad, remembering the
days that are past,
But they know he must taste for himself, or he
will not give ear to their wisdom.

TUPPER.

Experience hath another lesson, which a man
will do well if he learn,
By checking the flight of expectation, to cheat
disappointment of its pain.

TUPPER.

A thousand volumes in a thousand tongues,
enshrine the lesson of Experience;
Yet a man shall read them all, and go forth
none the wiser,
If self-love lendeth him a glass, to color all he
conneth,
Lest in the features of another he find his own
complexion.

TUPPER.

Experience joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

GREEN.

All is but lip-wisdom which wants experience.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

FAITH.

Believe, and show the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God!
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb;
Through reason's wounds alone thy faith can
die;

Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

YOUNG.

Reason pursued is faith; and unpursued
Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more.

YOUNG.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the further
shore.

YOUNG.

For want of faith,
Down the steep precipice of wrong he slides;
There's nothing to support him in the right.
Faith in the future, wanting, is, at least
In embryo, every weakness, every guilt;
And strong temptation ripens it to birth.

YOUNG.

'Tis faith disarms destruction; and absolves
From every clamorous charge the guiltless
tomb.

YOUNG.

True faith and reason are the soul's two eyes;
Faith evermore looks upward, and descries
Objects remote; but reason can discover
Things only near, sees nothing that's above her.

QUARLES.

Faith makes me anything, or all
That I believe is in the sacred story;
And when sin placeth me in Adam's fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glory.

HERBERT.

Faith lights us through the dark to Deity;
While, without sight, we witness that she
shows

More God than in his works our eyes can see.

SIR W. DAVENANT.

Faith like an unsuspecting child
Serenely resting on its mother's arm,
Reposing every care upon her God,
Sleeps on his bosom, and expects no harm;
Receives with joy the promises he makes,
Nor questions of his purpose or his power;
She does not doubting ask, "Can this be so?"
The Lord has said it, and there needs no more.

CAROLINE FRY.

What though a cloud o'ershade my sight,
Big with affliction's tear;
Yet faith, amid the drops that fall,
Discerns a rainbow there.

LEIGH RICHMOND.

If forced from faith, for ever miserable;
For what is misery but want of God?
And God is lost if faith be overthrown.

ANONYMOUS.

Faith, Hope, and Love together work in gloom;
What Faith believes, Hope shapes in form and bloom,
And Love sends forth to daylight from the tomb.

JOHN STERLING.

The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

WHITTIER.

Heavenward! Faith discerns the prize
That is waiting us afar,
And my heart would swiftly rise,
High o'er sun and moon and star,
To that light behind the veil,
Where all earthly splendors pale.
From the German of SCHMOLOK.

Self is earthly, faith alone
Makes an unseen world our own;
Faith relinquished, how we roam,
Feel our way, and leave our home!
Spurious gems our hopes entice,
While we scorn the pearl of price,
And, preferring servants' pay,
Cast the children's bread away.

From the French of MADAME GUION.

That coming light no mortal cloud
Can quite enshroud!
Through all our doubts, above the range
Of every fear and every change,
My faith can see, with weary eye,
The dawn of heaven on earth's dim sky;
And from afar,
Shines on my soul the morning star.

ANONYMOUS.

My God,
Let my faith be
Living and working actively,
With hope and joy, that death may not surprise;
So let them sweetly close my eyes;
The Christian's life to death may yield,
Hope stands, faith has the field.

From the German of S. C. SCHNEER.

Faith is the subtle chain
That binds us to the Infinite; the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence.

MRS. E. O. SMITH.

With Faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day?

ANONYMOUS.

As evening's pale and solitary star
But brightens while the darkness gathers round,
So Faith, unmoved amid surrounding storms,
Is fairest seen in darkness most profound.
CAROLINE FREY.

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

FABER.

To thy heart take Faith,
Soft beacon-light upon a stormy sea;
A mantle for the pure in heart, to pass
Through a dim world, untouched by living death;
A cheerful watcher through the spirit's night,
Soothing the grief from which she may not flee;
A herald of glad news; a seraph bright,
Pointing to sheltering heavens yet to be.

LUCY HOOPER.

Guard thy faith with holy care,
Mystic virtues slumber there;
'Tis the lamp within the soul
Holding genii in control:
Faith shall walk the stormy water;
In the unequal strife prevail;
Nor when comes the dread avatar,
From its fiery splendors quail.
Faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
Love shall bless the life it gave.

MRS. S. H. WHITMAN.

Faith is the flame
That lifts the sacrifice to heaven.

MONTGOMERY.

There is one star, and one alone,
That tells the future. Its interpreter
Is in man's heart, and is called Conscience:
The star, True Faith; the future that it shows
Is beyond human life.

G. P. R. JAMES.

"Till death the weary spirit free,"
Thy God hath said, "'Tis good for thee
To walk by faith, and not by sight:"
Take it on trust a little while;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the full sunshine of his smile.

KEBLE.

The childlike faith, that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves aright,
Shall see things greater, things divine.
Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
And brightest angels to and fro
On messages of love shall glide
'Twixt God above and Christ below.

KEBLE.

O thou that rearest with celestial aim
Thy future seraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy Faith! whatever thorns I meet,
As on I totter with unpractised feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek muse of souls, through thine long infancy.

COLERIDGE.

Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance
shines like the prophet's,
For she has looked upon God; the heaven on
its stable foundation
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the
New Jerusalem sinketh,
Splendid, with portals twelve, in golden vapors
descending.

From the Swedish of TEGNER.

O thou of little faith, lift up thine eyes!
Are the ten thousand glorious stars of night
But a vain dream, because thy feeble sight
May not behold them in the noonday skies?

MRS. HOWITT.

They most aspire, who, meekly, most adore;
Therefore the Godlike Comforter's decree,
"His sins be loosened who hath faith in me."

E. L. BULWER.

Thrice happy he whom through each devious
path
The lamp of Faith conducts with steady
light!

His spirit quails not at the tempest's wrath,
He trembles not when lowers the moonless
night,
Nor fears the ocean's roar.

ANONYMOUS.

A moral sickness, like to sin, must have a
moral cure;
And faith alone can heal the mind whose
malady is sense.

TUPPER.

Faith in the heart enshrined
Would make Time's gifts enjoyed and used
while lent,
And all it left behind,
Of love and grace a noble monument.

BARTON.

THE FALL—(See ADAM.)

FALSEHOOD—(See DECEIT.)

FAME.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And alits the thin-spun life.

MILTON.

What so foolish as the chase of Fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour.

YOUNG.

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings—one black, the other white—
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.

MILTON.

The garlands wither on your brow;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon Death's purple altar, now,
 See where the victor victim bleeds!
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.

Vain, empty words
 Of honor, glory, and immortal fame—
 Can these recall the spirit from its place,
 Or reinspire the breathless clay with life?
 What though your fame, with all its thousand
 trumpets,
 Sound o'er the sepulchers; will that awake
 The sleeping dead?

SEWELL.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
 And is itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
 Condemned, it sinks to nothing in the grasp.
 Consult the ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.

YOUNG.

With fame in just proportion envy grows;
 The man that makes a character, makes foes.

YOUNG.

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
 A thing beyond us, even before our death.

POPE.

The glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things.

SHIRLEY.

Give me the mind that, bent on highest aim,
 Deems virtue's rugged path sole path to fame;
 Great things with small compares, in scale sub-
 lime,
 And life with death, eternity with time.

COLTON.

Absurd! to think to overreach the grave,
 And from the wreck of names to rescue ours;
 The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
 Die fast away; only themselves die faster.

BLAIR.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

POPE.

The vain wish
 To float upon the memory of men
 After his term of being, oft becomes
 A master passion; and for that one aim
 He barter all that his Creator gave
 Of joy or solace in the vale of life,
 And that inheritance of perfect bliss
 Which might be his forever.

W. HERBERT.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
 Of time, though meager all, and ghostly thin,
 Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,
 Was earthly fame. She was a voice alone,
 And dwelt upon the noisy tongue of men.

POLLOCK.

These feverish dews that on my temples hang,
 This quivering lip, these eyes of dying
 flame—
 These, the dread signs of many a secret pang—
 These are the meed of him who pants for
 fame!

H. K. WHITE.

And glory long has made the sages smile;
 'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion,
 wind—

Depending more upon the historian's style
 Than on the name a person leaves behind.

BYRON.

They never fall who die
 In a great cause: the block may soak their
 gore;
 Their heads may sodden in the sun; their
 limbs
 Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
 But still their spirit walks abroad. Though
 years
 Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
 They but augment the deep and sweeping
 thoughts
 Which overpower all others, and conduct
 The world at last to freedom!

BYRON.

Modest worth neglected lies,
 While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
 Such deeds alone as pride and pomp dis-
 guise—
 Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise.

SHENSTONE.

What shall I do to be forever known?

"Thy duty ever!"

This did full many who yet slept unknown.

"O never! never!"

Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain
unknown

Whom *thou* know'st not?

By angel trumpets in heaven their praise is
blown,

Divine their lot."

From the German of SCHILLER.

Fame! Fame! thou canst not be the stay

Unto the drooping reed,

The cool, fresh fountain in the day

Of the soul's feverish need:

Where must the lone one turn or flee?

Not unto thee, O! not to thee!

MRS. HEMANS.

Needs there the praise of the love-written
record,

The name and the epitaph graved on the
stone?

The things we have lived for, let them be our
story,

We ourselves but remembered by what we
have done.

BONAR.

Fame, the paid

Muezzin on the minaret of Power,

Calling the world to worship; Fame, the pious

And gilded following of the royal house,

Whose function is without, to spread the awe

Of Power among the common herd, and hand

External homage to the chaste convoy

Of them who serve in presence.

DOBELL.

I've learned to prize the quiet lightning deed,
Not the applauding thunder at its heels,
Which men call fame.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

DR. JOHNSON.

Life is a lightning-flash of breath,
Fame but a thunder-clap at death.

MONTGOMERY.

That largest son of Time,

Who wandered singing through the listening
world,

Will be as much forgot as the canoe

That crossed the bosom of a lonely lake

A thousand years ago.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

We pass: the path that each man trod

Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds;

What fame is left for human deeds

In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,

Fade wholly, while the soul exults,

And self-infolde the large results

Of force that would have forged a name

TENNYSON.

Name and fame! to fly sublime

Through the courts, the camps, the schools,
Is to be the ball of Time,

Banded in the hands of fools.

TENNYSON.

What shall I do lest life in silence pass?

"And if it do,

And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,

What need'st thou rue?

Remember, aye the ocean deeps are mute;

The shallows roar;

Worth is the ocean; fame is but the bruit

Along the shore."

From the German of SCHILLER.

[See also GLORY—HONOR—CHARACTER.]

FAMILY DEVOTION.

Then kneeling down, to heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband
prays;

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future
days;

There ever bask in uncreated rays,

No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;

Together hymning their Creator's praise,

In such society yet still more dear,

While circling time moves round, in an eternal
sphere.

BURNS.

Ah, then, how sweetly closed those crowded days!

The minutes parting one by one, like rays
That fade upon a summer's eve.
But, oh! what charm, or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers,
Those weary, happy days did leave,
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss?
Whatever time destroys, he cannot this;
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

W. ALLSTON.

The cheerful supper done, with serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, once his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God," he says, with solemn air.

BURNS.

Whom God hath made the heads of families,
He hath made priests to offer sacrifice.
Daily let part of Holy Writ be read,
Let, as the body, so the soul have bread;
For look, how many souls in thy house be,
With just as many souls God trusteth thee.

ANONYMOUS.

From yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'er mounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms—the simple song of praise.

GRAHAM.

Fold thy little hands in prayer,
Bow down at thy mother's knee:
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thine auburn hair;
Thine eyes are passion-free;
And pleasant thoughts, like garlands, bind thee
Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee:
Then pray, child, pray!

R. A. WILMOTT.

Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

ANONYMOUS.

An angel in home's vine-hung door,
He saw his sister smile once more;
Once more the truant's brown-locked head
Upon his mother's knee was laid,
And sweetly lulled to slumber there,
With evening's holy hymn and prayer!

WHITTIER.

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt?
O blest be those fair girls, and blest
The home where God is felt!

MRS. HERMANS.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
O hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

H. WARE.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

KEBLE.

But soon a nobler task demands her care,
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there!
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye! now many a written
thought
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,
His moving, murmuring lips endeavor to repeat.

ROGERS.

Our little babe—our bright eyed one—
Our youngest, darling joy—
We teach at evening hour to kneel
Beside our little boy;
And though she cannot lip a word,
Nor breathe a simple prayer,
We know her Maker blesseth her
The while she kneeleth there.

R. COX, JR.

There is a strain of holy power,
 Unknown to fancy's ear,
 That often charms the silent hour,
 And God delights to hear;
 'Tis when with meekly lifted eye,
 That beams parental care,
 With humble faith and hallowed sigh,
 Ascends the mother's prayer.

W. B. TAPPAN.

Does pure religion charm thee
 Far more than aught below?
 Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
 Against the hour of woe?
 Her dwelling is not only
 In temples built for prayer;
 For home itself is lonely
 Unless her smile be there;
 Wherever we may wander,
 'Tis all in vain we roam,
 If worshipless her altar
 At home—sweet home!

BARTON.

Around each pure, domestic shrine,
 Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine;
 Our hearths are altars all;
 The prayers of hungry souls and poor,
 Like armed angels at the door,
 Our unseen foes appal.

KEBLE.

[See also FATHER — HOME — PRAYER.]

FAREWELL — PARTING.

Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.

COWPER.

O! heaven is where no secret dread
 May haunt love's meeting hour;
 Where, from the past no gloom is shed
 O'er the heart's chosen bower;
 Where every severed wreath is bound;
 Where none have heard the knell
 That smites the heart with that deep sound,
 "Farewell, beloved, farewell!"

MRS. HEMANS.

Farewell!—a word that must be, and hath
 been—

A sound that makes us linger—yet farewell!

BYRON.

O 'tis one scene of parting here,
 Love's watchword is farewell!
 And almost starts the following tear,
 Ere dried the last that fell!

TOWNSHEND.

For in that word, that fatal word, how'er
 We promise—hope—believe, there breathes
 despair.

BYRON.

Farewell! the early dews that fall
 Upon thy grass-grown bed,
 Are like the thoughts that now recall
 Thine image from the dead.
 A blessing hallows thy dark cell—
 I will not stay to weep. Farewell!

L. E. LONDON.

I never spoke the word "Farewell,"
 But with an utterance faint and broken;
 A heart-sick longing for the time
 When it shall never more be spoken.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

Nay, shrink not from the word "Farewell,"
 As if 'twere friendship's final knell;

Such fears may prove but vain:
 So changeful is life's fleeting day,
 Whene'er we sever hope may say,
 "We part to meet again!"

Even the last parting earth can know,
 Brings not unutterable woe,

To souls that heavenward soar;
 For humble faith, with steadfast eye,
 Points to a brighter world on high,
 Where hearts that here at parting sigh,
 May meet to part no more.

BARTON.

When forced to part from those we love,
 Though sure to meet to-morrow,
 We yet a kind of anguish prove,
 And feel a touch of sorrow.
 But O! what words can paint the fears,
 When from those friends we sever,
 Perhaps to part for months—for years—
 Perhaps to part forever?

ANONYMOUS.

Farewell;
That word, though fond, which burns and
 rends,
Hangs on the lips with long delay,
The all that grief and love can say.

J. LAWSON.

To meet, to part, to smile,
 To shed the frequent tear,
The hope to win, the joy to lose—
 This is our history here;
To find the rose, whose bloom
 By no dark blight is riven,
To meet, and never more to part,
 Is not of earth, but heaven.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Parted friends again may meet,
 From the toils of nature free;
Crowned with mercy, O! how sweet
 Will eternal friendship be!

C. W. THOMSON.

When friend from friend is parting,
 And in each speaking eye
The silent tears are starting,
 To tell what words deny,
How could we bear the heavy load
 Of such heart agony,
Could we not cast it all, our God,
 Our gracious God, on thee;
And feel that thou kind watch wilt keep
 When we are far away;
That thou wilt soothe us when we weep,
 And hear us when we pray?

MONSELL.

Yet must they part, and parting, weep;
 What else has earth for them in store?
These farewell pangs, how sharp and deep!
 These farewell words, how sad and sore!

BONAR.

Joyful words, "We meet again!"
Love's own language, comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting:
Life in death—"We meet again!"
When this weary world is past,
Happy they, whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
 "Meet again" in heaven at last!

MONTGOMERY.

There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love
 Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

MONTGOMERY.

And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking
 sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated; who could
 guess

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet, such awful morn
 could rise?

BYRON.

Like a funeral knell,
The winds still sighed, "Beloved, fare thee
 well!"

MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

How often is our path
Crossed by some being, whose bright spirit
 sheds

A passing gladness o'er it, but whose course
Leads down another current, never more
To blend with ours! Yet far within our souls,
Amid the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought which lingers
 still

Around that image!

ANONYMOUS.

Let me go, the day is breaking,
 Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
 In the wilderness below;
Upward now I bend my way,
Part we here at break of day.
We have traveled long together,
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
 And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part.
Yet we must. Farewell, to you;
Answer, one and all, "Adieu!"
Let me go, I may not tarry,
 Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait my soul to carry,
 Where my risen Lord appears;
Friends and kindred, weep not so,
If ye love me, let me go.

MONTGOMERY.

Once my soul was fondly plighted
 To a holy one of earth,
 Like two music notes united—
 Notes that sever in their birth.
 Yet not severed we, though parted;
 Still in truth our souls are one,
 Though on earth the gentle-hearted
 Hath her blessed mission done.

DUGANNE.

[See also MUTABILITY — HEAVENLY RECOGNITION.]

FASHION—(See CUSTOM.)

FASTING.

Can fasting expiate, or slake those fires
 That sin hath blown to such a mighty flame?
 Can sackcloth clothe a fault, or hide a shame?
 Or do thy hands make heaven a recompense,
 By strewing dust upon thy briny face?
 No! though thou pine thyself with willing
 want,
 Or face look thin, or carcass ne'er so gaunt;
 Such holy madness God rejects and loathes,
 That sinks no deeper than the skin or clothes.

QUARLES.

Is this a fast, to keep
 The larder lean,
 And clean
 From fat of veals and sheep?
 No! 'tis a fast to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat,
 And meat,
 Unto the hungry soul;
 To show a heart grief rent;
 To starve thy sin,
 Not bin;
 And that's to keep thy Lent.

HERRICK.

And grant us while by fasts we strive
 This mortal body to control,
 To fast from all the food of sin,
 And so to purify the soul.
 Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest!
 Sole Unity! to thee we cry;
 Vouchsafe us, from these fasts below,
 To reap immortal fruit on high.

CASWALL.

When thou a fast would'st keep,
 Make not thy homage cheap,
 By publishing its signs to every eye;
 But let it be between
 Thyself and the Unseen,
 So shall it gain acceptance from on high.

BARTON.

He turned Him from the Jordan side,
 And sought the lonely desert wide;
 There communed with himself and God;
 Chastised himself, nor tasted food;
 There overcame the tempter; there
 Prepared for his high ministry
 By fasting, solitude, and prayer;
 Then went to teach the world and die.

J. R. BESTE.

Thou loving Maker of mankind!
 Before thy throne we pray and weep;
 O! strengthen us with grace divine,
 Duly this sacred Lent to keep.

"BREVILIARY."

FATHER—MOTHER—PARENTS.

O Providence!

What is there like a father to a son?
 A father, quick in love, wakeful in care,
 Tenacious of his trust, proof in experience,
 Severe in honor, perfect in example,
 Stamped with authority!

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!
 Holy as heaven a mother's tender love!
 The love of many prayers, and many tears,
 Which changes not with dim declining years,
 The only love, which, on this teeming earth,
 Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.

MRS. NORTON.

Let parents be the same
 To all their children; common in their care,
 And in their love of them.

THOMAS SOUTHERN.

The child is father of the man.

WORDSWORTH.

How sweet is the language which taught us to
blend
The dear names of parent, of husband, and
friend;
Which taught us to lisp on our mother's soft
breast,
The ballads she sung as she rocked us to rest.

ANONYMOUS.

My heart grew softer as I gazed upon
That youthful mother, as she soothed to rest,
With a low song, her loved and cherished one,
The bud of promise on her gentle breast;
For 'tis a sight that angel ones above
May stoop to gaze on, from their bowers of
bliss,
When innocence, upon the breast of love,
Is cradled in a sinful world like this.

MRS. WELBY.

The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would
be a savage
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.

ANONYMOUS.

When we are sick where can we turn for succor,
When we are wretched where can we complain;
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye
With such sure confidence as to a mother?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Look! how he laughs and stretches out his
arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
To hail his father; while his little form
Flutters as winged with joy. Talk not of pain!
The childless cherubs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent!

BYRON.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Have led the wanderer there.

ANONYMOUS.

Maternal love! thou word that sums all bliss.

POLLOK.

A mother's love, how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold;
This is a mother's love.

MONTGOMERY.

Mysterious to all thought,
A mother's prime of bliss,
When to her eager lips is brought
Her infant's thrilling kiss.
O! never shall it set, the sacred light
Which dawns that moment on her tender gaze,
In the eternal distance blending bright
Her darling's hope and hers, for love and joy
and praise.

KEBLE.

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

A mother's love
Is an undying feeling. Earth may chill
And sever other sympathies, and prove
How weak all human bonds are; it may
kill
Friendships, and crush hearts with them, but
the thrill
Of the maternal breast must ever move
In blest communion with her child, and fill
Even heaven itself with prayers and hymns
of love.

S. D. PATTERSON.

My mother! manhood's anxious brow
And sterner cares have long been mine;
Yet turn I to thee fondly now,
As when upon thy bosom's shrine
My infant griefs were gently hushed to rest,
And thy low whispered prayers my slumber
blessed.

G. W. BETHUNE.

Is there, in bowers of endless spring,
One known from all the seraph band
By softer voice, by smile and wing
More exquisitely bland?
Here let him speed; to-day this hallowed air
Is fragrant with a mother's first and fondest
prayer.

KEBLE.

Fathers alone a father's heart can know;
What secret tides of sweet enjoyment flow
When brothers love! But if there hate suc-
ceeds,

*They wage the war, but 'tis the father
bleeds.*

YOUNG.

When we see the flower seeds wasted

From the nurturing mother tree,
Tell we can, wherever planted,

What the harvesting will be;
Never from the blasting thistle

Was there gathered golden grain;
Thus the seal the child receiveth
From its mother will remain.

MRS. HALE.

And say to mothers, what a holy charge

Is theirs; with what a kingly power their
love

Might rule the fountains of the new-born
mind.

Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world has sown its
tares.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

'Tis a mother's large affection

Hears with a mysterious sense;

Breathings that evade detection,

Whisper faint, and fine inflexion,

Thrill in her with power intense.

Childhood's honeyed words untaught

Hiveth she in loving thought,

Tones that never thence depart;

For she listens with her heart.

LANAN BLANCHARD.

O! mother's love is glorifying,

On the cheek like sunset lying;

In the eyes a moistened light,

Softer than the moon at night!

THOMAS BURBRIDGE.

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,

Guided thither by an angel mother:

Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;

Sire and sisters, and my little brother

Gone to God!

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

RALPH HOTT.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her
hand and faintly smiled;

Was that pitying face his mother's? did she
watch beside her child?

All his stranger words with meaning her wo-
man's heart supplied;

With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!"
murmured he, and died!

WHITTIER.

What quickeneth thy prayer when it seeks
the Throne,

With a fervor it never before hath known?

What girdeth thy life in its daily scope

For the labor of love, and the patience of
hope,

The freedom from self, and the high intent?

"The soul of the child that my God hath lent."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

O wondrous power! how little understood!

Entrusted to the mother's mind alone,
To fashion genius, form the soul for good.

MRS. HALE.

A parent's love! it is a gleam

Of sacred light,

That makes the world an Eden seem.

Without its gentle cheering beam

All would be night.

MRS. GARDNER.

[See also HOME—FAMILY DEVOTION.]

FEAR—(See COWARDICE.)

FEELING—(See SENSIBILITY.)

FELLOWSHIP.

So is it with true Christian hearts;

Their mutual share in Jesus' blood

An everlasting bond imparts

Of holiest brotherhood;

O! might we all our lineage prove,

Give and forgive, do good and love,

By soft endearments in kind strife

Lightening the load of daily life!

KEBLE.

Thus to the Father prayed the Son,
 "One may they be, as we are one;
 That I in them, and thou in me,
 They one with us may ever be."
 Children of God! combine your bands,
 Brethren in Christ! join hearts and hands,
 And pray (for so the Father willed)
 That the Son's prayer may be fulfilled.

MONTGOMERY.

Thou who in that bitter night
 Didst die for us long years ago;
 Thou who through thy love's strong might
 Hast made our hearts thy mercy know!
 O! remind thy little flock
 Who so lightly disagree,
 What thy last petition spoke,
 "Let them all be one in me."

From the German of ZINZENDORF.

O! sweet it is, through life's dark way
 In Christian fellowship to move,
 Illumed by one unclouded ray,
 And one in faith, in hope, in love.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Our souls by love together knit,
 Cemented, mixed in one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice—
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.
 Our hearts have burned while Jesus spake,
 And glowed with sacred fire;
 He stopped, and talked, and fed, and blessed,
 And filled the enlarged desire.
 He's God with us, we feel him ours;
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
 We're joining those who've gone before;
 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
 We soon shall meet to part no more.

MILLER.

Joined hand in hand are we;
 With earnest fear
 Let each the other strengthen in his need;
 In this strange land we brothers are indeed.
 It will not always last,
 Therefore be brave!
 And soon we all shall be
 Across the wave;
 There find, from sorrow free,
 The rest we crave.

From the German of TERSTEEGEN.

O! help each other, hasten on,
 Behold the goal is nigh at hand;
 Soon shall the battle-field be won,
 Soon shall your King before you stand!
 To calmest rest he leads you now,
 And sets his crown upon your brow.

Press on!

From the German of LEHR.

Still one in life, and one in death,
 One in their hope of rest above;
 One in their joy, their trust, their faith,
 One in each other's faithful love.

BONAR.

Brethren in Christ, and well belov'd,
 To Jesus and his servants dear,
 Enter, and show yourselves approved;
 Enter, and find that God is here.
 Welcome from earth: lo the right hand
 Of fellowship to you we give;
 With open hearts and hands we stand,
 And you in Jesus' name receive.

C. WESLEY.

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
 In sweet communion, kindred minds!
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!
 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
 When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
 Then shall they meet in realms above,
 A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

MRS. BARBAULD.

We part in body, not in mind,
 Our minds continue one;
 And each to each in Jesus joined,
 We hand in hand go on.
 Subsists as in us all one soul,
 No power can make us twain,
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll
 To sever us in vain.

C. WESLEY.

Even so, who loves the Lord aright
 No soul of man can worthless find;
 All will be precious in his sight,
 Since Christ on all hath shined;
 But chiefly Christian souls; for they,
 Though worn and soiled with sinful clay,
 Are yet to eyes that see them true,
 All glistening with baptismal dew.

KEBLE.

The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
In songs of praise their present union show;
Their joys are full, our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join the song.
Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.

WALLER.

One sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, Love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

ROBINSON.

[See also FRIENDSHIP — SOCIETY — UNIVERSAL
BROTHERHOOD.]

FIDELITY — CONSTANCY.

When all things have their trial, you shall find
Nothing is constant but a virtuous mind.

SHIRLEY.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from
earth.

SHAKESPEARE.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, untirred,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth or change his constant
mind.

MILTON.

Art thou faithful? then oppose
Sin and wrong with all thy might;
Care not how the tempest blows,
Only care to win the fight.
Fight, though it may cost thy life;
Storm the kingdom, but prevail;
Let not Satan's fiercest strife
Make thee, warrior, faint or quail.

From the German of WINKLER.

But if there be, who follows Paul
As Paul his Lord, in life and death,
Where'er an aching heart may call
Ready to speed and take no breath;
Who makes the Saviour all his theme,
The Gospel all his pride and praise;
Approach: for thou canst feel the gleam
That round the martyr's deathbed plays:
Thou hast an ear for angels' songs,
A breath the Gospel trump to fill,
And taught by thee the Church prolongs
Her hymns of high thanksgiving still.

KEELE.

Servant of God, well done! well hast thou
fought

The better fight, who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care—
To stand approved in sight of God, though
worlds

Judged thee perverse.

MILTON.

Vice cannot fix, and virtue cannot change;
For vice must have variety, while virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory from her
aspect.

BYRON.

Constant as the northern star,
Of whose true fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

SHAKESPEARE.

Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as
last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike
silence and absence.

LONGFELLOW.

Love, constant love!
Age cannot quench it; like the primal ray
From the vast fountain that supplies the day,
Far, far above
Our cloud-encircled region, it will flow
As pure and as eternal in its glow.

PARK BENJAMIN.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel
has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly
tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never
cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they
die.

MOORE.

[See also PERSISTENCE.]

FLATTERY.

He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his
tongue.

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools.

SWIFT.

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
Pernicious flattery! thy malignant seeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,
Sadly diffused o'er virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride, amid the corn appear,
And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.

PRIOR.

Minds

By nature great, are conscious of their
greatness,
And hold it mean to borrow aught from
flattery.

ROWE.

O! it is worse than mockery to list the
flatterer's tone;
To lend a ready ear to thoughts the cheek
must blush to own;
To hear the red lip whispered of, and the
flowing curl and eye
Made constant theme of eulogy extravagant
and high;
And the charm of *person* worshiped in a
homage offered not
To the perfect charm of virtue, and the
majesty of thought.

WHITTIER.

No adulation, 'tis the death of virtue!
Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flatterer.

HANNAH MORE.

O that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

SHAKESPEARE.

Flattery's the bellows that blows up sin.

SHAKESPEARE.

Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant;
And of all tame a flatterer.

JONSON.

FLOWERS.

Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms,
Do ye teach us to be glad
When no summer can be had,
Blooming in our inward bosoms?
Ye whom God preserveth still,
Set as lights upon a hill,
Tokens to the wintry earth that beauty liveth
still!

MRS. BROWNING.

To me, the meanest flower that blows can
give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

The plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment.

SHAKESPEARE.

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm, benignant
eye

Fell on your gentle beauty, when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal as the sky,
Then, in the bosom of your purity,

A voice he set, as in a temple shrine,
That life's quick travelers ne'er might pass
you by,

Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.

MRS. HEMANS.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living
preachers,

Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish
scope?

Each fading calyx a *memento-mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

HORACE SMITH.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see, how warm they blush! how bright
they glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare?
What king so shining? or what queen so fair?

THOMSON.

Foster the beautiful, and every hour,
Thou call'st new flowers to birth.

From the German of SCHILLER.

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that
swingeth,

And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

HORACE SMITH.

By Thee each family of flowers is clothed
In one unvarying dress, and breathes the same
Transmitted essences; and though the loom
No virgin fingers ply to swell her pride,
The lily shines, more gorgeously arrayed
Than monarchs, where the East, with hand
profuse,
Showers on their pomp barbaric, pearl and
gold.

SMART.

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in
prayer,

They are nature's offering; their place is there!
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part.
They sleep in dust through the wintry
hours,

They break forth in glory—bring flowers,
bright flowers!

MRS. HEMANS.

That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

BRYANT.

Ye are the Scriptures of the earth,
Sweet flowers fair and frail;
A sermon speaks in every bud
That woos the summer gale.

ANONYMOUS.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Writ all over this great world of ours,
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.
And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand—
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

LONGFELLOW.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

LONGFELLOW.

Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!

Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those bitter moments
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

O precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye're types of those,
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

Pale winter flowers! The clouds aloft
The sunless skies deform—
How can ye spread your blossoms soft,
To face the pelting storm?

Ye have a root beneath,
Defying stormy hours;
Ye are like fearless faith,
O precious winter flowers!

MISS M. A. BROWNE.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous
sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle
race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair
and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold
November rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely
ones again.

BRYANT.

The evergreen stern winter's power derides,
Like hope, that in misfortune's storm abides.

ANONYMOUS.

There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God.

CUNNINGHAM.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORACE SMITH.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view?
Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.

KEBLE.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained its noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song:
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

HERRICK.

The daisy with its petals, crimson-fringed,
Speaks of humility, disclaiming praise,
And fairer by abasement.

J. F. HOLLINGS.

The moss-clad violet, fragrant and concealed,
Like hidden charity.

J. F. HOLLINGS.

Fade, flowers, fade! nature will have it so;
'Tis what we must in our autumn do!
And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that loved them
found;

So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,
Missed by some few that loved our company.

WALLER.

FOLLY — FOOLS.

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote.

SHAKESPEARE.

Soon our whole term for wisdom is expired:
(Thou know'st she calls no council in the
grave:)

And *everlasting fool* is writ in fire,
Or real wisdom wafts us to the skies.

YOUNG.

Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his
thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by
Heaven

To fly at infinite; and reach it *there*,
Where seraphs gather immortality
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.

YOUNG.

At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and reresolves; then dies the
same.

YOUNG.

Folly and fear are sisters twain—
One closing her eyes,
The other peopling the dark inane
With spectral lies.

WHITTIER.

What matter though the scorn of fools be
given,
If the path followed lead us on to heaven!

MRS. HALE.

Man, proud man!
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence; like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

SHAKESPEARE.

Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*.
YOUNG.

How much a dunce, that has been sent to
roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home!
COWPER.

Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
BYRON.

In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble Joy.
POPE.
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
POPE.

FORGIVENESS—(See PARDON.)

FORTITUDE—(See COURAGE.)

FREEDOM.

True Freedom is where no restraint is known
That Scripture, justice, and good sense disown;
Where only vice and injury are tied,
And all from shore to shore is free beside.
COWPER.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides.
COWPER.

Nature imprints upon whate'er we see
That has a heart and life in it, *Be free!*
COWPER.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flowers
Of fleeting life their luster and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.
COWPER.

Religion, richest favor of the skies,
Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes.
The soul, emancipated, unoppressed,
Free to prove all things, and hold fast the best,
Learns much, and to a thousand listening
minds,
Communicates with joy the good she finds.
COWPER.

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.
ADDISON.

For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
BYRON.

O Freedom! thou art not a fair young girl
With light and delicate limbs; a bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword;
thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee
has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from
heaven.

BRYANT.

O! not yet
May'st thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new earth and heaven.
BRYANT.

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

LOWELL.

But there is yet a liberty, unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the
powers

Of earth and hell confederate take away;
A liberty which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no
more.

'Tis liberty of heart, derived from Heaven,
Bought with His blood, who gave it to man-
kind,
And sealed with the same token.

COWPER.

Take heart! The promised hour draws near;
I hear the downward beat of wings,
And Freedom's trumpet sounding clear;
Joy to the people! woe and fear
To new world tyrants, old world kings!

WHITTIER.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

LOVELACE.

Hasten the day, just Heaven!
Accomplish thy design;
And let the blessings thou hast freely given,
Freely on all men shine;
Till equal rights be equally enjoyed,
And human power for human good employed;
Till law, and not the sovereign, rule sustain,
And peace and virtue undisputed reign.

H. WARE, JR.

O give, great God, to Freedom's waves to ride
Sublime o'er Conquest, Avarice, and Pride;
To sweep where pleasure decks her guilty
bowers,
And dark Oppression builds her thick-ribbed
towers.

WORDSWORTH.

[See also OPPRESSION.]

FREE-WILL.

I formed them free; and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree,
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained
Their freedom; they themselves ordained their
fall.

MILTON.

I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood, and them
who failed;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.

MILTON.

They themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain, unforeknown.

MILTON.

Our voluntary service He requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?

MILTON.

Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin;
By her own choice free virtue is approved,
Nor by the force of outward objects moved.

PRIOR.

Charge not, with light sufficient, and left free,
Your willful suicide on God's decree.

COWPER.

Heaven *wills* our happiness, *allows* our doom ;
Invites us ardently, but not *compels* ;
 Heaven but *persuades*, almighty man *decrees* ;
 Man is the maker of immortal fates.

YOUNG.

A nature rational, implies the power
 Of being blest, or wretched, as we please ;
 Else idle reason would have naught to do ;
 And he that would be barred capacity
 Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.

YOUNG.

Not man alone, all rationals, Heaven arms
 With an illustrious but tremendous power
 To counteract its own most gracious ends ;
 And this of strict necessity, not choice ;
 That power denied, *men, angels*, were no more.

YOUNG.

Heaven made us agents, free to good or ill,
 And forced it not, though he foresaw the will ;
 Freedom was first bestowed on human race,
 And prescience only held the second place.

DRYDEN.

The body sins not ; 'tis the will
 That makes the action good or ill.

HERRICK.

Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
 Man may improve the crisis, or abuse ;
 Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
 Say to what bar amenable is man ?
 With naught in charge, he could betray no
 trust ;
 And if he fell, would fall because he must ;
 If love reward him, or if vengeance strike,
 His recompense in both unjust alike.

COWPER.

And binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.

POPE.

Each had his conscience, each his reason, will,
 And understanding : for himself to search,
 To choose, reject, believe, consider, act ;
 And God proclaimed from heaven, and by an
 oath
 Confirmed, that each should answer for himself.

POLLOCK.

Where had been
 The test of faith, if the expanded arm
 Of Heaven, in glory and in power displayed,
 Had curbed the freedom of the human will,
 Nor left the scope of choice ?

HAYES.

So from the heights of will
 Life's parting stream descends,
 And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
 Each widening torrent bends.
 From the same cradle's side,
 From the same mother's knee,
 One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
 One to the peaceful sea !

HOLMES.

Ye who live,
 Do so each cause refer to heaven above,
 E'er as its motion, of necessity,
 Drew with it all that moves. If this were so,
 Free choice in you were none ; nor justice
 would
 There should be joy for virtue, woe for ill.

From the Italian of DANTE.

Think not too meanly of thy low estate,
 Thou hast a choice ; to choose is to create !
 Remember whose the sacred lips that tell,
 Angels approve thee when thy choice is well.

HOLMES.

We drive the furrow with the share of faith
 Through the waste fields of life, and our own
 hands
 Sow thick the seeds that spring to weeds or
 flowers ;
 And never strong necessity nor fate
 Trammels the soul that firmly says, *I will !*
 Else are we playthings, and 'tis Satan's mock
 To preach to us repentance and belief.

ALICE CARY.

FRIENDSHIP.

Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
 And one alone to make her sweet amends
 For absent Heaven—the bosom of a friend.

YOUNG.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them by the soul with hooks of steel.

SHAKESPEARE.

Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom
wise.

Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies or damps an undivided joy.

YOUNG.

Ye powers of wealth!
Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of
hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.

YOUNG.

Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship
new
Is neither strong nor pure.

YOUNG.

Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhaust the flame,
It still is giving, and still burns the same.

GAY.

Whoever undertakes a friend's great part,
Should be renewed in nature, pure in heart,
Prepared for martyrdom, and strong to prove
A thousand ways the force of genuine love.

COWPER.

The amity that wisdom knits not, folly
May easily untie.

SHAKESPEARE.

No friendship will abide the test,
That stands on sordid interest,
Or mean self-love, erected.

COWPER.

You'll find the friendship of the world a show!
Mere outward show! 'tis like the harlot's tears,
The statesman's promise, or false patriot's zeal,
Full of fair seeming, but delusion all.

SAVAGE.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

GOLDSMITH.

False friends, like insects in a summer's day,
Bask in the sunshine, but avoid the shower;
Uncertain visitants, they flee away
E'en when misfortune's cloud begins to
lower.

Into life's bitter cup true friendship drops
Balaamic sweets to overpower the gall;
True friends, like ivy and the wall it props,
Both stand together, or together fall.

ANONYMOUS.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

COLERIDGE.

There are a thousand nameless ties,
Which only such as feel them know;
Of kindred thoughts, deep sympathies,
And untold fancy spells, which throw
O'er ardent minds and faithful hearts
A chain whose charmed links so blend,
That the light circlet but imparts
Its force in these fond words, *My friend*.

MRS. DINNIES.

Christ had his friends; his eye could trace,
In the long train of coming years,
The chosen children of his grace,
The full reward of all his tears.
These are his friends, and these are thine,
If thou to him hast bowed the knee;
And where these ransomed millions shine,
Shall thy eternal mansion be.

ANONYMOUS.

I have sped by land and sea, and mingled
with much people,
But never yet could find a spot unsunned by
human kindness;
Some more, and some less; but, truly, all
can claim a little:
And a man may travel through the world, and
sow it thick with friendships.

TUPPER.

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth;
Though planted in esteem's deep fixed soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See also AFFECTION — FELLOWSHIP — LOVE —
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.]

GAMBLING.

On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls: and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honor, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink.

THOMSON.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
I less should blame this criminal delight;
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks we need not our short being shun,
And thought to fly, content to be undone;
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time.

YOUNG.

Some play for gain; to pass time, others play
For nothing; both do play the fool, I say:
Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend;
Who gets by play proves loser in the end.

HEATH.

Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what or whom would gamesters thrive?

GAY.

There's song, and oath, and gaming deep,
Hot words, and laughter, mad carouse;
There's naught of prayer, and little sleep;
The devil keeps the house!

DANA.

Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

HERBERT.

The wings that waft our riches out of sight
Grow on the gamester's elbow; and the alert
And nimble motion of those restless joints
That never tire, soon fans them all away.

COWPER.

'Tis lost at dice, what ancient honor won.

SHAKESPEARE.

GETHSEMANE.

Sweet Eden was the arbor of delight,
Yet in his honey flowers our poison blew;
Sad Gethsemane, the bower of baleful night,
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
Yet all our honey in that poison grew:
So we from sweetest flowers could suck our
bane,
And Christ from bitter venom could again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of
pain.

GILES FLETCHER.

That garden, where of old our guilt began,
Wrought death and pain;
But this, where Jesus prays by night for man,
Brings life and joy again.
Hither, of his own will, the Lord for all
Comes to atone;
And stays the thunderbolts about to fall
From the dread Father's throne.

"BREVILIARY."

Came at length the dreadful night,
Vengeance with its iron rod
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God;
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane!
View him in that olive press,
Wrung with anguish, whelmed with blood;
Hear him pray in his distress,
With strong cries and tears to God;
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.

JOSEPH HART.

He knelt—the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony!
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

MRS. HEWANE.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray!

MONTGOMERY.

Gloomy garden, on thy beds
Washed by Kedron's water-pool,
Grew most rank and bitter weeds!
Think on these, my soul, my soul!

JOSEPH HART.

Next, with strong cries and bitter tears,
Thrice hallowed He that doleful ground,
Where, trembling with mysterious fears,
His sweat like blood-drops fell around;
And being in an agony,
He prayed yet more earnestly.

MONTGOMERY.

Sad Gethsemane
Had memories that it faltered to repeat,
Such as the strengthening angel marked
appalled,
Finding no dialect in which to bear
Their woe to heaven.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Thou who hast power to look
Thus at Gethsemane, be still! be still!
What are thine insect woes compared to His
Who agonizeth there? Count thy brief pains
As the dust atom on life's chariot wheels,
And in a Saviour's grief forget them all.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

[See also ATONEMENT — REDEMPTION — THE
SAVIOUR.]

GLORY.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.

SHAKESPEARE.

Real glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves;
And without that the conqueror is naught
But the first slave.

THOMSON.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But looked too near, have neither heat nor
light.

WEBSTER.

One to destroy, is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

YOUNG.

What is glory? What is fame?
The echo of a long-lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an arrant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow.

MOTHERWELL.

There shall they rot, ambition's honored fools.
Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their
clay.

Vain sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what? a dream alone.

BYRON.

The foe, the fool, the jealous, and the vain,
The envious, who but breathe in others' pain—
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of glory to the grave.

BYRON.

Alas for human greatness! and alas
For glory's splendor on a mortal brow!
The stateliest realms must down to ruin pass,
And mightiest monarchs to a mightier bow.

EVEREST.

And when upon his casque the lurid light
That men call glory dwelt, he turned away
Disgusted from the foul phosphoric light
That feeds on death and torture, blood and
tears,
And sighs from withering hearts.

L. J. PIERSON.

And false the light on Glory's plume
As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb:
There's nothing bright but heaven!

MOORE.

Our glories float between the earth and heaven,
Like clouds that seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind.

BULWER.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

GRAY.

[See also FAME — HONOR — REPUTATION.]

—◆◆—
GOD — (See DEITY.)

GOLD — (See MAMMON.)
—◆◆—

GOODNESS.

Goodness is beauty in its best estate.

MARLOWE.

A charmèd life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.

WHITTIER.

To be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men because they're better.

ROWE.

Goodness and greatness are not means, but
ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures, love,
and light,

And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or
night,

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

COLERIDGE.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

BYRON.

But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

GOLDSMITH.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

SHAKESPEARE.

Good
Only, is great, and generous, and fruitful.

BAILEY.

The soul
Is strong that trusts in goodness, and shows
clearly
It may be trusted.

MASSINGER.

For thou wast one in whom the light
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well,
Enduring, with a martyr's might,
Through weary day and wakeful night,
Far more than words may tell;
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown,
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

WHITTIER.

And while "Lord, Lord!" the pious tyrants
cried,

Who in the poor their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply *doing good*.

WHITTIER.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.

TENNYSON.

More sweet than odors caught by him who
sails

Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or bowers
Wherein they rest.

WORDSWORTH.

Some there are
By their good deeds exalted, lofty minds,
And meditative authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and flourish.

WORDSWORTH.

[See also EXCELLENCE — INNOCENCE — KIND-
NESS.

THE GOSPEL.

How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While list'ning thousands gathered round,
And joy and rev'rence filled the place!
From heaven He came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his foll'wers 'way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unvaluing an immortal day.

BOWRING.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth
The God who first the day-beam poured,
Uttered again his fiat forth,
And shed the Gospel's light abroad.
And like the dawn, its cheering rays
On rich and poor were meant to fall,
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

He, merciful and mild,
As erst, beholding, loves his wayward child;
When souls of highest birth
Waste their impassioned might on dreams of
earth,
He opens nature's book,
And on his glorious Gospel bids them look,
Till, by such chords as rule the choirs above,
Their lawless cries are tuned to hymns of
perfect love.

KEBLE.

Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail;
A sea without a shore.
But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the Gospel seen:
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines
Without a cloud between.

GIBBONS.

Gazing ever on the Gospel light,
That endless source of evidence and truth,
Prove every doctrine by that golden rule,
And "try the spirits if they be of God."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

MARRIOTT.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around.

WILLIAMS.

The Gospel's glorious hope,
Its rule of purity, its eye of prayer,
Its foot of firmness on temptation's steep,
Its bark, that fails not 'mid the storm of death,
He spread before them, and with gentlest tone
Did urge them to the shelter of that ark
Which rides the wrathful deluge.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed;
Cast abroad thy radiant light.
Bid the shades recede;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy;
Spread the Gospel's holy trust,
Spread the Gospel's joy.

S. F. SMITH.

In all our way through life the Gospel sheds
Its kind and healing beams o'er all our woes;
And when our days are done, it lights the
path
That leads us on to brighter, happier scenes;
And it will live and shine when all beside
Has perished in the wreck of earthly things.

ANONYMOUS.

[See also THE BIBLE — SALVATION.]

GRACE.

The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with
Grace,

And there it revels; and when that decays
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

SHAKESPEARE.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

C. WESLEY.

O God! how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the blest decree,
That grace can e'er be found, when sought,
And naught shut out the soul from thee!

ELIZA COOK.

O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view;
Hark, how my silence speaks, and cries,
"Mercy, thou God of mercy, show!"

J. WESLEY.

Help with Thy grace through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

WORDSWORTH.

Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way;
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

WINGBOVE.

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise,

SIR R. GRANT.

But grace, abused, brings forth the foulest
deeds,
As richest soil the most luxuriant weeds.

COWPER.

That word, *grace*,
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See also MERCY — PARDON.]

GRATTITUDE.

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

SHAKESPEARE.

Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles; the incense that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her
voice

Is more than voice can tell; to Him she sings,
To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who
adorns,
Who made, and who preserves whatever
dwells

In air, in steadfast earth, or fickle sea.

SMART.

O, all ye that e'er had savor
Of God's everlasting favor,
Come! come and help me grateful praises sing,
To the world's King
And my life's Giver.
For his anger never lasteth,
And his favor never wasteth.
Though sadness be thy guest in sullen night,
The cheerful light
Will cheerful make thee.

DAVISON.

When shall our grateful raptures rise
Fast as thy grace descends,
And link to endless harmonies
The love that never ends?

ANONYMOUS.

A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged.

MILTON.

Great Giver of all blessings! Thou that art
The Lord of gifts, give me a grateful heart;
O give me that, or keep thy favors from me!
I wish no blessings with a vengeance to me.

QUARLES.

Love rules the universal heart of man
Through all its range of age, rank, place, and
mood;
But thou, since first in heaven her reign began,
Her holiest offspring art, O Gratitude!
Man's hard, stern heart grows soft, with thee
imbued,
And sweeter swells the fount of woman's love.

COLTON.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

TRENCH.

O holy Father! just and true
Are all thy works, and words, and ways,
And unto thee alone are due
Thanksgiving and eternal praise!
As children of thy gracious care,
We vail the eye, we bend the knee,
With broken words of praise and prayer,
Father and God, we come to Thee.

WHITTIER.

He that hath nature in him must be grateful;
'Tis the Creator's primary great law
That links the chain of beings to each other.

MADDEN.

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received, propitious Heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings.

LILLO.

O, worship the King, all glorious above!
O, gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
plains,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rains.

SIR R. GRANT.

Fountain of mercy! whose pervading eye
Can look within, and read what passes there,
Accept my thoughts for thanks: I have
no words.
My soul, o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects
The aid of language; Lord! behold my heart.

HANNAH MORE.

[See also PRAISE.]

THE GRAVE.

The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named: nature
appalled,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.

BLAIR.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in
sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.

— BLAIR.

Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the
mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

BLAIR.

But know that thou must render up the dead,
And with high interest too! they are not
thine,
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promised day of restitution.

BLAIR.

O calm and sacred bed, where lies,
 In death's dark mysteries,
 A beauty far more bright
 Than the moon's cloudless light;
 For whose dry dust green branches bud,
 And robes are bleached in the Lamb's blood!

VAUGHAN.

How loved, how valued once, avails thee not;
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

POPE.

I envy not such graves as take up room
 Merely with jet and porphyry, since a tomb
 Adds no desert; Wisdom, thou thing divine,
 Convert my humble soul into thy shrine;
 And then this body, though it want a stone,
 Shall dignify all places where 'tis thrown.

OSBORN.

The man, how wise, who, sick of gaudy
 scenes,
 Is led by choice to take his favorite walk
 Beneath death's gloomy, silent cypress shades,
 Unpierced by vanity's fantastic ray!
 To read his monuments, to weigh his dust;
 Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!

YOUNG.

I pass, with melancholy state,
 By all these solemn heaps of fate,
 And think, as soft and sad I tread
 Above the venerable dead,
 "Time was, like me, they life possessed;
 And time will be when I shall rest."

PARNELL.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
 Descend to contemplate
 The form that once was dear!
 The spirit is not there
 Which kindled that dead eye,
 Which throbbed in that cold heart,
 Which in that motionless hand
 Hath met thy friendly grasp.
 The spirit is not there!
 It is but lifeless, perishable flesh
 That moulders in the grave;
 Earth, air, and water's ministering particles,
 Now to the elements
 Resolved, their uses done.

SOUTHEY.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
 Here the evil and the just,
 Here the youthful and the old,
 Here the fearful and the bold,
 Here the matron and the maid,
 In one silent bed are laid;
 Here the vassal and the king
 Side by side lie withering;
 Here the sword and scepter rust;
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

CROLY.

How populous, how vital is the grave!

YOUNG.

O! for a heart that seeks the sacred gloom
 That hovers round the precincts of the tomb!
 While fancy, musing there, sees visions bright,
 In death discovering life, in darkness, light.

RICHMOND.

All at rest now—all dust! wave flows on
 wave;
 But the sea dries not! what to us the grave?
 It brings no real homily; we sigh,
 Pause for awhile, and murmur, "All must die!"
 Then rush to pleasure, action, sin, once more,
 Swell the loud tide, and fret unto the shore.

BULWER.

As flowers which night, when day is o'er, per-
 fume,
 Breathes the sweet memory from a good man's
 tomb.

BULWER.

There lay the warrior and the son of song,
 And there, in silence 'till the judgment day,
 The orator, whose all-persuading tongue
 Had moved the nations with resistless sway.

MRS. NORTON.

How peaceful and how powerful is the grave!
 BYRON.

How peaceful the Grave! its quiet how deep!
 Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
 And flowerets perfume it with ether.
 How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb!
 No tempests are there! but the nightingales
 come,
 And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

"RUSSIAN ANTHOLOGY."

Death's harvests of a thousand years
 Have here been gathered in,
 The vintage where the wine was tears,
 The laborer was sin;
 The loftiest passions and the least
 Lie sleeping side by side,
 And love hath reared its staff of rest
 Beside the grave of pride.

T. K. HERVEY.

There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found;
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep
 Low in the ground.

MONTGOMERY.

Thou hast wept mournfully, O human love!
 E'en on this greensward; night hath heard thy
 cry,
 Heart-stricken one! thy precious dust above—
 Night, and the hills, which sent forth no reply
 Unto thine agony!
 But He who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy guide,
 Christ hath arisen, O love! thy tears shall all
 be dried.

MRS. HEMANS.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
 To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
 The silent grave!
 Thither all earthly pomp and boast
 Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
 In one dark wave.

From the Spanish of MANRIQUE.

The Grave can naught destroy,
 Only the flesh can die,
 And e'en the body triumphs o'er decay;
 Clothed by thy wondrous might
 In robes of dazzling light,
 This flesh shall burst the grave at that last
 day.

From the German of FRANK.

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show
 Many a million for her one;
 Through thy gates, the mortal flow
 Has for countless years rolled on.
 Back from the tomb
 No step has come;
 There fixed till the last trumpet's sound
 Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

OBOLY.

O Grave! a sacred trust
 To thee is given! no common ashes sleep
 Within thy guardian arms; securely keep
 This consecrated dust,
 Till, quickened with new life, it shall arise,
 A glorious body, fitted for the skies!

W. H. BURLIGH.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
 The burial-ground "God's Acre!" It is just;
 It consecrates each grave within its walls,
 And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.
 Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
 In the sure faith that we shall rise again
 At the great harvest, when the archangel's
 blast

Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

LONGFELLOW.

What though the great,
 With costly pomp, and aromatic sweets,
 Embalmed his poor remains; or through the
 dome

A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
 While solemn organs to his parting soul
 Chaunted slow orisons; say, by what mark
 Dost thou discern him from the lowly swain,
 Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-
 bound turf

Long lay neglected

GLYNN.

O Grave, thou hast thy Vanquisher!
 Long in thy night was man forlorn,
 Long didst thou laugh his hope to scorn;
 Vainly Philosophy might dream;
 Her light was but the meteor gleam,
 Till rose the Conqueror of Death,
 The humble Man of Nazareth;
 He stood between us and despair;
 He bore, and gave us strength to bear;
 The mysteries of the grave unsealed;
 Our glorious destiny revealed.

MRS. HOWITT.

To me the darksome tomb
 Is but a narrow room,
 Where I may rest in peace, from sorrow free.
 Thy death shall give me power
 To cry in that dark hour,
 "O Death, O Grave, where is your victory?"

From the German of FRANK.

Household gifts that memory eaves,
But help to count the household graves.

T. K. HERVEY.

Where is the victory of the grave?
What dust upon the spirit lies?
God keeps the sacred life He gave,
The prophet never dies!

WHITTIER.

Thou awful tomb,
Once filled with gloom!
How blessed and how holy
Art thou now, since in the grave
Slept the Saviour lowly!

From the German of V. STRAUSS.

[See also DEATH — RESURRECTION.]

GREATNESS.

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honored, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

SHAKESPEARE.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them.

SHAKESPEARE.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own.

POPE.

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing
good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favors
Are barren in return.

ROWE.

O Greatness! thou art but a flattering dream,
A watery bubble, lighter than the air.

TRACY.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the
sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WORDSWORTH.

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
Their loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and
snow;

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head.

BYRON.

Their lives did not end when they yielded their
breath,
Their glory illumines the gloom of the grave.

BYRON.

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain,
In the bright fields of fair renown,
The right of eminent domain.

LONGFELLOW.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

LONGFELLOW.

His fame on all the winds had flown;
His words had shaken crypt and throne;
Like fire, on camp and court and cell,
They dropped, and kindled as they fell.

WHITTIER.

The abuse of Greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power.

SHAKESPEARE.

They speak in characters that never die,
The human greatness of an age gone by.

LODGE.

These are the great of earth—
Great, not by kingly birth,
Great in their well-proved worth,
Firm hearts and true.

PIERPONT.

'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

POPE.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

LONGFELLOW.

Go, where forgiveness, turning like the dove,
Alights o'er life's dark flood on some lone
heart;
Where men to men, truth, justice, peace, impart,
As best interpreters of Godlike love;
Where all life's noblest charities have birth;
There dwell the great, the kings of peerless
worth;

They shall subdue the earth!

ANONYMOUS.

[See also EXCELLENCE.]

GRIEF—SORROW.

Long thus he chewed the cud of inward grief,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore;
Still when he mused on his late mischief,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemed more grievous than it was
before.

SPENSER.

What equal torment to the grief of mind,
And pining anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her own consuming smart?

SPENSER.

My grief is all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance.

SHAKESPEARE.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

SHAKESPEARE.

The grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it
break.

SHAKESPEARE.

There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, that shames all clamorous
sorrow.

LEE.

Words will have way: or grief, suppressed in
vain,
Would burst its passage with the outrushing
soul.

HILL.

The withered frame, the ruined mind,
The wreck by passion left behind,
A shriveled scroll, a scattered leaf
Seared by the autumn-blast of grief.

BYRON.

There oft is found an avarice in grief;
And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze
Upon its secret hoard of treasured woes,
In pining solitude.

MASON.

When grief that well might humble, swells
our pride,
And pride, increasing, aggravates our grief,
The tempest must prevail till we are lost.

LILLO.

Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to
learn ;
And many a withering thought lies hid, not
lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

BYRON.

But grief should be the instructor of the wise ;
Sorrow is knowledge ; they who know the
most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth—
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.

BYRON.

Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been acquainted.

LONGFELLOW.

O brothers ! let us leave the shame and sin
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,
The holy name of grief ! holy herein,
That by the grief of One came all our good.

MRS. BROWNING.

How beautiful is sorrow, when 'tis dressed
By virgin innocence ! it makes
Felicity in others seem deformed.

DAVENANT.

The heart laid waste by grief or scorn,
Which only knoweth
Its own deep woe,
Is the only desert. There no spring is born
Amid the sands ; in that no shady palm-tree
groweth.

From the German of FREILIGRATH.

What bliss is born of sorrow !
'Tis never sent in vain ;
The heavenly Surgeon maims to save ;
He gives no useless pain.

WARD.

Sorrow lives with those whose pleasures add
unto their sins.

TUPPER.

Heaven oft in mercy smites, even when the
blow
Severest is.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Would'st thou from sorrow find a sweet relief ?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold ?
Balm would'st thou gather for corroding grief ?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of
gold !

WILCOX.

Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves behind
A deep impression e'en when she departs ;
While joy trips by with steps light as the
wind,
And scarcely leaves a trace upon our
hearts.

MRS. EMBURY.

There's no way to make sorrow light
But in the noble bearing ; be content ;
Blows given from heaven are our due punish-
ment.

W. ROWLEY.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown ;
No traveler ever reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.

COWPER.

'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.

J. R. LOWELL.

When sorrows come, they come not single
spies,
But in battalions.

SHAKESPEARE.

And what is human sorrow ?
The dew upon the earth,
That boweth down the flower awhile
To call its odor forth.

MARY HOWITT.

Our world is rife
With grief and sorrow ! all that we would
prop,
Or would be propped with, falls ! when shall
the ruin stop ?

BRAINARD.

[See also ADVERSITY — TEARS.]

GUILT—SIN—VICE.

Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend—
The avenging fiend—that follows us behind
With whips and stings; the blest know none
of this,

But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is
goodness.

ROWE.

Let no man trust the first false step
Of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice,
Whose steep descent in last perdition ends.

YOUNG.

The guilty mind
Debases the great image that it wears,
And levels us with brutes.

HAYARD.

How guilt, once harbored in the conscious
breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!

DR. JOHNSON.

God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor—misery.

BRYANT.

He swears, but he is sick at heart;
He laughs, but he turns deadly pale;
His restless eye and sudden start,
These tell the dreadful tale
That will be told; it needs no words from thee,
Thou self-sold slave to guilt and misery!

DANA.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
Greatest and first of ills! The fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee
Sorrow had never been!

BLAIR.

Sin, like a bee, into thy hive may bring
A little honey, but expect the sting.

WATKINS.

O how unsufferable is the weight
Of sin! how miserable is their state,
The silence of whose secret sin conceals
The smart, till justice to revenge appeals!

QUARLES.

'Tis guilt alone,
Like brain-sick phrensy, in its feverish mood,
Fills the light air with visionary terror,
And shapeless forms of fear.

FRANCIS.

Such evil sin hath wrought; and such a flame
Kindled in heaven, that it burns down to
earth,

And in the furious inquest that it makes
On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works.

COWPER.

But many a crime, deemed innocent on earth,
Is registered in heaven, and these, no doubt,
Have each their record, with a curse annexed.

COWPER.

How like a widow in her weeds, the night,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
A scene more sad sin makes the darkened
soul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

YOUNG.

Who loves to sin, in hell his portion's given;
Who dies to sin, shall, after, live in heaven.

QUARLES.

For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault;
Then what must he expect, that still proceeds
To finish sin, and work up thoughts in deeds?

DRYDEN.

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapped in his crimes, against the storm pre-
pared;
But when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.

DRYDEN.

Sin is the living worm, the lasting fire;
Hell soon would lose its heat, could sin expire.
Better sinless in hell, than to be where
Heaven is, and to be found a sinner there.
One sinless with infernals might do well,
But sin would make of heaven a very hell.
Look to thyself then, keep it out of door,
Lest it get in and never leave thee more.

BUNYAN.

Fools make a mock at sin, will not believe
 It carries such a dagger in its sleeve;
 "How can it be," say they, "that such a thing,
 So full of sweetness, e'er should wear a sting?"
 They know not that it is the very spell
 Of sin, to make men laugh themselves to hell.
 Look to thyself then, deal with sin no more,
 Lest he that saves, against thee shuts the
 door.

BUNYAN.

Our sins, like to our shadows,
 When our day was in its glory, scarce appeared;
 Toward our evening, how great and monstrous!

SUCKLING.

Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains;
 'Tis but what virtue flies from, and disdains.

POPE.

Manlike is it to fall into sin,
 Fiendlike is it to dwell therein,
 Christlike is it for sin to grieve,
 Godlike is it all sin to leave.

From the German of F. VON LOGAU.

Vile man is so perverse,
 It's too rough work for verse
 His badness to rehearse,
 And show his folly;
 He'll die at any rates,
 He God and conscience hates,
 Yet sin he consecrates,
 And calls it holy.

BAXTER.

O sin! what hast thou done on this fair earth?
 The world, O man! is wailing o'er thy birth.

DANA.

But sin hath broke the world's sweet peace—
 unstrung
 The harmonious chords to which the angels
 sung.

DANA.

Sin ever must
 Be tortured with the rack of his own frame;
 For he that holds no faith shall find no trust,
 But, sowing wrong, is sure to reap the same.

DANIEL.

'Tis fearful building upon any sin;
 One mischief entered, brings another in;
 The second pulls a third, the third draws more,
 And they for all the rest set ope the door.

SMITH.

O that I could a sin once see!
 We paint the devil foul; yet he
 Hath some good in him, all agree.
 Sin is flat opposite to the Almighty, seeing
 It wants the good of virtue and of being.

HERBERT.

There dwelleth in the sinlessness of youth
 A sweet rebuke that vice may not endure.

MRS. EMBURY.

He who once sins, like him who slides on ice,
 Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice;
 Though conscience check him, yet, these rubs
 gone o'er,
 He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more.

From the Latin of JUVENAL.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As to be hated needs but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

POPE.

Ah me! from real happiness we stray,
 By vice bewildered; vice which always leads,
 However fair at first, to wilds of woe.

THOMSON.

Ah vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
 While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
 The fascination of thy magic gaze?
 A cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
 And mould to every taste thy dear delusive
 shape.

BYRON.

Not all the heralds raked from coffined clay,
 Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
 Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

BYRON.

Our pleasant vices
 Make instruments to scourge us.

SHAKESPEARE.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures.

COLTON.

If trifling kills,
Sure vice must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! Time destroyed
Is suicide where more than blood is spilt.

YOUNG.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

LONGFELLOW.

[See also THE FALL — TEMPTATION.]

HABIT.

Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive
To strip them off 'tis being flayed alive.

COWPER.

All habits gather by unseen degrees;
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

DRYDEN.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!

SHAKESPEARE.

Habit with him was all the test of truth;
"It must be right; I've done it from my
youth."

CRABBE.

Habitual evils change not on a sudden,
But many days must pass, and many sorrows;
Conscious remorse, and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
Ere virtue can resume the place she lost.

ROWE.

When at first from virtue's path we stray,
How shrinks the feeble heart with sad dismay!
More bold at length, by powerful habit led,
Careless and seared, the dreary wilds we tread;
Behold the gaping gulf of sin with scorn,
And plunging deep, to endless death are borne.

J. SCOTT.

We are not worst at once; the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stop the breach with
clay;
But let the stream grow wider, and Philosophy,
Ay, and Religion too, may strive in vain
To stem the headlong current.

ANONYMOUS.

[See also CUSTOM.]

HAPPINESS.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from Heaven by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due;
Though now but writ, and sealed, and given
anew,

Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happiness below.

POPE.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure, but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; } whom peace,
the fruit

Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.

COWPER.

Return, my senses, range no more abroad,
He only finds his bliss who seeks for God.

PARNELL.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam.

COTTON.

The weak have remedies, the wise have joys;
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.

YOUNG.

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire;
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joy to death.

YOUNG.

Bliss! sublunary bliss! proud words and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of Heaven!
I clasped the phantoms, and I found them air.

YOUNG.

How sad a sight is human happiness
To those whose thoughts can pierce beyond
an hour!

YOUNG.

On piety humanity is built;
And, on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more, on piety itself.

YOUNG.

Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combined,
Can make the happy man, without the mind,
Where judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of reason with unerring gaze;
Where fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes
His fairer scenes and bolder figures rise;
Where social love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand;
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.

THOMSON.

Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attained.

ARMSTRONG.

If happiness has not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

BURNS.

It is ever thus with happiness;
It is the gay to-morrow of the mind,
That never comes.

PROCTOR.

True happiness (if understood)
Consists alone in doing good.

SOMERVILLE.

There comes
Forever something between us and what
We deem our happiness.

BYRON.

The highest hills are miles below the sky,
And so far is the lightest heart below
True happiness.

BAILEY.

How cheap
Is genuine happiness, and yet how dearly
Do we all pay for its base counterfeit!

ANONYMOUS.

Object of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee:
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

TOPLADY.

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
The soil is fruitless if you seek it there:
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.
Sweet plant of Paradise! its seeds are sown
In here and there a breast of heavenly mould:
It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er was known
To blossom here—the climate is too cold.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured, and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish;
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

POLLOCK.

There are in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart.
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

KEBLE.

O Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy
name:

That something still which prompts th' eternal
sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?

POPE.

[See also JOY—PEACE—PLEASURE—PROSPERITY.]

HATRED—MALICE.

It is the wit, the policy of sin,
To hate those men we have abused.

SIR W. DAVENANT.

To thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what
state

I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down.

MILTON.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less that any like did use;

And who with gracious bread the hungry
feeds,

His alma, for want of faith, he doth accuse.

SPENSER.

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That caused emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell.

BYRON.

For it is hard indeed that mere suspicion,
Hating all good and charitable deeds,
Should take from men the glorious names they
win

By constant virtues and a life of toil.

ISAAC C. PRAY.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned.

CONGREVE.

There is no passion
More spectral or fantastical than hate;
Not e'en its opposite, love, so peoples air
With phantoms, as this madness of the heart.

BYRON.

Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains, interposed,
Make enemies of nations which had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.

COWPER.

Is he not sailing
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is
he not guided
By the same stars that guide thee? Why
should'st thou hate then thy brother?
Hateth he thee? forgive! For 'tis sweet to
stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language; on earth it is
called Forgiveness.

From the Swedish of BISHOP TEGNER.

He who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.

GAY.

[See also REVENGE.]

THE HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are driven
ever round;

If they have nothing else to grind, they must
themselves be ground.

From the German of VON LOGAU.

A temple of the Holy Ghost, and yet
Oft lodging fiends; the dwelling place of all
The heavenly virtues—charity, and truth,
Humility, and holiness, and love;
And yet the common haunt of anger, pride,
Hatred, revenge, and passions foul with lust;
Allied to Heaven, yet parleying oft with Hell.

POLLOCK.

Heaven's Sovereign spares all beings but
himself

That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

YOUNG.

My heart being virtuous, let my face be wan;
I am to God, I only *seem* to man.

QUARLES.

Thou too, my heart, whom He, and He alone,
Who all things knows, can know, with love
replete,

Regenerate and pure, pour all thyself,
A living sacrifice before his throne!

SMART.

We, in the dark chamber of the heart,
Sitting alone, see the world tabled to us;
And the world wonders how recluses know
So much, and most of all, how we know them.
It is they who paint themselves upon our
hearts

In their own lights and darkneses, not we.

BAILEY.

All our actions take
Their hues from the complexion of the heart,
As landscapes their variety from light.

BACON.

How idly of the human heart we speak,
Giving it gods of clay.

WILLIS.

The Almighty, from his throne, on earth
surveys

Naught greater than an honest, humble heart;
A humble heart, his residence! pronounced
His second seat, and rival to the skies.

YOUNG.

If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in
vain.

YOUNG.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

BARTON.

The heart unwarmed within,
Prayer is mere babbling, sanctity is sin.

J. SCOTT.

Here is my heart! My God, I give it thee;
I heard thee call and say,
"Not to the world, my child, but unto me,"
I heard, and will obey.

Here is love's offering to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring,
Here is my heart.

From the German of LIEDICH.

In the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating;
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
"Rise, and let me in!"

A. C. COXE.

Consider well, the heart is a deceiver,
Or, paltering with it, in some double sense,
Thou'st shunned, perhaps, the word that
would condemn thee,
E'en while thy will was partner in the crime.

From the German of SCHILLER.

HEAVEN.

Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall join again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze, a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings.
O, that scene is passing fair!
Yet, shouldst thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
"Whom have I in heaven but thee?"

SIR R. GRANT.

High as we may we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirmed by Hope;
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled
sight,
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its
light.

PRIOR.

O for that bright and happy land,
Where, far amid the blest,
"The wicked cease from troubling, and
The weary are at rest!"

Where friends are never parted,
Once met around thy throne;
And none are broken-hearted,
Since all, with Thee, are one!
Yet O, till then, watch o'er us keep
While far from thee away;
And soothe us, Lord, oft as we weep,
And hear us when we pray.

MONSELL.

There I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim,
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

BAXTER.

The ransomed shout to their glorious King
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they
sing;

But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

H. WARE.

Tell me, my sacred soul,
O tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals
given,

Waved their bright wings, and whispered,
"Yea, in heaven."

ANONYMOUS.

No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.
No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts, are there.

ANONYMOUS.

There is perpetual spring, perpetual youth;
No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
Famine, nor age, have any being there.

MASSINGER & DECKER.

If God hath made the world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found?

MONTGOMERY.

Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests and kings and conquerors they,

MONTGOMERY.

Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun,
Of that wondrous world above;
All the clouds and storms are gone,
All is bright, and all is love:
All the shadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect day!

From the German of LANGE.

O! where the living waters flow
Along the radiant shore,
My soul, a wanderer here, shall know
The exile thirst no more!
And borne on eagle wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower,
From every sphere, from every star,
Of glory and of power.

MRS. HEMANS.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told
us,

Than these few words: "I shall be satisfied."

ANONYMOUS.

O! heaven is where no secret dread
May haunt love's meeting hour;
Where from the past no gloom is shed
O'er the heart's chosen bower;
Where every severed wreath is bound,
And none have heard the knell
That smites the soul in that loud sound—
"Farewell, beloved, farewell!"

MRS. HEMANS.

Heaven's the perfection of all that can
Be said or thought—riches, delight, or harmony,
Health, beauty; and all these not subject to
The waste of time, but in their height eternal.

SHIRLEY.

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the
tomb—

It is there, it is there, my child.

MRS. HEMANS.

"Let not your heart be troubled," then He
said:

"My Father's house has mansions large and
fair;

I go before you to prepare your place;

I will return to take you with me there."

And since that hour the awful foe is charmed,

And life and death are glorified and fair:

Whither He went we know—the way we
know,

And with firm step press on to meet him
there.

MRS. STOWE.

There smiles the mother we have wept!
there bloom

Again the buds that sleep within the tomb;

There o'er bright gates, inscribed, "No more
to part,"

Soul springs to soul, and heart unites to
heart.

BULWER.

They stand, those halls of Zion,

Conjubilant with song,

And bright with many an angel,

And many a martyr throng;

The Prince is ever in them,

The light is aye serene,

The pastures of the blessed

Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,

And there, from toil released,

The shout of them that triumph,

The song of them that feast;

And they, beneath their Leader

Who conquered in the fight,

Forever and forever

Are clad in robes of white.

ABBOT OF CLUGNI.

Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
The everlasting smile of day;
Where the choral seraph choir
Strike to praise th' harmonious lyre;
And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lull'd by distant symphonies.

H. K. WHITE.

O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

ANONYMOUS.

Though earth has full many a beautiful
spot,

As a poet or painter might show,

Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and
bright,

To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad
sight,

Is the land that no mortal may know.

O! who but must pine in this dark vale of
tears,

From its clouds and its shadows to go,

To walk in the light of the glory above,

And to share in the peace, and the joy, and
the love

Of the land which no mortal may know!

BARTON.

There the crystalline stream, bursting forth
from the throne,

Flows on, and forever will flow;

Its waves as they roll are with melody
rife,

And its waters are sparkling with beauty and
life,

In the land which no mortal may know.

And there on its margin, with leaves ever
green,

With its fruits healing sickness and woe,

The fair tree of life, in its glory and pride,

Is fed by that deep, inexhaustible tide

Of the land which no mortal may know.

BARTON.

Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all.

MOORE.

O how welcome to the weary,
To the world-worn and oppress'd,
Skies with clouds no longer dreary,
Mansions ready for their rest!

"KNICKERBOCKER."

Here is no bootless quest;
The city's name is Rest;
Here shall no fear appal;
Here love is all in all;

Here shalt thou win thy ardent soul's desire;
Here clothe thee in thy beautiful attire.

Lift, lift thy wondering eyes!
Yonder is Paradise,
And this fair shining band
Are spirits of that land!

And these that throng to meet thee are thy kin,
Who have awaited thee, redeemed from sin!
The city gates unfold; enter, O enter in!

"LONDON MAGAZINE."

There shall the good of earth be found at last,
Where dazzling streams and vernal fields
expand;
Where love her crown attains, her trials past,
And, filled with rapture, hails the "better
land."

W. G. CLARK.

There, no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love;
Heaven's own harvests woo the reaper,
Heaven's own dreams entrance the sleeper,
Not a tear is left the weeper

To profane one flower above.
There no sigh of memory swelleth,
There no tear of misery dwelleth,
Hearts will bleed or break no more;
Past is all the cold world's scorning,
Gone the night and broke the morning,
With seraphic day adorning

Life's glad waves and golden shore.

"LONDON REPOSITORY."

What is the heaven our God bestows?
No prophet yet, no angel knows;
Was never yet created eye
Could see across eternity;
Not seraph's wing for ever soaring
Can pass the flight of souls adoring,
That nearer still and nearer grow
To th' unapproach'd Lord, once made for them
so low.

KEBLE.

There is a world above,
Where sorrow is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

MONTGOMERY.

Look above thee—never eye
Saw such pleasures as await thee;
Thought ne'er reached such scenes of joy
As are there prepared to meet thee;
Light undying, seraphs' lyres,
Angel welcomes, cherub choirs,
Smiling through Heaven's doors to greet thee.

BOWRING.

There no shadow shall bewilder;
There life's vain parade is o'er;
There the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more.
There the bond is never severed;
Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide, all are done.

BONAR.

Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance
'Mid the burst of holy song;
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

BONAR.

In that peace we reap in gladness
What was sown in tearful showers;
There the fruit of all our sadness
Ripens; there the palm is ours;
There our God upon his throne
Is our full reward alone;
They who all for God surrender
Bring their sheaves in heavenly splendor.

From the German of BURDE.

There is a region lovelier far
 Than sages tell, or poets sing,
 Brighter than noonday glories are,
 And softer than the tints of spring.
 It is all holy and serene,
 The land of glory and repose;
 No cloud obscures the radiant scene,
 And not a tear of sorrow flows.

TUCK.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess
 How beautiful that realm must be;
 For gleamings of its loveliness,
 In visions granted, oft we see.

The very clouds that o'er it throw
 Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
 With gold and purple tintings glow,
 Reflected from the glorious light
 Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
 Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
 The mourner feels their breath of balm,
 And soothed sorrow dries the tear.
 And sometimes list'ning ear may gain
 Entrancing sound that hither floats,
 The echo of a distant strain,
 Of harps' and voices' blended notes
 Beyond the river.

"DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE."

HEAVENLY RECOGNITION.

I count the hope no day-dream of the mind,
 No vision fair of transitory hue,
 The souls of those whom once on earth we
 knew,
 And loved, and walked with in communion
 kind,
 Departed hence, again in heaven to find.
 Such hope to nature's sympathies is true;
 And such, we deem, the holy word to view
 Unfolds; an antidote for grief designed,
 One drop from comfort's well.

BISHOP MANT.

Friends, even in heaven, one happiness would
 miss,
 Should they not know each other when in
 bliss.

BISHOP KEN.

O! when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night—
 For all her sorrows, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight?

SOUTHEY.

Pass the few fleeting moments more,
 And death the blessing shall restore,
 Which death hath snatched away;
 For me, thou wilt the summons send,
 And give me back my parted friend
 In that eternal day!

C. WESLEY.

Thy days, my little one, were few:
 An angel's morning visit,
 That came and vanished with the dew,
 'Twas here, 'tis gone, where is it?
 Yet didst thou leave behind thee
 A clue for love to find thee.

MONTGOMERY.

All is not over with earth's broken tie—
 Where, where should sisters love, if not on
 high?

MRS. HEMANS.

My little one, my fair one, thou canst not
 come to me,
 But nearer draws the numbered hour when I
 shall go to thee;
 And thou, perchance, with seraph smile, and
 golden harp in hand,
 May'st come the first to welcome me to our
 Emanuel's land.

R. HUIE.

He lives! In all the past
 He lives; nor, to the last,
 Of seeing him again will I despair;
 In dreams I see him now,
 And on his angel brow
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

PIERPONT.

There is a voice by sorrow heard,
 When heaviest weighs life's galling chain;
 That voice is the Almighty's word—
 "The pure in heart shall meet again."

LEGGOTT.

A treasure but removed,
A bright bird parted for a clearer day,
Yours still in heaven !

ANONYMOUS.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me
there,
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were
given ?

My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in
heaven ?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this,
The wisdom which is love, till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ?

BRYANT.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the further
side ;

The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own
blue ;

He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal
view ;

We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet ;
Her brown curls wave in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;

We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark ;

We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be—

Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

MISS PRIEST.

We may believe
That we shall know each other's forms here-
after ;
And in the bright fields of the better land
Call the lost dead to us.

WILLIS.

God, who did give to love's sweet star
Below, its joyous luster,
Can bid its glories shine afar
Where best affections cluster ;
And I'll believe the bliss whose birth
He spake, so fair and vernal,
Undimmed, unfaded, here on earth,
Like him, will be eternal.

W. B. TAPPAN.

We are scattered ! we are scattered !
Yet may we meet again
In a brighter and a purer sphere,
Beyond the reach of pain !
Where the shadows of this lower world
Can never cloud the eye,
When the mortal hath put brightly on
Its immortality !

W. H. BURLEIGH.

In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete ;
There, there adieus are sounds unknown ;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.

R. TURNBULL.

Blest hour when righteous souls shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more ;
And with celestial welcome greet
On an immortal shore !
Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,
With endless bliss is crowned :
All that was dead revives again,
All that was lost is found.

ANONYMOUS.

Father, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

ANONYMOUS.

Yet shall we meet again in peace,
To sing the song of festal joy,
Where none shall bid our gladness cease,
And none our fellowship destroy.
There hand in hand, firm-linked at last,
And heart to heart enfolded all,
We'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all.

BONAR.

The dear departed that have passed away
 To the still house of death, leaving thine own ;
 The gray-haired sire that died in blessing thee,
 Mother or sweet-lipped babe, or she who gave
 Thy home the light and bloom of Paradise—
 They shall be thine again, when thou shalt pass,
 At God's appointment, through the shadowy
 vale,

To reach the sunlight of th' Immortal hills.

ANONYMOUS.

She may not return, but to her thou shalt go,
 When thy days are all numbered and finished
 below ;

And it may to thy angel child be given,
 First to meet, and to welcome her mother to
 heaven ;

And there, reunited to part never more,
 One song shall ye sing, and one Saviour adore.

MRS. C. L. RICE.

[See also HEAVEN.]

HELL—PUNISHMENT.

A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
 As one great furnace flamed ; yet from those
 flames

No light ; but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell ; hope never comes,
 That comes to all ; but torture without end.
 Such place eternal justice had prepared
 For those rebellious ; here their prison ordained
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far removed from God and light of heaven,
 As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.

MILTON.

Horror and doubt distract
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom
 stir

The hell within him ; for within him hell
 He brings, and round about him, nor from
 hell

One step, no more than from himself, can fly
 By change of place.

MILTON.

Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

MILTON.

Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
 But in my heart her several torments dwell.

SHAKESPEARE.

There is a place, deep, wondrous deep below,
 Which genuine night and horror does o'erflow ;
 No bound controls the unwearied space but
 hell,

Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
 Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
 Strikes through the solid darkness of the place ;
 No dawning morn does her kind red display ;
 One slight weak beam would here be thought
 the day ;

No gentle stars, with their fair gems of light
 Offend the tyrannous and unquestioned night.

COWLEY.

The keen vibration of bright truth is hell ;
 Just definition ! though by schools untaught.

YOUNG.

"Would'st know," he said, "why Pain, and
 Fear, and Night,
 With dark and desolate pinions o'er him
 sweep ?

Learn thou that sin clouds heaven from human
 sight,

He sowed as he doth reap !

T. L. HARRIS.

Wide was the place,
 And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.
 Beneath, I saw a lake of burning fire,
 With tempest tossed perpetually, and still
 The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks
 Of dark damnation broke, and music made
 Of melancholy sort.

Through all that dungeon of unfading fire,
 I saw most miserable beings walk,
 Burning continually, yet unconsumed ;
 For ever wasting, yet enduring still ;
 Dying perpetually, yet never dead.

POLLOK.

A black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires;
A lightless sulphur, choked with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness.

FORD.

'Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not!'
These are the words to which the harps of grief
Are strung, and to the chorus of the damned
The rocks of hell repeat them evermore;
Loud echoed through the caverns of despair,
And poured in thunder on the ear of woe.

POLLOK.

A groan returned! the righteous heard the
groan;
As if all misery, all sorrow, grief,
All pain, all anguish, all despair, which all
Have suffered, or shall feel, from first to last,
Eternity had gathered to one pang,
And issued in one groan of boundless woe!

POLLOK.

Lucifer.—Behold my world! man never knows
How near it comes to him; but swathed in
clouds,
As though in plumed and pallèd state, it
steals
Hearse-like and thief-like round the universe,
Forever rolling and returning not,
Robbing all worlds of many an angel-soul;
With its light hidden in its breast, which
burns
With all concentrate and superfluent woe.
Be sure that this is hell!

BAILEY.

Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain,
Are now and here.
Back to thyself is measured well
All thou hast given;
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,
His bliss thy heaven.

WHITTIER.

And o'er his half crazed fancy came
A vision of the eternal flame,
Its smoking cloud of agonies,
Its demon-worm that never dies,
The everlasting rise and fall
Of fire-waves round the infernal wall.

WHITTIER.

The sinner's doom, the sinner's doom,
How dark the agony
That haunts transgression to the tomb,
Then preys on endlessness to come,
Whose worm may never die.

ANONYMOUS.

I'll tell thee what is hell—thy memory
Still mountained up with records of the past,
Heap over heap, all accents and all forms,
Telling the tale of joy, and innocence,
And hope, and peace, and love; recording, too,
With stern fidelity, the thousand wrongs
Worked upon weakness and defenselessness;
The blest occasions trifled o'er or spurned;
All that hath been that ought not to have been,
That might have been so different, that now
Cannot but be irrevocably past!

STARKEY.

[See also JUDGMENT-DAY.]

HEROISM—(See COURAGE.)

HOLY SPIRIT.

The Holy Spirit thou hast given,
The wondrous pledge of love divine,
Who fills our hearts with joys of heaven,
And bids us earthly toys resign;
O! let his seal be on my heart,
O! take him never more away,
Until this fleshly house decay,
And thou shalt bid me hence depart.
From the German of FREELINGHAUSEN.

O Holy Ghost! thou fire divine!
From highest heaven on us down shine;
Comforter, be thy comfort mine!

KING ROBERT of France, A. D. 1000.

He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love, upon their hearts shall
write,
To guide them in all truth.

MILTON.

O that the Comforter would come,
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast;
 And make my soul his loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God!

C. WESLEY.

About Him, wingèd blessings stand
 In act to move.
 A little while, and they shall fleet
 From heaven to earth, attendants meet
 On the life-giving Paraclete,
 Speeding his flight
 With all that sacred is, and sweet,
 On saints to light.

KEBLE.

Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord,
 Be all thy graces now outpoured
 On the believers' mind and soul,
 And touch their hearts with living coal.
 Thy light this day shone forth so clear,
 All tongues and nations gathered near
 To learn that faith, for which we bring
 Glad praise to thee, and loudly sing
 Halleluiah, Halleluiah.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.

Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame
 Through cloud and breeze unwavering came,
 And darted to its place of rest
 On some meek brow of Jesus blest.
 Nor fades it yet, that living gleam,
 And still those lambent lightnings stream;
 Where'er the Lord is, there are they;
 In every heart that gives them room,
 They light his altar every day,
 Zeal to inflame, and vice consume.

KEBLE.

Holy Spirit! Fount of blessing,
 Ever watchful, ever kind!
 Thy celestial aid possessing,
 Prisoned souls deliverance find.
 Seal of truth, and bond of union,
 Source of light, and flame of love,
 Symbol of divine communion,
 In the olive-bearing dove!

ANONYMOUS.

One the dread rushing Wind,
 But many were the tones of praise,
 Love guiding each to find
 His way in music's awful maze.
 Many the tongues, the theme was one,
 The glory of th' incarnate Son,
 How he was born, how died, how reigns in
 heaven,
 And how his Spirit now to his new-born is
 given.

KEBLE.

O the outward hath gone! but in glory and
 power,
 The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
 Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
 On the heart's secret altar is burning the
 same!

WHITTIER.

Spirit of might and sweetness too!
 Now leading on the wars of God,
 Now to green isles of shade and dew
 Turning the waste thy people trod;
 Draw, Holy Ghost, thy seven-fold vail
 Between us and the fires of youth;
 Breathe, Holy Ghost, thy freshening gale,
 Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

KEBLE.

Come, Holy Ghost, in love
 Shed on us from above
 Thine own bright ray!
 Divinely good thou art;
 Thy sacred gifts impart,
 To gladden each sad heart;
 O come to-day!

Translated from the Latin by PALMER.

The Spirit of God
 From heaven descending, dwells in domes of
 clay;
 In mode far passing human thought, he
 guides,
 Impels, instructs; intense pursuit of good,
 And cautious flight of evil he suggests,
 But in such gentle murmurs, that to know
 His heavenly voice, we must have done his
 will.

JOHN HEY.

Come to Thy temple here on earth ;
 Be thou my spirit's guest,
 Who givest us of mortal birth
 A second birth more blest ;
 Spirit beloved, thou mighty Lord,
 Who with the Father and the Son
 Reignest upon an equal throne
 Art equally adored !

From the German of GERHARDT.

Thou art the Spirit of all joy,
 Sadness thou lovest not ;
 Thy comfort beaming from on high,
 Lights up the darkest lot.
 Ah yes, how many a time of old
 Thy voice hath rapt my soul away,
 To yon bright halls of endless day,
 And oped the gates of gold !

From the German of GERHARDT.

HOME.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
 Of Paradise, that hast survived the fall.

COWPER.

And as a hare, whom hounds and horns
 pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return, and die at home at last.

GOLDSMITH.

Dear heart ! the legend is not vain
 Which lights that holy hearth again ;
 And, calling back from care and pain
 And death's funereal sadness,
 Draws round its own familiar blaze
 The clustering groups of happier days,
 And lends to sober manhood's gaze
 A glimpse of childish gladness.

WHITTIER.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort ;
 Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful
 faces,

Waiting, watching
 For a well-known footstep in the passage.

LONGFELLOW.

Touch us gently, Time,
 Let us glide adown thy stream
 Gently—as we sometimes glide
 Through a quiet dream.
 Humble voyagers are we,
 Husband, wife, and children three ;
 (One is lost—an angel, fled
 To the azure overhead.)

PROCTOR.

Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam ;
 True to the kindred points of heaven and
 home.

WORDSWORTH.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health.
 Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.

YOUNG.

One small spot
 Where ~~my~~ tired mind may rest, and call it
 Home.

There is a magic in that little word !
 It is a mystic circle that surrounds
 Comforts and virtues never known beyond
 The hallowed limit.

SOUTHEY.

The world has nothing to bestow ;
 From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home.

COTTON.

Sweet is the smile of home ; the mutual look
 Where hearts are of each other sure ;
 Sweet all the joys that crowd the household
 nook,

The haunt of all affections pure ;
 Yet in the world even these abide, and we
 Above the world our calling boast ;
 Once gain the mountain top, and thou art free ;
 Till then, who rest, presume : who turn to
 look, are lost.

KEBLE.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
 In whose scenes appear two actors only,
 Wife and husband,
 And above them God the sole spectator.

LONGFELLOW.

With secret course, which no loud storms
 annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

GOLDSMITH.

O! sweet as vernal dews, that fill
 The closing buds on Zion's hill,
 When evening clouds draw thither—
 So sweet, so heavenly, 'tis to see
 The members of one family
 Live peacefully together!

KNOX.

Where burns the fireside brightest,
 Cheering the social breast?
 Where beats the fond heart lightest,
 Its humble hopes possessed?
 Where is the hour of sadness,
 With meek-eyed patience borne,
 Worth more than those of gladness,
 Which mirth's gay cheeks adorn?
 Pleasure is marked by fleetness,
 To those who ever roam;
 While grief itself has sweetness,
 At home—sweet home!

BARTON.

Home of our childhood! how affection clings
 And hovers round thee with her seraph
 wings!
 Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn
 brown,
 Than fairest summits which the cedars crown!
 Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze,
 Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!
 The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's
 sigh,
 For the heart's temple is its own blue sky!

HOLMES.

O happy home! O bright and cheerful hearth!
 Look round with me, my lover, friend, and
 wife,
 On these fair faces we have lit with life,
 And in the perfect blessing of their birth,
 Help me to live our thanks for so much
 heaven on earth.

TUPPER.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
 And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
 But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
 Then look for the light of home;
 And there, like a star through the midnight
 cloud,
 Thou shalt see the beacon bright;
 For never, till shining on thy shroud,
 Can be quenched its holy light.

MRS. HALE.

Home is the sphere of harmony and peace,
 The spot where angels find a resting-place,
 When, bearing blessings, they descend to earth.

MRS. HALE.

The angry word suppressed, the taunting
 thought,
 Subduing and subdued, the petty strife,
 Which clouds the color of domestic life;
 The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
 From the large aggregate of little things:
 On these small cares of daughter, wife, or
 friend,
 The almost sacred joys of home depend.

HANNAH MORE.

Home is the resort
 Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polished friends
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.

THOMSON.

Domestic happiness,
 Thou art the nurse of virtue; in thine arms
 She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
 Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.

COWPER.

[See also FATHER, etc.—FAMILY DEVOTION.]

HONESTY.

There is no terror in your threats,
 For I am armed so strong in honesty,
 That they pass by me as the idle winds,
 Which I respect not.

SHAKESPEARE.

Lands mortgaged may return, and more
 esteemed,
 But honesty, once pawned, is ne'er redeemed.

MIDDLETON.

His nature is too noble for the world;
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
 Or Jove for his power to thunder. His
 heart's his mouth;
 What his breast forges, that his tongue must
 vent.

SHAKESPEARE.

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod ;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
POPE.

An honest man is still an unmoved rock,
Washed whiter, but not shaken with the
shock ;
Whose heart conceives no sinister device ;
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on
ice.

DAVENPORT.

Honesty, even by itself, though making many
adversaries
Whom prudence might have set aside, or
charity have softened,
Evermore will prosper at the last, and gain a
man great honor.

TUPPER.

Formed on the good old plan,
A true, and brave, and downright honest man !
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the Church, with hypocritic face,
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace ;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will,
What others talked of, while their hands were
still.

WHITTIER.

HONOR.

The highest honors that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire ;
Its brightest beams of glory are at most
But dying sparkles of the living fire ;
The proudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms if compared with
Thee.

QUARLES.

Too much honor—
O 'tis a burden, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
SHAKESPEARE.

Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
Hunt after honor and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death,
With so great labor and long-lasting pain,
As if his days forever should remain ?
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth, as a vapor, vanish and decay.

SPENNER.

The painful warrior famosed for worth,
After a thousand victories, once foiled
Is from the book of honor ras'd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
SHAKESPEARE.

Vain Honor ! thou art but disguise,
A cheating voice, a juggling art ;
No judge of virtue, whose pure eyes
Court her own image in the heart,
More pleased with her true figure there,
Than her false echo in the ear.

CAREW.

Honor and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
POPE.

Honor is
Virtue's allowed ascent ; honor that clasps
All perfect justice in her arms ; that craves
No more respect than what she gives ; that
does
Nothing but what she'll suffer.

MASSINGER.

Honor's a sacred tie—the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguished perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it
meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.

ADDISON.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting
Is the honor of mankind !
Yesterday, the hero hoary
Was the theme of every story ;
Now he lies disrobed of glory.

From the German of FRANCE.

How vain are all hereditary honors,
Those poor possessions from another's deeds,
Unless our own just virtues form our title,
And give a sanction to our fond assumptions.

SHIRLEY.

Say, what is honor ? 'Tis the finest sense
Of justice which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offense
Suffered or done.

WORDSWORTH.

Honor's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws on raw and inexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

ADDISON.

What is honor? a silly, vain opinion,
That hangs but on the rabble's idle breath.

MARTYN.

A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,
'Tis but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life which leads
To want and shame.

From the Spanish of MANRIQUE.

[See also FAME—GLORY.]

HOPE.

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears; and transport has her
death;

Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenest;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.

YOUNG.

Hope, eager hope, the assassin of our joy;
All present blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.
With no past toils content, still planning
new,

Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.

YOUNG.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's
wings.

SHAKESPEARE.

The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope.

SHAKESPEARE.

When once the mainspring, hope, is fallen
into

Disorder, no wonder if the lesser wheels,
Desire and joy, stand still.

SUCKLING.

Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
On steady wings sails through the immense
abyss,

Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner
here,

With wreaths like those triumphant spirits
wear.

COWPER.

Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast;
Hope! nothing else can nourish and secure
His new-born virtues, and preserve him pure.

COWPER.

Hope! fortune's cheating lottery!
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there
be.

COWLEY.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.

POPE.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer
bower;

There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits
bring!

What viewless forms the Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious
thought away!

CAMPBELL.

Reflected on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow;
So tranquil in the heavens above,
So restless in the wave below.
Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

HERBER.

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
O! then thy kingdom comes! Immortal
power!

What though each spark of earth-born rapture
fly

The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day;
Then, then the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within.

CAMPBELL.

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of
Time,

Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.
When all the sister planets have decayed,
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world
below;

Thou, undismayed, shalt on the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

CAMPBELL.

Without a hope is no activity,
No motive that exalts to bettering,
No life. There is no other breeze to fling
One ripple over being's stagnant sea!
If life be precious, then should hope too be!

TOWNSHEND.

O! what were life,
Even in the warm and summer light of joy,
Without those hopes that, like refreshing
gales

At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul,
Breathed from the ocean of eternity!
And O! without them, who could bear the
storms

That fall in roaring blackness o'er the waters
Of agitated life.

WILSON.

She lights our gloom, she soothes our care,
She bids our fears depart;
Transmutes to gems each grief-fraught tear,
And binds the broken heart!
She glances o'er us from above,
The brightest star that's given,
And guides us still, through faith and love,
To endless peace in heaven.

ANNA P. DINNIES.

Strange how much darkness melts before a
ray;

How deep a gloom one beam of hope enlightens!

DAWES.

The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
Within man's heart remain.
The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps toward some happy goal,
The story of Hope's song.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Hope smiles on the boy from the hour of his
birth,

To the youth it gives bliss without limit;
It gleams for old age as a star on earth,
And the darkness of death cannot dim it.
Its rays will gild even fathomless gloom,
When the pilgrim of life lies down in the tomb.

From the German of SCHILLER.

By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears;
And Hope, like the rainbow, a being of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

T. K. HERVEY.

Hope rules a land forever green;
All powers that serve the bright-eyed queen
Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear;
Points she to aught? the bliss draws near,
And fancy smooths the way.

WORDSWORTH.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from
fears.

WALTER SCOTT.

But Hope that glorious door
Passed not: it was not hers to dwell
Where pure desires to full fruition swell—
Her ministry was o'er;
To cheer earth's pilgrim toward the sky,
To cleanse the tear-drop from his eye,
Was hers—then to immortal Joy
Resign her brief employ,
Break her sweet harp and die.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter, of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Hath left his hope with all.

WHITTIER.

What though Death at times steps in,
And calls our best away?
What though Sorrow seems to win,
O'er Hope, a heavy away?
Yet Hope again elastic springs
Unconquered, though she fell;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.
Manfully, fearlessly, the day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously, can courage quell
despair.

MISS BRONTE.

The only star that never sets,
Though all its sister fires may fly—
The only flower that never droops,
Though all its fair companions die—
Is fadeless hope.

MRS. C. L. RICE.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life but
to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of
the Saviour.

LONGFELLOW.

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

WHITTIER.

HUMILITY.

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapor of my glory smothered.

SHAKESPEARE.

My mansion, bright humility,
Heaven's vastest capability;
The further it doth downward tend,
The higher up it doth ascend;
If it go down to utmost naught,
It shall return with that it sought.

HENRY MORE.

He that is down need fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

BUNYAN.

Heaven-gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees.

WEBSTER.

Be wise;
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.

MASSINGER.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of Humility.

MONTGOMERY.

Humility is eldest-born of virtue,
And claims the birthright at the throne of
heaven.

MURPHY.

As silvery clouds, at eventide,
Float on the balmy gale,
Nor seem to heed the stars they hide
Behind their fleecy veil;
So lowly sense of highest worth
Fresh graces o'er him threw;
For he unconscious lived on earth,
Of all the praise he drew!

BRYDGES.

Humility, that low sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

MOORE.

God many a spiritual house has reared, but
never one
Where lowliness was not laid first, the corner-
stone.

TRENCH.

Soul! fear not lest the harmony
Of spheres all tuneful at one time,
Great Nature's myriad-voiced chime,
For thy weak voice too strong may be.
The Lord still listens for thy part!
Each echo from a lonely heart,
Upbearth heavenward, ere it dieth,
The humblest voice, "My God!" that crieth.

From the French of LAMARTINE.

Lowliness is the base of every virtue;
And he who goes the lowest builds the safest.

BAILEY.

Humble we must be, if to heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low.

HERRICK.

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.

WORDSWORTH.

Clothed in humility, she hears her praise,
And passes on with calm benignity;
Appearing not a thing of earth, but come
From heaven, to show mankind a miracle.

From the Italian of DANTE.

Keen are the pangs
Advancement often brings. To be secure,
Be humble. To be happy, be content.

JAMES HURDIS.

HUSBAND—(See MARRIAGE.)

HYPOCRISY.

And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

SHAKESPEARE.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.

SHAKESPEARE.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

SHAKESPEARE.

Thereto when needed, she could weep and pray,
And when she listed she could fawn and flatter;
Now smiling smoothly, like to summer's day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloak her matter;
Yet were her words but wind, and all her
tears but water.

SPENSER.

'Tis too much proved, that with devotion's
visage

And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

SHAKESPEARE.

That practiced falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal.

MILTON.

Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone.

MILTON.

How many,
In the devoted temple of their God,
With hypocritic eye, from which the tear
Of penitential anguish seems to flow,
Pour forth their vows, and by affected zeal
Preëminent devotion boast; while vice
Within the guilty breast rankles unseen.

HAYES.

Like the detested tribe
Of ancient Pharisees, beneath the mask
Of clamorous piety, what numbers veil
Contaminated, vicious hearts!

HAYES.

Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet)
May claim this merit still, that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause.

COWPER.

He prayed by quantity,
And with his repetitions long and loud
All knees were weary; with one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.

POLLOCK.

In the grave
The Hypocrite had left his mask, and stood
In naked ugliness. He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
To serve the devil in; in virtue's guise
Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread;
In holy phrase transacted villainies
That common sinners durst not meddle with.

POLLOCK.

On charitable lists—those trumps which told
The public ear who had in secret done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms
They told of, took themselves to keep them
sounding—

He blazed his name, more pleased to have it
there
Than in the book of life.

POLLOCK.

Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which search
and burn

In warning and rebuke.

How long, O Lord! how long
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
And in thy name, for robbery and wrong,
At thy own altars pray?

WHITTIER.

If e'er was one whose deeds on earth
Are food for fiendish wit;
Whose deeper baseness stirs the mirth
And loathing of the pit;
The Judas that makes haste to fill
His bag by misery,
And fasts, and prays, and drives the *snail*,
That hypocrite is he!

TAPPAN.

Of, beneath
The saintly veil, the votary of sin
May lurk unseen, and to that eye alone
Which penetrates the inmost heart, revealed.

BALLY.

IDLENESS.

Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To rust in us unused.

SHAKESPEARE.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her weary ways reform thine own.
SMART.

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

COWPER.

Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And withered muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest
To which he forfeits e'en the rest he loves.

COWPER.

Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on the rack; the rack of rest
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.
YOUNG.

Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly the tyrant thought.

YOUNG.

Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Fatal extinction of the enlightened soul!

THOMSON.

Their only labor was to kill the time,
And labor dire it is, and weary woe.

THOMSON.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as when it stands.

COWPER.

Wake ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee
quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer
bless'd.

WILCOX.

By nature's laws, immutable and just,
Enjoyment stops where indolence begins.

POLLOCK.

An empty form
Is the weak virtue, that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amused;
While wickedness and folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world.

THOMSON.

The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed.
Better to sink beneath the shock,
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.

BYRON.

The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tell him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

LOWELL.

Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound for the dark rust
assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

MRS. OSGOOD.

There is no remedy for time misspent;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

[See also INDUSTRY.]

IDOLATRY.

No more at Delos or at Delphi now,
Or e'en at mighty Ammon's Lybian shrine,
The white-robed priests before the altar
bow,

To slay the victim and to pour the wine,
While gifts of kingdoms round each pillar
twine.

Scarce can the classic pilgrim, sweeping
free

From fallen architrave the desert vine,
Trace the dim names of their divinity;
Gods of the ruined temples, where, O where
are ye?

BETHUNE.

Behold,
How like the nightmare's dreams have flown
away
Horrible forms of worship, that of old
Held o'er the shuddering realms unquestioned
away.

BRYANT.

Before the idol-monster was the blood
Of man poured out by man. No mother there
Blessed the fair skies which smiled upon her
babe,

But hastened rather, with unnatural hand,
To crush the unfolding life, and turn aside
The dark inheritance of woe and pain,
Ere yet the unconscious victim owned its
doom.

ALEXANDER.

Portray the mother, wrapped in pagan night,
Who roams where Ganges laves the burning
sod,

And from her breast the sentenced infant tears,
And counts that anguish incense to her
God!

Tint the red flame, and paint the gazing
throng,

Where sultry India rears the funeral pyre;
Plead for the widow ere the thundering gong
Drowns the last wild shriek of her death of
fire.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

On plains beneath the morning star
Lo! Juggernaut's stupendous car;
Darkening the air, its shadow spreads
O'er thrice a hundred thousand heads:
Darkening the soul, it strikes a gloom
Dense as the night beyond the tomb.
Full in mid-heaven, when mortal eye
Up this huge fabric climbs the sky,
The idol scowls, in dragon pride
Like Satan's conscience deified.

MONTGOMERY.

The idols of the Orient bow
Abashed to a superior power;
And weeds offend the pilgrim now,
Where flaunted priest and glittered tower.
They come! they come! from silent shrines
Of Gunga, and the blue Selwin:
Though dumb, to us convincing signs
Of rising truth and falling sin.

TAPPAN.

May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and worshipping before him,
 Serve the living God alone;
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

T. COTTERILL.

Whatever passes as a cloud between
 The mental eye of faith, and things unseen,
 Causing the brighter world to disappear,
 Or seem less lovely, and its hopes less dear;
 This is our world, our idol, though it bear
 Affection's impress, or devotion's air!

ANONYMOUS.

If when the Lord of glory was in sight,
 Thou turn thy back upon that fountain
 clear,
 To bow before the "little drop of light"
 Which dim-eyed men call praise and glory
 here,
 What dost thou but adore the sun, and scorn
 Him at whose only word both sun and stars
 were born?

KEBLE.

Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
 All things for thee we count but loss;
 Lo! at thy word our idol dies!
 Dies on the altar of thy cross.

C. WESLEY.

Hear, Father! hear and aid!
 If I have loved too well, if I have shed,
 In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head
 Gifts, on thy shrine, my God, more fitly laid;
 If I have sought to live
 But in one light, and made a mortal eye
 The lonely star of my idolatry,
 Thou that art love, O! pity and forgive!

MRS. HEMANS.

And still from Him we turn away,
 And fill our hearts with worthless things;
 The fires of avarice melt the clay,
 And forth the idol springs!
 Ambition's flame, and passion's heat,
 By wondrous alchemy transmute
 Earth's dross, to raise some gilded brute
 To fill Jehovah's seat.

J. H. CLINCH.

[See also MISSIONS — SUPERSTITION.]

IMMORTALITY.

Immortal! ages past, yet nothing gone!
 Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
 Unshortened by progression infinite!
 Futurity forever future! life
 Beginning still where computation ends!
 'Tis the description of a Deity!
 'Tis the description of the meanest slave!

YOUNG.

'Tis Immortality deciphers man,
 And opens all the mysteries of his make.
 Without it, half his instincts are a riddle;
 Without it, all his virtues are a dream.

YOUNG.

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule:
 Life's theater as yet is shut, and Death,
 Strong Death alone, can heave the massy bar,
 This gross impediment of clay remove,
 And make us embryos of existence free!

YOUNG.

Who thinks, ere long the *man* shall *wholly* die,
 Is dead already; nought but *brute* survives.

YOUNG.

Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life;
 Or nature there, imposing on her sons,
 Has written fables; man was made a lie.

YOUNG.

Let earth dissolve; yon ponderous orb descend,
 And grind us into dust; the soul is safe!
 The man emerges, mounts above the wreck,
 As towering flame from nature's funeral pyre.

YOUNG.

It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well;
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond
 desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread and inward
 horror
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the
 soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.

ADDISON.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON.

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to
live?

Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No! Heaven's immortal Spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th' eternal year of Love's tri-
umphant reign.

BRATTLE.

See truth, love, and mercy in triumph de-
scending,

And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death, smiles and roses
are blending,

And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

BRATTLE.

'Tis Immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abasement, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.

YOUNG.

Immortality o'ersweeps

All pains, all tears, all time, all fears; and
peals,

Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth: Thou liv'st forever.

ANONYMOUS.

When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

TICKELL.

The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not:
Like stars to their appointed heights they
climb,

And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil.

SHELLEY.

Are there not aspirations in each heart

After a better, brighter world than this?

Longings for beings nobler in each part,
Things more exalted, steeped in deeper
bliss?

Who gave us these? What are they? Soul,
in thee

The bud is budding now for immortality!

NICOLL.

Though the worm shall be

Thy brother in the mystery of death!

And all shall pass, humble, and proud, and gay

Together, to earth's mighty charnel-house,

Yet the immortal is thy heritage!

The grave shall gather thee; yet thou shalt
come,

Beggar or prince, not as thou wentest forth,

In rags or purple, but arrayed as those

Whose mortal puts on immortality.

ANONYMOUS.

O listen, man!

A voice within us speaks the startling word,

"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices

Hymn it around our souls: according harps,

By angel fingers touched when the mild stars

Of morning sang together, sound forth still

The song of our great immortality!

DANA.

When the vast sun shall veil his golden light
Deep in the gloom of everlasting night;

When wild, destructive flames shall wrap the
skies,

When chaos triumphs, and when nature dies,

Man shall alone the wreck of worlds survive;

Midst falling spheres, immortal man shall live.

MISS WILLIAMS.

Press onward through each varying hour;

Let no weak fears thy course delay;

Immortal being! feel thy power,

Pursue thy bright and endless way.

NORTON.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain;

My mind may lose its force, my blood its
fire,

And my frame perish even in conquering pain;

But there is that within me which shall tire

Torture and time, and breathe when I

expire.

BYRON.

Love which proclaims thee human, bids thee
know

A truth more lofty, in thy lowliest hour,
Than shallow glory taught to human power—
"What's human is immortal!"

BULWER.

Mark how yon clouds in darkness ride;
They do not quench the orb they hide;
Still there it wheels, the tempest o'er,
In a bright sky to burn once more;
So, far above the clouds of time,
Faith can behold a world sublime;
There, when the storms of life are past,
The light beyond shall break at last.

SPRAGUE.

Beyond the purple verge of infinite space,
The immortal soul of man shall live again;
Live where its glories never more may wane,
And where its nobler memories will efface
All thoughts which rend the solemn pall away
That shrouds the meanness of its primal clay.

H. B. HIRST.

Rests secure the righteous man;
At his Redeemer's beck
Sure to emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck:
Lo, the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre;
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire.

C. WESLEY.

I am dust of dust!
Dust, yet eternal! for the immortal soul
Thou gav'st me, gav'st thou for eternity;
Breath'dst into her, to form thy image,
Sublime desires for peace and bliss,
A thronging host!

From the German of KLOPSTOCK.

As yonder sun, an exiled king,
Each day his slumbering world retakes,
And from the dark domain of night,
As sure as God his conquest makes;
So the immortal principle,
That fills creation with its breath,
Daily from rudest chaos wrings
Souls which, like ours, can laugh at death.

MRS. J. W. HOWE.

There is no end; ye are, and cannot die!
What shall I measure your far journey by?
Time's head is old, but older ye shall be
Ere ye have tasted immortality;
And ages past, beyond all chronicle,
Are atoms only to what ye must tell.

A. C. COXE.

Death cannot claim the immortal mind.
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
Yet goodness dies not in the dust.

W. G. CLARK.

[See also ETERNITY—MIND—THE SOUL—RES-
URRECTION—MAN.]

INDUSTRY—LABOR.

Now sober Industry, illustrious power!
Hath raised the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of innocence and joy; now, sweating, guides
The shining plowshare, tames the stubborn
soil;
Leads the long drain along the unfertile marsh;
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,
The haunt of flocks; and clothes the barren
heath

With waving harvests and the golden grain.

BRUCE.

Industrious wisdom often does prevent
What lazy folly thinks inevitable.

"OLD PLAY."

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever toil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and
wail,

And curse thy star, and early drudge and
late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

THOMSON.

From labor health, from health contentment
springs.

BEATTIE.

I would not waste my spring of youth
In idle dalliance; I would plant rich seeds
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit
When I am old.

HILLHOUSE.

Remember in that perilous hour
When most afflicted and distressed,
From labor there shall come forth rest.

LONGFELLOW.

Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not; see him sweating o'er his
bread

Before he eats it. 'Tis the primal curse,
But softened into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

COWPER.

What are we sent on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And death's mild curfew shall from work
assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign.

MRS. BROWNING.

Cheerly, on the ax of Labor
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of saber,
Or the gleam of lance!

WHITTIER.

Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end,
A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace.

WHITTIER.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!

LOWELL.

Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.

LOWELL.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world syrens that lure us to ill.
Work, and pure slumber shall wait on thy pil-
low;
Work, thou shalt ride over care's coming bil-
low;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping
willow!

Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

MRS. OSGOOD.

Lord, thou hast bid us labor,
Bid us toil;
And take up with our might and bear away
The load that thou dost give from day to day.
The slothful idler is to thee
Hateful to see!
Doth himself spoil,
And loads his neighbor.

ANONYMOUS.

Diverse though our path in life may be,
Each is sent some mission to fulfill;
Fellow-workers in the world are we,
While we seek to do our Master's will.
But our doom is labor, while the day
Points us to our task with blessed ray,
For the night cometh!

MRS. EMBURY.

Toil and struggle therefore, work and weep;
In God's acre ye shall calmly sleep
When the night cometh!

MRS. EMBURY.

"Go till the ground," said God to man,
"Subdue the earth, it shall be thine;"
How grand, how glorious was the plan!
How wise the law divine!
And none of Adam's race can draw
A title, save beneath this law,
To hold the world in trust.
Earth is the Lord's, and he hath sworn,
That ere old time has reached his bourne,
It shall reward the just!

MRS. HALE.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
 "Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing.
 Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great
 heart.

MRS. OSGOOD.

Ho, all who labor, all who strive!
 Ye wield a lofty power;
 Do with your might, do with your strength,
 Fill every golden hour!
 The glorious privilege to do
 Is man's most noble dower.
 O, to your birthright and yourselves,
 To your own souls be true!
 A weary, wretched life is theirs
 Who have no work to do.

C. F. ORNE.

[See also WORKS — INFLUENCE.]

INFLUENCE — PERSONAL EFFORT.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
 And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
 But for a thousand years
 Their fruit appears,
 In weeds that mar the land,
 Or healthful store.

"LYRA INNOCENTIUM."

Scorn not one drop; of drops the shower
 Is made, of showers the waterfall;
 Of children's souls the power
 Doomed to be queen o'er all.

"LYRA INNOCENTIUM."

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
 Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
 Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
 O, for their sakes, press thou on!

JOHNSON.

Such souls,
 Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
 Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
 A voice that in the distance far away
 Wakens the slumbering ages.

TAYLOR.

All may save self; but minds that heaven-
 ward tower

Aim at a wider power,
 Gifts on the world to shower.

And this is not at once; by fastings gained,
 And trials well sustained,
 By pureness, righteous deeds, and toils of love,
 Abidance in the truth, and zeal for God above.

"LYRA APOSTOLICA."

Talk not of talents; what hast thou to do?
 Thy duty, be thy portion five or two.
 Talk not of talents; is thy duty done?
 Thou' hadst sufficient, were they ten or one.

MONTGOMERY.

We call him blessed whom the Lord hath blest
 And made a blessing; long to shed
 Light on the living, from his rest,
 And hope around the dead.

MONTGOMERY.

Poor indeed thou must be if around thee
 Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
 If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
 To some little world through weal and woe;
 If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten;
 No fond voices answer to thine own;
 If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
 By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

HARRIET W. LIST.

I will hope, and work, and love,
 Singing to the hours,
 While the stars are bright above,
 And below, the flowers.

ANONYMOUS.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming;
 Let us aid it all we can,
 Every woman, every man,
 The good time coming.
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger;
 'Twill be strong enough one day;
 Wait a little longer.

MACKEY.

Nor knowest thou what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent;
 All are needed by each one,
 Nothing is fair or good alone.

R. W. EMERSON.

There be those who sow beside
The waters—that in silence glide,
Trusting no echo will declare
Whose footsteps ever wandered there.
Yet think not that the seed is dead
Which in the lonely place is spread;
It lives, it lives; the spring is nigh,
And soon its life shall testify.

BARTON.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves;
Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done!

WHITTIER.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

WHITTIER.

Faint not; 'tis much only to sow good,
'Tis much to sow that which another reapeth.

ANONYMOUS.

Sow on in faith!
Sow the good seed! another after thee
Shall reap. Hast thou not garnered many
fruits
Of others' sowing, whom thou knowest not?
Canst tell how many struggles, sufferings,
tears,
All unrecorded, unremembered all,
Have gone to build up what thou hast of
good?

"FRAZER'S MAGAZINE."

Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have
thought,
They go out from us thronging every hour;
And in them all is folded up a power
That on the earth doth move them to and fro;
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought,
In hearts we know not, and may never know.

FARRER.

So works the man of just renown
On men, when centuries have flown;
For what a good man would attain,
The narrow bounds of life restrain;
And this the balm that genius gives—
Man dies, but after death he lives.

From the German of GOETHE.

O be not faithless! with the morn
Scatter abroad thy grain;
At noon-tide faint not thou, forlorn;
At evening sow again!
Blessed are they, whate'er betide,
Who thus "all waters sow beside!"

BARTON.

If in some fair and jeweled crown
That to the blest redeemed is given,
Are stars that cast their brightness down,
Loveliest among the gems of heaven,
It is the diadem he wears,
Who woke and watched for souls below,
Striving to save, by tears and prayers,
Immortals from immortal woe.

TAPPAN.

We sing too much poetic woes;
Let us be doing while we can;
Blessed the Christian man
Who on life's shore seeks those
Dying of soul decay.

MISS MULOCH.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

MACKAY.

Our moral life, our influence is not gone,
When the material bonds around us break;
In other minds our spirit still lives on;
Though dead we speak.

ANONYMOUS.

Such let my life be here;
 Not marked by noise, but by success
 alone;
 Not known by bustle, but by useful deeds,
 Quiet and gentle, clear and fair as light;
 Yet full of its all-penetrating power,
 Its silent but resistless influence;
 Wasting no needless sound, yet ever working,
 Hour after hour, upon a needy world.

BONAR.

The smallest bark, on life's tumultuous ocean,
 Will leave a track behind for evermore;
 The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
 Extends and widens to the eternal shore;
 We should be wary, then, who go before
 A myriad yet to be; and we should take
 Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar,
 And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
 May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in
 our wake.

MRS. BOLTON.

[See also EXAMPLE — WORKS — INDUSTRY.]

INGRATITUDE.

If there be a crime
 Of deeper die than all the guilty train
 Of human vices, 'tis ingratitude.

BROOKE.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
 More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a
 child,
 Than the sea-monster!

SHAKESPEARE.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child!

SHAKESPEARE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

SHAKESPEARE.

A thankful heart hath earned one favor twice,
 But he that is ungrateful wants no vice.

QUARLES.

Man, O most ungrateful man, can ever
 Enjoy Thy gift, but never mind the Giver;
 And like the swine, though pampered with
 enough,
 His eyes are never higher than the trough.

QUARLES.

Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty
 heart.

SHAKESPEARE.

He that's ungrateful has no guilt but one;
 All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

YOUNG.

Ingratitude is treason to mankind.

THOMSON.

Will ye not take the blessings given,
 The priceless boon of ruddy health,
 The sleep unbroken, peace untriven,
 The cup of joy, the mine of wealth—
 Will ye not take them all, and yet
 Walk from the cradle to the grave,
 Enjoying, boasting, and forget
 To thank the gracious God who gave?

ELIZA COOK.

Ten cleansed, and only one remain!
 Who would have thought our nature's stain
 Was dyed so foul, so deep in grain?

Even He who reads the heart,
 Knows what he gave, and what we lost,
 Sin's forfeit, and redemption's cost,
 By a short pang of wonder crossed,
 Seems at the sight to start.

KEBLE.

Brutes leave ingratitude to man.

COTTON.

Let past ingratitude
 Provoke our weeping eyes;
 And hourly as new mercies fall,
 Let hourly thanks arise.

WATTS.

[See also GRATITUDE.]

INNOCENCE—PURITY.

Pure Innocence hath never practiced how
To cloak offenses.

SHAKESPEARE.

The silence often of pure Innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

SHAKESPEARE.

Innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.

SHAKESPEARE.

How the innocent,
As in a gentle slumber, pass away!

MASSINGER.

So prayed they, innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recovered soon and wonted calm.

MILTON.

Against the head which innocence secures,
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain;
Turned backward by the powerful breath of
Heaven.

DR. JOHNSON.

The bloom of opening flowers' unsullied beauty,
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
And looks like nature in the world's first
spring.

ROWE.

When I beheld mild slumbering Innocence,
And on that young maternal brow the glow
Of those affections which do purify
And renovate the soul, I turned me back
In gladness, and with added strength, to run
My thorn-clad race, lifting a thankful prayer
To Him who showed me what there was of
heaven

Here on the earth, that I might safer walk,
And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
From earth to heaven.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Innocent child and snow-white flower!
Well are ye paired in your opening hour;
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

BRYANT.

She grew a sweet and sinless child,
In sun and shadow, calm and strife;
A rainbow on the dark of life,
From love's own radiant heaven down smiled!

MASSEY.

For 'tis a sight that angel ones above
May stoop to gaze on from their bowers of
bliss,
When Innocence upon the breast of Love
Is cradled, in a sinful world like this.

MRS. WELBY.

The angels watch the good and innocent,
And where they gaze it must be glorious.

MRS. HALE.

From purity of thought all pleasure springs,
And from an humble spirit all our peace.

YOUNG.

Be purity of life the test;
Leave to the heart, to Heaven, the rest.

SPRAGUE.

Cast my heart's gold into the furnace flame,
And if it come not thence refined and pure,
I'll be a bankrupt to thy hope, and heaven
Shall shut its gates on me.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Blest are the pure in heart. Would'st thou be
blest?

He'll cleanse thy spotted soul. Would'st thou
find rest?

Around thy toils and cares he'll breathe a calm,
And to thy wounded spirit lay a balm;
From fear draw love! and teach thee where to
seek

Lost strength and grandeur, with the bowed
and meek.

DANA.

Beautiful thing! thou art come in love,
With gentle gales from the world above,
Breathing of pureness, breathing of bliss,
Bearing our spirits away from this,
To the better thoughts, to the brighter skies,
Where heaven's eternal sunshine lies;
Winning our hearts by a blessed gulle,
With that infant look and angel smile.

BISHOP DOANE.

The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

WHITTIER.

[See also EXCELLENCE — GOODNESS.]

INSTRUCTION — (See EDUCATION.)

INTEMPERANCE — (See TEMPERANCE.)

INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

He lives, the great Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
Hence then, ye black, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

MRS. STREELE.

O Thou, the contrite sinners' friend!
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me.

ANONYMOUS.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

BAKEWELL.

O Saviour! take our sins away;
Before thou as our Judge appear,
In dreadful majesty severe,
Appear our Advocate with God,
And save the purchase of thy blood.

C. WESLEY.

Nor prayer is made by man alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

MONTGOMERY.

Teacher of teachers! Priest of priests! from
thee

The sweet, strong prayer
Must rise, to free

First Levi, then all Israel, from the snare.
Thou art our Moses out of sight,
Speak for us, or we perish quite.

KEELE.

On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

COTTERILL.

"To Thy pardoning grace receive them,"
Once He prayed upon the tree;
Still his blood cries out, "Forgive them;
All their sins were laid on me."
Still our Advocate in heaven
Prays the prayer on earth begun—
"Father, show their sins forgiven;
Father, glorify thy Son!"

C. WESLEY.

When, blind with sin, my Father's will
I reckless disobeyed,
One pitying Friend bore with me still,
And, interceding, prayed.

WARD.

Yes, for me He standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

BONAR.

Who shall condemn us now?
Since Christ has died, and risen, and gone
above,
For us to plead at the right hand of love,
Who shall condemn us now?

BONAR.

JEALOUSY.

As Envy pines at good possessed,
So Jealousy looks forth distressed
On good that seems approaching;
And, if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

COWPER.

Foul jealousy! that turnest love divine
To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine.

SPENSER.

O beware of jealousy!
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

SHAKESPEARE.

Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

SHAKESPEARE.

Mix jealousy with marriage, it poisons virtue.

DAVENPORT.

All other passions have their hour of thinking,
And hear the voice of reason. This alone
Breaks at the first suspicion into phrensy,
And sweeps the soul in tempests.

FRANCIS.

O jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship,
Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms!
How does thy rancor poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness!

ROWE.

O Jealousy! thou merciless destroyer,
More cruel than the grave! what ravages
Does thy wild war make in the noblest
bosoms!

MALLET.

It is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of
naught
To conjure much; and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has formed.

YOUNG.

All jealousy
Must still be strangled in its birth; or time
Will soon conspire to make it strong enough
To overcome the truth.

DAVENANT.

Jealousy's a seed
Sown but in vicious minds; prone to distrust,
Because apt to deceive.

ANONYMOUS.

JERUSALEM—THE JEWS.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed queen, forgotten Zion, mourn!
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy
viewed?

Where now thy might, which all those kings
subdued?

No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force, and meager Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear;
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dark wing beneath the ivy shade.

HEBER.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their
Lord,

Loved for thy mercies, for thy power adored!
If at thy name the waves forgot their force,
And reflux Jordan sought his trembling
source;

If at thy name like sheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bowed his marble head;
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth thy long-neglected vine!

HEBER.

They, and they only, among all mankind,
Received the transcript of the Eternal Mind;
Were trusted with his own engraven laws,
And constituted guardians of his cause;
Theirs were the prophets, theirs the priestly
call,
And theirs, by birth, the Saviour of us all.

COWPER.

Lost Salem of the Jews—great sepulcher
Of all profane and of all holy things—
Where Jew, and Turk, and Gentile yet concur
To make thee what thou art! thy history
brings

Thoughts mixed of joy and woe. The whole
earth rings

With the sad truth which He has prophesied,
Who would have sheltered with his holy
wings

Thee and thy children. You his power defied:
You scourged him while he lived, and mocked
him as he died.

BRAINARD.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thy cross thou bearest
now!

An iron yoke is on thy neck, and blood is on
thy brow;

Thy golden crown, the crown of truth, thou
didst reject as dross;

And now thy cross is on thee laid—the cres-
cent is thy cross.

PIERPONT.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall,
O Judah! from thy sight,
And every eye be purged to read
Thy testimonies right;
When thou, with all Messiah's signs
In Christ distinctly seen,
Shall, by Jehovah's nameless name,
Invoke the Nazarene.

CROSWELL.

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on
her feet;

For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath
gone,

And the holy Shekinah is dark where it
shone.

WHITTIER.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze;
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

WALTER SCOTT.

Caught from that blaze of wrath divine,
Lost branches of the once-loved vine,
Now withered, spent, and sere,
See Israel's sons, like glowing brands,
Tost wildly o'er a thousand lands,
For twice a thousand year.

KEBLE.

Thrice happy nation! favorite of Heaven!
Selected from the kingdoms of the earth
To be his chosen race, ordained to spread
His glory through remotest realms, and teach
The Gentile world Jehovah's awful name.

HODSON.

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country; Israel but the grave!

BYRON.

Lo! Judah's courts in sadness mourn, for
Judah's rites are stained;
Her shrines with idol incense burn, her altars
are profaned,
Her temple's pride is cast abroad, her priests
and virgins fled;
And gone the glory of the Lord, that once
was o'er her shed.

TAPPAN.

By whom shall Jacob yet arise?
Even by that Power that wakes the dead;
He whom your fathers did despise,
He who for you on Calvary bled,
On Zion shall his ensign spread;
Captives! by all the world enslaved.
Know your Redeemer, and be saved.

MONTGOMERY.

Holy and beautiful of old,
Was Zion midst her princely bowers;
Besiegers trembled to behold
Bulwarks that set at naught their powers;
Swept from the earth are all her towers;
Nor is there—so was she bereft—
One stone upon another left.

MONTGOMERY.

O! 'tis a land of kings, of poets, seers,
Wise men and holy, priests and prophets sage,
And the best home of heavenly poesy.

A. C. COLE.

From distant lands and nations, where
 The tribes in bondage roam,
 They shall return, forget despair,
 And shout the ransomed home.
 In Zion, on my solemn day,
 With songs shall they adore:
 And tears and sighs will flee away,
 And sorrow be no more.

TAPPAN.

JOY.

Since earthly joy abydis never,
 Work for the joy that lasts forever;
 For other joy is all but vain:
 All earthly joy returns in pain.

WM. DUNBAR, 1479.

Joy, lady, in the spirit and the power
 Which, wedding nature to us, gives in dower
 A new earth and new heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud.
 Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud;
 We in ourselves rejoice!
 And thence flows all that charms our ear or
 sight;

All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colors a suffusion from that light.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
 Like apparitions seen and gone;
 But those which soonest take their flight
 Are the most exquisite and strong;
 Like angels' visits, short and bright,
 Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

NORRIS.

A Deity believed, is joy begun;
 A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
 A Deity beloved, is joy matured.
 Each branch of piety delight inspires.

YOUNG.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.

POPE.

True joy is only hope put out of fear.

LORD BROOKE.

Joy is no earthly flower, nor framed to bear
 In its exotic bloom, life's cold ungenial air.

MRS. HEMANS.

Indeed, true gladness doth not always speak;
 Joy, bred and born but in the tongue, is weak.

BEN JONSON.

Joy is a fruit that will not grow in nature's
 barren soil:

All we can boast till Christ we know is
 vanity and toil.

But where the Lord has planted grace, and
 made his glories known,
 There fruits of heavenly joy and peace are
 found, and there alone.

NEWTON.

Wise Heaven doth see it as fit
 In all our joys to give us some alloys,
 As in our sorrows, comforts.

FOUNTAIN.

For the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
 And fear and sorrow fan the fires of joy.

CAMPBELL.

Nature, in zeal for human amity,
 Denies or damps an undivided joy.
 Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
 Joy flies monopolists; it calls for two
 Rich fruit! Heaven-planted! never plucked by
 one.

YOUNG.

Rejoice in Christ alway; when earth looks
 heavenly bright,
 When joy makes glad the livelong day, and
 peace shuts in the night;
 Rejoice when care and woe the fainting soul
 oppress;
 When tears at wakeful midnight flow, and
 morn brings heaviness.
 When should they not rejoice, whom Christ
 his brethren calls;
 Who hear and know his guiding voice when
 on their hearts it falls?

MOULTRIE.

Joy never feasts so high,
 As when the first course is of misery.

SUCKLING.

It is a joy
To think the best we can of human kind.
WORDSWORTH.

Jesus, my Bridegroom and my crown,
If thou but smile, the world may frown;
In thee lie depths of joy untold,
Far richer than her richest gold;
Whene'er I do but think of thee,
Thy dew drops down and solace me.

From the German of C. HOJER.

Christ had his joys; but they were not
The joys the son of pleasure boasts;
O no! 'twas when his Spirit sought
Thy will, thy glory, God of hosts!
Christ had his joys; and so hath he,
Who feels his Spirit in his heart;
Who yields, O God, his all to thee,
And loves thy name for what thou art!
ANONYMOUS.

O joys that, sweetest in decay,
Fall not, like withered leaves, away,
But with the silent breath
Of violets drooping one by one,
Soon as their fragrant task is done,
Are wafted high in death!

KEBLE.

But ah! how insincere are all our joys!
Which, sent from heaven, like lightning, make
no stay;
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
Or grief sent post o'ertakes them on the way.
DRYDEN.

[See also HAPPINESS — PEACE — PLEASURE —
PROSPERITY.]

JUDGMENT—(See CENSURE.)

THE JUDGMENT-DAY — RET- RIBUTION.

Our reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and from fate;
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declared,
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

DRYDEN.

Then, all thy saints assembled, Thou shalt
judge
Bad men and angels; they, arraigned, shall
sink
Beneath Thy sentence: Hell, her numbers
full,
Thenceforth shall be forever shut. Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes
spring
New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall
dwell.

MILTON.

The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
through the deep,
With such a horrid clang as on Mount Sinai
rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds
outbrake.
The aged earth, aghast with terror of that
blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake,
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread
his throne.

MILTON.

Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of men appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at his cross I wait the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him!

MARTIN LUTHER.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An even round with th' circling sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King!
O that book! whose leaves so bright
Will set the world in severe light!
O that Judge! whose hand, whose eye,
None can endure; yet none can fly!

From "Dies Ira," CRASHAW'S translation.

Lo! the last long separation!
As the cleaving crowds divide;
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!
Lord of mercy! Lord of mercy!
How shall I that day abide!

BRYDGES.

Day of wrath! that awful day
 Shall the bannered cross display,
 Earth in ashes melt away!
 When the trumpet's thrilling tone
 Through the tombs of ages gone,
 Summons all before the throne,
 Death and Time shall stand aghast,
 And Creation at the blast
 Rise to answer for the past!

From "Dies Ira," WILLIAMS's Translation.

Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
 At thought of thee each sublunary wish
 Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world,
 And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.

YOUNG.

Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no
 more!

The day is broke which never more shall close!
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
 Terror and glory joined in their extremes!
 Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death!

YOUNG.

Amazing period! when each mountain height
 Outburns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
 Their melted mass, as rivers once they poured;
 Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
 Her plowshare o'er creation!

YOUNG.

I shall appear with all the great and good
 That e'er have lived on earth; yea, and with
 spirits

Higher than earth e'er owned, in such pure bliss
 As human hearts conceive not, if my life,
 With its imperfect virtue, find acceptance
 From pardoning love and mercy; but if other-
 wise,

Then I shall pass into a state of misery
 With souls of wicked men and wrathful de-
 mons.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

'Tis done; again the conquering Chief appears
 In the dread vision of dissolving years;
 His vesture dipped in blood, his eyes of flame,
 The Word of God his everlasting name,
 Throned in mid-heaven, with clouds of glory
 spread,
 He sits in judgment on the quick and dead.

MONTGOMERY.

From Adam to his youngest heir,
 Not one shall 'scape that muster roll;
 Each, as if he alone were there,
 Shall stand, and win or lose his soul.

MONTGOMERY.

The day
 Will come, when virtue from the cloud shall
 burst

That long obscured her beams; when sin shall
 fly

Back to her native hell; there sink eclipsed
 In penal darkness, where no star shall rise,
 Nor ever sunshine pierce the impervious gloom.

GLYNN.

The Judgment! the judgment! the thrones
 are all set,

Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders
 are met!

All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word!

MILMAN.

Awake, O man, and from thee shake

This heavy sleep of sin!

Soon shall the Highest vengeance take,

Soon shall his wrath begin

To smite the wretched sinner home;

In awful terrors he shall come,

To mete to all on earth their due reward;
 Only the righteous, spares our angry Lord.

From the German of CRASSLIUS.

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep, tossed with
 stronger tempests, rise;

Darker storms the mountain sweep, redder
 lightnings rend the skies.

Evil thoughts shall shake the proud, racking
 doubt and restless fear,

And amid the thunder cloud shall the Judge
 of men appear.

BISHOP HEBER.

Awake! He comes to judgment, wake!

Sinners behold his countenance

In beauty terrible, and quake,

Condemned beneath his piercing glance.

Lo, He to whom all power is given,

Who sits at God's right hand on high,

In fire and thunder draweth nigh

To judge all nations under heaven!

From the German of RIST.

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the King shall shine,
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousands, thousands round his state;
Spirits with the crown and plume;
Tremble then, thou solemn tomb!
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turned to living light,
Kingdom of the ransomed just!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

CROLY.

Full of tears, and full of dread,
Is the day that wakes the dead;
Calling all with solemn blast
From the ashes of the past.

"MISSAL."

O happy, happy day
That calls Thy exiles home!
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom;
Earth we shall view, and heaven, destroyed,
And shout above the fiery void!

C. WESLEY.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

WHITTIER.

[See also HEAVEN — HELL — JUSTICE.]

JUSTICE—DIVINE JUSTICE.

In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.

SHAKESPEARE.

This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned
chalice

To our own lips.

SHAKESPEARE.

Though with tardy step
Celestial Justice come, that step is sure.
Unerring is her bolt, and where it falls
Eternal will the ruin be.

HAYES.

Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally
justice

Triumphs.

LONGFELLOW.

The sun of Justice may withdraw his beams
Awhile from earthly ken, and sit concealed
In dark recess, pavilioned round with clouds;
Yet let not guilt presumptuous rear her crest,
Nor virtue droop despondent; soon these clouds,
Seeming eclipse, will brighten into day,
And in majestic splendor he will rise,
With healing and with terror on his wings.

BALLY.

Justice, like lightning, ever should appear
To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.

ANONYMOUS.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with
exactness grinds he all.

From the German of VAN LOGAU.

Ay, Justice, who evades her?
Her scales reach every heart;
The action and the motive,
She weigheth each apart;
And none who swerve from right or truth
Can 'escape her penalty!

MRS. HALE.

Heavenly justice can no more
By mortal ken be fathomed than the sea;
For though the eye of one upon the shore
May pierce its shallow tide, the depths beyond
Baffle his ken; yet there is also laid
A bottom, viewless through the deep profound.

From the Italian of DANTE.

Is not Thy hand stretched forth
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite?
Shall not the living God of all the earth,
And heaven above, do right?

WHITTIER.

Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind,
Nor cruelty nor mercy change her mind;
When some escape for that which others die,
Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.

DENHAM.

[See also JUDGMENT-DAY.]

KINDNESS.

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

WORDSWORTH.

If a soul thou wouldst redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God;
Wouldst thou a guardian angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod—
Go kindly to him, take his hand
With gentlest words within thine own,
And by his side a brother stand,
Till all the demons thou dethrone.

MRS. SAWYER.

For the sake of those who love us,
For the sake of God above us,
Each and all should do their best
To make music for the rest.

"ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

Kindness by secret sympathy is tied,
For noble souls in nature are allied.

DRYDEN.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

BYRON.

Who will not give
Some portion of his ease, his blood, his wealth,
For others' good, is a poor, frozen churl.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

O! there has many a tear been shed,
And many a heart been broken,
For want of a gentle hand stretched forth,
Or a word in kindness spoken.
Then O! with brotherly regard
Greet every son of sorrow;
So from each tone of love his heart
New hope, new strength, shall borrow.

ANONYMOUS.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

POPE.

Words of kindness we have spoken
May, when we have passed away,
Heal perhaps a spirit broken,
Guide a brother led astray.

J. HAGEN.

Speak kindly to the erring!
Thou yet may'st lead them back
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be;
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

JULIA A. FLETCHER.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

The world's a room of sickness, where each
heart

Knows its own anguish and unrest!
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art
Is his, who skills of comfort best;
Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone
Enfeebled spirits own,
And love to raise the languid eye
When, like an angel's wing, they feel him
fleeting by.

KEBLE.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

BATES.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise ;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemèd in her eyes.

LOWELL.

And when the sickly taper shed
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,
Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread—
A new Electra by the bed
Of suffering human kind !
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

WHITTIER.

It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music.

TALFOURD.

Kind words ! O, earth like heaven would be,
And sweet would be our fellowship,
If kind thoughts dwelt in every heart,
And kind words hallowed every lip !
Speak kindly then ; and every word
Of thine within some heart shall be
A link in love's mysterious chain,
To bind it ever unto thee.

WILLIAM BAXTER.

Shall man in selfishness persist
'Mid blessings hourly strown ?
Shall he for whom e'en world's subsist,
Live for himself alone ?
No ! let us fling our joys abroad,
And thus be like our Father, God.

ANONYMOUS.

[See also CHARITY—BENEFICENCE—PITY.]

KNOWLEDGE—SCIENCE.

Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain ;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly.

MILTON.

Through knowledge we behold the world's
creation,

How in the cradle first he fostered was ;
And judge of nature's cunning operation,
How things she formèd of a formless mass :
By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know ;
And what to man, and what to God we owe.

SPENSER.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to
heaven.

SHAKESPEARE.

In sciences to seem profound,
We dive so deep we find no ground ;
And the more knowledge we procure,
The more it doth our minds allure,
Of mysteries the depth to sound ;
Thus our desires we never bound ;
Which, by degrees thus drawn on still,
The memory may not endure,
But like the tubs which Danaus' daughters
fill,
Doth drink no oftener than constrained to
spill.

EARL OF STIRLING.

Learning and arts are theories, not practices ;
To understand is all they study to ;
Men strive to *know* too much, too little *do*.

MIDDLETON.

Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat ; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.

YOUNG.

One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

POPE.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge
dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

COWPER.

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science be-
trayed,

That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.

BRATTLE.

Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom; what is more is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern
Unpracticed, unprepared, still to seek.

MILTON.

Knowledge is not happiness; and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.

BYRON.

Sorrow is knowledge; they who know the
most

Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.

BYRON.

The wish to know, the endless thirst,
Which even by quenching is awaked,
And which becomes or blessed or cursed,
As is the fount whereat 'tis slaked.

MOORE.

I *know*, is all the mourner saith,
Knowledge by suffering entereth,
As life is perfected by death.

MRS. BROWNING.

O! there is naught on earth worth being
known

But God and our own souls.

BAILEY.

He who binds
His soul to knowledge steals the key of heaven;
But 'tis a bitter mockery that the fruit
May hang within his reach, and when, with
thirst

Wrought to a maddening phrensy, he would
taste,

It burns his lips to ashes.

WILLIS.

Man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue.

AKENSIDE.

Voracious learning, often overfed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.

YOUNG.

[See also PHILOSOPHY—WISDOM—SELF-
KNOWLEDGE.]

LABOR—(See INDUSTRY.)

LIBERTY—(See FREEDOM.)

LIFE.

Life is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes, include;
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

HENRY KING.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past—and man forgot.

HENRY KING.

And what is life? a weary pilgrimage
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

QUARLES.

Our life's a clock, and every gasp of death
Breathes forth a warning grief, 'till Time shall
strike a death.

QUARLES.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE.

We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we
blast;
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee
so fast

They end when scarce begun:
And ere we apprehend that we begin to live,
our life is done.

Man, count thy days, and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every
day thy last.

QUARLES.

Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand—
'Twill soon be dark;
Up! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark.

EMERSON.

Live to some purpose; make thy life
A gift of use to thee!
A joy, a good, a golden hope,
A heavenly argosy!

PROCTOR.

Your life is what you make it; to your hands
That sacred trust is given;
And you too oft with treason break the bands
That would unite you blissfully to heaven.

ANONYMOUS.

Thy life's a warfare, thou a soldier art,
Satan's thy foeman, and a faithful heart
Thy two-edged weapon, patience thy shield,
Heaven is thy chieftain, and the world thy field.

QUARLES.

The time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely 'twere too
long,
Though life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

SHAKESPEARE.

That man lives twice that lives the first life
well.

HERRICK.

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

SHAKESPEARE.

O how this spring of life resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

SHAKESPEARE.

When I beheld this fickle, trustless state
Of vain world's glory, flitting to and fro,
And mortal men tossed by troublous fate
In restless seas of wretchedness and woe,
I wish I might this weary life forego,
And shortly turn unto my happy rest,
Where my free spirit might not any more
Be vexed with sights that do her peace molest.

SPENSER.

Circles are praised, not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round:
So life we praise that doth excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

WALLER.

Men should strive to live well, not to live long;
And I would spend this momentary breath
To live by fame forever after death.

EARL OF STIRLING.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou
livest

Live well, how long or short permit to
Heaven

MILTON.

A flower that does with opening morn arise,
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies;
A wingèd eastern blast, just skimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;
A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble
fly;

A meteor shooting from the summer sky;
A bowl adown the bending mountain rolled;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
A noontide shadow, and a midnight dream;
Are emblems which, with semblance apt,
proclaim

Our earthly course; but O my soul! so fast
Must life run off, and death forever last?

PRIOR.

By passionately loving life, we make
Loved life unlovely, hugging her to death.

YOUNG.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your
amount?

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet, deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolved,
With new flushed hopes, to run the giddy
round.

THOMSON.

Even so, luxurious men unheeding pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice,
Till blown away by death.

THOMSON.

Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing! worse than
naught;
A nest of pains; when held as nothing, much.

YOUNG.

That life is long which answers life's great
end,
The time that bears no fruit deserves no
name;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.

YOUNG.

Ah! what is human life?

How, like the dial's tardy moving shade,
Day after day slides from us unperceived!
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen,
Yet soon the hour is up and we are gone.

YOUNG.

Life's little stage is a small eminence
Inch-high the grave above, that home of man
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh, and
while

We sigh we sink, and are what we deplored;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot.

YOUNG.

He sins against *this* life who slights the
next.

YOUNG.

Life is most enjoyed

When courted least; most worth when dis-
esteemed:

Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace,
In prospect richer far; important, awful;
Not to be mentioned but with shouts of
praise!

Not to be thought on but with tides of joy!
The mighty basis of eternal bliss.

YOUNG.

How must a spirit, late escaped from earth,
The truth of things new blazing in its eye,
Look back, astonished, on the ways of men,
Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their
graves!

YOUNG.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being;
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone.
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.

DR. JOHNSON.

Ask what is human life?—the sage replies,
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes,
"A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
A sense of fancied bliss and heartfelt care,
Closing at last in darkness and despair."

COWPER.

And what is life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun;
A busy, bustling, still repeated dream,
Its length? a minute's pause, a moment's
thought.

CLARE.

We do live, and breathe, and we are gone.

H. K. WHITE.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray:
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away!

R. H. WILDR.

Such is life !

The distant prospect always seems more fair,
And when attained, another still succeeds
Far fairer than before, yet compassed round
With the same dangers and the same dismay.
And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial happiness, to find
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.

H. K. WHITE.

Not a moment flies

But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands with their joys and
cares.

H. K. WHITE.

And such is human life ! so, gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor and is gone !
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening
fire ;

As any sung of old in hall or bower,
To minstrel harps at midnight's witching
hour !

ROGERS.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

BURNS.

Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fevered the progress of these years,
Yet now days, weeks, and months but seem
The recollection of a dream ;
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity.

SCOTT.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless
seas,
The past, the future—two eternities.

MOORE.

And 'twere as vain a thing,
To ask of nature one perpetual spring,
As to evade those sad autumnal hours,
Or deem thy path of life shall bloom all flowers.

MRS. NORTON.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's
verge ;

How little do we know that which we are !
How less what we may be ! the eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge
Lashed from the foam of ages ; while the
graves

Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

BYRON.

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

SHELLEY.

We are born ; we laugh ; we weep ;
We love ; we droop : we die !

PROCTOR.

How short is human life ! the very breath
Which frames my words accelerates my death.

HANNAH MORE.

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the passing day !
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies !
Lord, in my views let both united be ;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee !

DODDRIDGE.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the life of mortal man !
Like the flow of rapid river,
Pausing in its pathway never,
So our days are flowing ever.

From the German of MICHAEL FRANK.

O what is life ? 'Tis like a flower
That blossoms, and is gone ;
It flourishes its little hour
With all its beauty on ;
Death comes ; and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

JANE TAYLOR.

What is life ?

A gulf of troubled waters, where the soul,
Like a vexed bark, is tossed upon the waves
Of pain and pleasure, by the wavering breath
Of passions.

MISS LONDON.

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way;

Where, seeking for peace, we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is
found:

Where hope, when she paints her gay bow on
the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of
despair,

And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him
away.

MUHLENBURG.

There are points from which we can command
our life;

When the soul sweeps the future like a glass;
And coming things, full freighted with our fate,
Jut out on the dark offing of the mind.

BAILEY.

We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not
breaths—

In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs. He
most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the
best.

BAILEY.

O, fear not thou to die!

Far rather fear to live, for life
Hath thousand snares thy faith to try,
By peril, pain, and strife.

Brief is the work of death,

But life! the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere Heaven recalls the breath
The cup of woe may be.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every thought, and every deed,
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.

R. M. MILNES.

So live that sinking in thy last, long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee
weep.

SIR WM. JONES.

So in the passing of a day doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of man;
Nor e'er doth flourish more, but like the grass,
Cut down, becometh withered, pale, and wan.
From the Italian of TASSO.

"Life is before ye!" from the fated road
Ye cannot turn; then take ye up the load;
Not yours to tread or leave the unknown way,
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may.
Gird up your souls within you to the deed,
Angels and fellow-spirits bid ye speed!

MRS. BUTLER.

Between two breaths what crowded mysteries
lie,

The first short gasp, the last and long-drawn
sigh!

Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,
Forth from the darkness of the past we glide,
As living shadows for a moment seen
In airy pageant on the eternal screen,
Traced by a ray from one unchanging flame,
Then seek the dust and stillness, whence we
came

HOLMES.

Thus bravely live heroic men,
A consecrated band;
Life is to them a battle-field,
Their hearts a holy land.

TUCKERMAN.

Life hath its sunshine; but the ray
Which flashes on its stormy wave
Is but the beacon of decay,
A meteor gleaming o'er the grave;
And though its dawning hour is bright
With fancy's gayest coloring,
Yet o'er its cloud-encumbered night
Dark ruin flaps his raven wing.

J. G. BROOKS.

What was thy life? a bright and beauteous
flame,
Wherein, a season, light and joy we found;
But a swift sound of rushing tempest came,
It passed, and sparkless ashes strewed the
ground!

TRENCH.

Life is the jailor, death the angel sent
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.

LOWELL.

An aged Christian went tottering by,
 And white was his hair, and dim was his
 eye;
 And his broken spirit seemed ready to fly,
 As he said, with faltering breath:
 "It is life, to move from the heart's first
 throes,
 Through youth and manhood, to age's snows,
 In a ceaseless circle of joys and woes;
 It is life to prepare for death."

C. D. DRAKE.

And such is human life at best—
 A mother's, a lover's, the green earth's breast;
 A hopeful, a joyful, a sorrowful stave;
 A launch, a voyage, a whelming wave;
 The cradle, the bridal-bed, and the grave.

ANONYMOUS.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
 To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
 The silent grave!
 Thither, all earthly pomp and boast
 Roll, to be swallowed up, and lost
 In one dark wave.

From the Spanish of MANRIQUE.

These years of life, what do they seem?
 A little dream
 Of pain and pleasure blent together,
 A time of sharply changing weather;
 Where brilliant sunbeams gleam and die
 On heavy storm-clouds sailing by,
 Where falling tears
 Are bright with hope and cold with fears.

ANONYMOUS.

Flitting away, flitting away,
 Hour by hour, and day by day.
 Never a break in the running thread,
 Never a pause in the solemn tread;
 Onward, onward, day and night,
 Through joy's bloom and sorrow's blight;
 On through childhood, youth, and age,
 Over the bright or blotted page,
 Over ambition's tinted cloud,
 Over despair's funereal shroud,
 On through labor, on through rest,
 On when cheered, or when depressed,
 Ever our life is flitting away,
 Hour by hour, and day by day.

M. TRAFTON.

This span of life was lent
 For lofty duties, not for selfishness;
 Not to be wiled away for aimless dreams,
 But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

Not many lives, but only one have we,
 One, only one;
 How sacred should that one life ever be,
 That narrow span!
 Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
 Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

BONAR.

[See also MAN—MUTABILITY—TIME.]

LIGHT—MORNING—DAY.

Hail! holy light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
 Or of the eternal, coeternal beam,
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is
 light,

And never but in unapproachèd light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

MILTON.

"Let there be light," said God; and forthwith
 light
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
 Sprung from the deep, and from her native
 east

To journey through the aery gloom began,
 Sphered in a radiant cloud.

MILTON.

God said, "Let there be light!"
 Grim darkness felt his might
 And fled away;
 Then startled seas and mountains cold
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
 And cried, "'Tis day! 'tis day!"
 "Hail, holy light!" exclaimed
 The thunderous cloud that flamed
 O'er daisies white;
 And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
 Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
 And blushing murmured, "Light."

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl.

MILTON.

Mornings are mysteries; the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light,
truth,
Is styled their star, the stone, and hidden
food.

VAUGHAN.

Prime cheerer, Light!
Of all material beings first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom! and thou, O sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds, in whom, best
seen,
Shines out thy Maker.

THOMSON.

"Let there be light!" The Eternal spoke,
And from the abyss where darkness rode,
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flowed.
The glad earth smiled to see the day,
The first-born day, come blushing in;
The young day smiled to shed its ray
Upon a world untouched by sin.

HOFFMAN.

The morning lark, the messenger of day
Saluted with her song the morning gray;
And soon the sun arose, with beams so bright
That all th' horizon laughed to see the joyous
sight.

DRYDEN.

See where the Sun of righteousness
Unfolds the gates of day,
Go meet him in his glorious dress,
And quaff the orient ray!
There, where ten thousand seraphs stand
To crown the circling hours,
Soar thou, and from that blissful land
Bring down unfading flowers.

BRYDGES.

Ye mist and darkness, cloud and storm,
Confused creations of the night;
Light enters, morning streaks the sky,
Christ comes—"tis time ye take your flight.

"BREVARY."

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose.

PARNELL.

To prayer! to prayer! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below, above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O then, in the breath of the early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer!

WARR.

The star that heralds in the morn is fading in
the skies;
The darkness melts; O thou true Light! upon
our souls arise.

"BREVARY."

O Thou, the Father's image blest!
Who callest forth the morning ray;
O thou eternal Light of light!
And inexhaustive Fount of day!
True Sun! upon our souls arise,
Shining in beauty evermore;
And through each sense the quick'ning beam
Of the Eternal Spirit pour.

Translated from the Latin, by CASWALL.

Now with the rising, golden dawn,
Let us, the children of the day,
Cast off the darkness which so long
Has led our guilty souls astray.

CASWALL.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds.

MILTON.

Morn is the time to think,
While thoughts are fresh and free,
Of life, just balanced on the brink
Of vast eternity!
To ask our souls if they are meet
To stand before the judgment-seat.

MISS GRAY.

Morn is the time to die—
Just at the dawn of day,
When stars are fading in the sky,
To fade, like them, away;
But lost in light more brilliant far
Than ever merged the morning star.

MISS GRAY.

O Thou whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my
soul.

YOUNG.

Dawning of Eternity !

Dawn on us this morning-tide.
Light from Light's exhaustless sea,
Now no more thy radiance hide ;
But dispel with glorious might
All our night.

From the German of VON ROSENROTH.

See, the time for sleep has run,
Rise before, or with the sun :
Lift thy hands, and humbly pray
The Fountain of eternal day,
That as the light, serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air,
The Sacred Spirit so may rest,
With quickening beams, upon thy breast.

PARNELL.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all
bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,
And glowing into day.

BYRON.

Hail to the joyous day ! with purple clouds
The whole horizon glows. The breezy spring
Stands loosely floating on the mountain-top,
And deals her sweets around. The sun, too,
seems,
As conscious of my joy, with brighter beams
To gild the happy world.

THOMSON.

For now the day
O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm
and high ;
Infinite splendor ! wide investing all.

THOMSON.

And heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show his pleasant face.
So must we hope to see God's face
At last in heaven on high,
When we have changed this mortal place
For immortality.

GASCOIGNE.

Study the light ; attempt the high ; seek out
The soul's bright path ; and since the soul is
fire

Of heat intelligential, turn it aye
To the all-Fatherly source of light.

BAILEY.

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein,
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the body suffer stain.
For all day long, on heaven's high tower,
There stands a Sentinel, who spies
Our every action, hour by hour,
From early dawn till daylight dies.

"BREVARIAT."

LORD'S SUPPER.

Him first to love, great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave ;
And after, when we fared had amiss,
Us wretches from the second death did save ;
And last, the Food of Life, which now we have,
Even he himself, in his dear sacrament,
To feed our hungry souls, unto us lent.

SPENSER.

O, drink and bread,
Which strikes death dead,
The food of man's immortal being !
Under vails here
Thou art my cheer,
Present and sure without my seeing.

VAUGHAN.

To the Supper of the Lord
Gladly will we come to-day ;
The word of peace is now restored,
The old leaven is put away.
Christ will be our food alone,
Faith no life but his doth own.
Halleluiah.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Lo ! upon the altar lies,
Hidden deep from human eyes,
Bread of angels from the skies,
Made the food of mortal man.

"MISSAL."

Preserve, my Jesus, O preserve
 My soul to everlasting life.
 O may this blest communion serve
 To aid my soul in passion's strife;
 O may thy body, may thy blood
 Be to my soul a saving food,
 To fill it still with life and grace,
 And every sinful stain efface!

J. R. BESTE.

Bread of the world, in mercy broken!
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead!
 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,
 And be thy feast to us the token
 That by thy grace our souls are fed!

HEBER.

Fresh from th' atoning sacrifice
 The world's Creator bleeding lies,
 That man, his foe, by whom he bled,
 May take him for his daily bread.
 O agony of wavering thought,
 When sinners first so near are brought!
 "It is my Maker—dare I stay?
 My Saviour—dare I turn away?"

KEBLE.

To manifest, till Thou shalt come,
 Thy dreadful death by type so frail,
 Is wondrous; yet, till gathered home,
 Thy Church to do it will not fail.
 While dark neglect wraps realms and kings,
 How live in light years cannot dim,
 Memorials of most precious things—
 The bread, and wine, and simple hymn!

TAPPAN.

O Living Bread from Heaven,
 How richly hast thou fed thy guest!
 The gifts thou now hast given
 Have filled my heart with joy and rest.
 O wondrous food of blessing!
 O cup that heals our woes!
 My heart this gift possessing
 In thankful song o'erflows;
 For while the life and strength in me
 Were quickened by this food,
 My soul hath gazed awhile on thee,
 O highest, only Good!

From the German of RIST.

And oft your willing steps renew around the
 sacred board,
 And break the bread, and pour the wine, in
 memory of your Lord:
 To drink with me the grape's first juice to you
 shall yet be given,
 Fresh from the deathless vine that blooms in
 blest abodes of heaven.

DALE.

While the sons of earth, retiring,
 From the sacred temple roam,
 Lord, thy light and love desiring,
 To thine altar fain we come.
 Children of a heavenly Father,
 Friends and brethren would we be;
 While we round thy table gather,
 May our hearts be one in thee.

PARKS.

The aged man
 Took up the consecrated bread, and brake,
 And gave the happy saint. "Take this," he
 said,
 "In dear remembrance of thy dying Lord,
 His body given for thee, and in thy heart
 Feed thou on him with thankfulness." Then
 took
 The cup: "Drink this," he said; "and may
 the blood
 Which once for thee was shed, preserve thy
 soul
 And body to eternal life." To each
 Some word of comfort spake he, as to each
 He gave the sacred symbols. Unto all
 That chamber seemed the very gate of heaven.

MRS. C. L. RICE.

Bow thee to earth, and from thee cast
 All stubbornness of human will;
 Then dare to drink the sacred cup
 Thy God and Saviour died to fill;
 Come with thy guilt new-washed in tears,
 Thy spirit raised in faith above;
 Then drink, and so thy soul shall live,
 Thy Saviour's blood, thy Saviour's love.

MISS LONDON.

A soul-inspiring union
 Do hearts on earth with heavenly spirits feel
 When round the altar of their faith they kneel—
 Thanks for the glad communion.

STUDLEY.

O Bread to pilgrims given,
 O Food that angels eat,
 O Manna sent from heaven,
 For heaven-born natures meet!
 Jesus, this feast receiving,
 We the Unseen adore;
 Thy faithful word believing,
 We take, and doubt no more.
From the Latin of THOMAS AQUINAS.

Bread of Heaven, on thee we feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed;
 Ever let our souls be fed
 With this true and living bread.
 Vine of Heaven, thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice;
 Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
 To thy cross we look and live.

CONDER.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,
 This is the heavenly table spread for me;
 Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong
 The brief, bright hour of fellowship with
 Thee.

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
 The feast, though not the love, is passed and
 gone.

The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here—
 Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

BONAR.

The humble feast outvied all royal state;
 The bread from far beyond where sun doth
 climb;
 The wine more ancient than the birth of
 time;
 Present the King of kings o'er worlds elate;
 The guests in purity of heart arrayed,
 Their songs, the glad emotions of the soul,
 Their faces beaming with celestial love.

ALLEN.

If with thy heart the strains accord,
 That on His altar-throne
 Highest exalt thy glorious Lord,
 Yet leave him most thine own;
 O come to our communion feast;
 There present in the heart,
 Not in the hands, th' eternal Priest
 Will his true self impart.

KEBLE.

When bread and wine he takes,
 And of Christ's passion makes
 Memorial high before the Mercy throne,
 Faith speaks, and we are sure
 That offering good and pure
 Is more than angels' bread to all whom Christ
 will own.

KEBLE.

Thou who didst taste
 Of man's infirmities, yet bar his sins
 From thine unspotted soul, forsake us not
 In our temptations, but so guide our feet
 That our Last Supper in this world may lead
 To that immortal banquet by thy side,
 Where there is no betrayer.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

This eucharistic feast our every want supplies,
 And still we by His death are blessed,
 And share His sacrifice.

Who thus our faith employ His sufferings to
 record,

E'en now we mournfully enjoy
 Communion with our Lord.

C. WESLEY.

LOVE—DIVINE LOVE.

Love celestial! wondrous heat!
 O beyond expression great!
 What resistless charms were thine,
 In thy good, thy best design!
 When God was hated, sin obeyed,
 And man undone without thy aid,
 From the seats of endless peace
 They brought the Son, the Lord of grace.
 They taught him to receive a birth,
 To clothe in flesh, to live on earth,
 And after, lifted him on high,
 And taught him on the cross to die.

PARNELL.

Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
 But smoke will vanish when the flame breaks
 out.

This is the fire that would consume our dross,
 Refine and make us richer by the loss.
 Could we forbear dispute and practice love,
 We should agree as angels do above.

WALLER.

Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind.
Both faith and hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues at the door remain;
Love only enters as a native there,
For born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.

WALLER.

Amid the storm His bounty did exceed
In the rich promise of the virgin's Seed;
Though Justice death as satisfaction craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

WALLER.

O unexampled love!
Love nowhere to be found less than divine!
Hail, Son of God! Saviour of men! thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy
praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

MILTON.

Many a gift did Christ impart,
Noblest of them all is love;
Love, a balm within the heart
That can all its pains remove;
Love, a star most bright and pure,
Love, a gem of priceless worth,
Richer than man knows on earth;
Love, like beauty, strong to lure;
Love, like joy, makes man her thrall,
Strong to please and conquer all.

From the German of ERNST LANGE.

Before the sparkling lamps on high
Were kindled up, and hung around the sky;
Before the sun led on the circling hours,
Or vital seeds produced their active powers;
Before the first intelligences strung
Their golden harps, and soft preludiums sung
To love, the mighty cause whence their exist-
ence sprung,

Th' ineffable Divinity

His own resemblance meets in thee.

By this thy glorious lineage thou dost prove
Thy high descent, for God himself is love.

MRS. ROWE.

O wonderful, O passing thought,
The love that God hath had for thee!
Spendings on thee no less a sum
Than the undivided Trinity!

FABER.

O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

C. WESLEY.

Far have I clambered in my mind,
But naught so great as love I find;
Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might,
Are naught compared to that good spright.
Life of delight, and soul of bliss!
Sure source of lasting happiness!

HENRY MORE.

O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.

From the German of PAUL GERHARD.

God is love; his mercy brightens all the path
in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens; God is
wisdom, God is love.
Chance and change are busy ever, man decays
and ages move,
But his mercy waneth never; God is wisdom,
God is love.

BOWRING.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

That one unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above;
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed
Can burn or blot it: "God is love!"

HOLMES.

Eternal Love doth keep,
In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the
deep.

BRYANT.

Every human tie may perish;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;
 Heaven and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can avert the Father's love.

KELLEY.

Thou Grace divine, encircling all, a soundless,
 shoreless sea!

Wherein at last our souls shall fall, O love of
 God most free.

ANONYMOUS.

The saddened heart, the restless soul, the toil-
 worn frame and mind,
 Alike confess thy sweet control, O love of God
 most kind!

ANONYMOUS.

"God is love," saith the Evangel;
 And our world of woe and sin
 Is made light and happy only
 When a love is shining in.

WHITTIER.

As yonder faint and glimmering star
 Receives its luster from the sun,
 Though from its fiery splendors far;
 So from thy love, Almighty One,
 My spirit drinks immortal light;
 O never may that light decay,
 But, like yon diamond of the night,
 In heaven's own beauty melt away.

PARK BENJAMIN.

Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire;
 Its object heavenly, it must ever blaze;
 Eternal love, a God must needs inspire,
 When once he wins the heart, and fits it for
 his praise.

COWPER.

Would'st thou the life of souls discern?
 Nor human wisdom nor divine
 Helps thee by aught besides to learn;
 Love is life's only sign.
 The spring of the regenerate heart,
 The pulse, the glow of every part,
 Is the true love of Christ our Lord,
 As man embraced, as God adored.

KEBLE.

Humble love,
 And not proud science, keeps the door of
 heaven;
 Love finds admission where proud science fails.

YOUNG.

Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
 And love for love is all that Heaven does ask.

WALLER.

Love is the creature's welfare with God; but
 love among mortals
 Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures,
 and stands waiting,
 Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears
 on his eyelids.

From the Swedish of BISHOP TEGNER.

Love's holy flame forever burneth;
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppress.
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest;
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest time of love is there.

SOUTHEY.

They sin who tell us love can die:
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
 Earthly these passions, as of earth,
 They perish where they have their birth;
 But love is indestructible!

SOUTHEY.

Why travel over seas to find what is so near?
 Love is the only good; love and be blessed
 here.

Translated from ANGELUS SILESIUS.

What is love? If earthly only, like a meteor of
 the night,
 Shining but to leave more lonely, hearts that
 hailed its transient light.
 But when calm, refined, and tender, purified
 from passion's stain,
 Like the moon, in gentle splendor, ruling o'er
 the peaceful main.

BARTON.

'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
Which kills the soul. Love better what is best
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

From the Italian of MICHAEL ANGELO.

His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the
power

Of outward change, there blooms a deathless
flower,

That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

From the Italian of MICHAEL ANGELO.

Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's
breast.

WORDSWORTH.

Give me to love my fellow, and in love,

If with none other grace, to chant my strain,
Sweet key-note of soft cadences above,

Sole star of solace in life's night of pain;
Chief gem of Eden, fractured in the fall

That ruined two fond hearts and tarnished all!

RALPH HOYT.

O! he's accurst from all that's good

Who never knew love's healing power;

Such sinner on his sins must brood,

And wait alone his hour.

If stranger to earth's beauty, human love,

There is no rest below nor hope above,

DANA.

God gives us love. Something to love

He lends us; but when love is grown

To ripeness, that on which it throve

Falls off, and love is left alone.

TENNYSON.

He is in God, and God in him,

Who still abides in love;

'Tis love that makes the cherubim

Obey and praise above;

For God is love, the loveless heart

Hath in his life and joy no part.

From the German of GELLERT.

Love, constant love!

Age cannot quench it; like the primal ray
From the vast fountain that supplies the
day,

Far, far above

Our cloud-encircled region, it will flow
As pure and as eternal in its glow.

BENJAMIN.

But Love dies not, the child of God,

The soother of life's many woes;

She scatters fragrance round the sod

Where buried hopes repose!

She leads us with her radiant hand

Earth's pleasant streams and pastures by,

Still pointing to a better land

Of bliss beyond the sky!

W. H. BURLEIGH.

There's a love which, born

In early days, lives on through silent years,

Nor ever shines but in the hour of sorrow,

When it shows brightest, like the trembling
light

Of a pale sunbeam breaking o'er the face

Of the wild waters in their hour of warfare.

MRS. BUTLER.

How say ye, "We loved once,"

Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,

Mourners, without that snow?

Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other
so?

And could ye say of some whose love is
known,

Whose prayers have met your own,

Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles
have shone

So long, "We loved them *once*!"

MRS. BROWNING.

O, never is "Loved once"

Thy word, thou victim Christ, misprised
friend!

Thy cross and curse may rend,

But having loved, thou lovest to the end.

This is man's saying—man's. Too weak to
move

One spherèd star above,

Man desecrates the eternal God-word, Love,

By his "no more" and "once."

MRS. BROWNING.

True love's the gift which God hath given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

SCOTT.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SCOTT.

To halls of heavenly truth admission wouldst
thou win?
Oft knowledge stands without, while love may
enter in.

TRENCH.

The sinews of Love's arms use makes more
firm and strong,
Which, being left unused, will disappear ere
long.

TRENCH.

Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who formed the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!

BYRON.

I must love on, O God!
This bosom must love on! but let thy
breath
Touch and make pure the flame that knows
not death,
Bearing it up to Heaven, Love's own abode.

MRS. HEMANS.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.
It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

BARTON.

Holy and fervent love! had earth but rest
For thee and thine, this world were all too fair!
How could we thence be weaned to die with-
out despair?

MRS. HEMANS.

O love! thy essence is thy purity!
Breathe one unhallowed breath upon thy
flame,
And it is gone forever, and but leaves
A sullied vase, its pure light lost in shame.

MISS LONDON.

They err, who deem love's brightest hour in
blooming youth is known,
Its purest, tenderest, holiest power in after life
is shown;
When passions chastened and subdued, to ripen
years are given,
And earth and earthly things are viewed in
light that breaks from heaven.

BARTON.

Through gloom and night the hand of love
Can lead to realms of life and rest;
Love can loose and love can bind,
Love will seek and love will find
Its way to every human breast.
Hate and fury strive in vain
To crush or chill his magic power;
At his touch the wintry plain
Lone and dreary, blooms again,
Radiant as a summer bower;
Ever beautiful and bright,
Still on earth he deigns to roam,
But in yonder realms of light,
Where happy spirits wing their flight,
Is his birth-place and his home.

From the German of KORNER.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And blest are they who in the main
This faith, even now, do entertain.

WORDSWORTH.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing enduring, which else
Would break the heart.

WORDSWORTH.

Our very wretchedness grows dear to us
When suffering for one we love.

BULWER.

[See also AFFECTION — DEITY.]

LUXURY.

If every just man that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeching share
Of that which lewdly-pampered luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous, even proportion,
And she no whit encumbered with her store;
And then the Giver would be better thanked.

MILTON.

Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed;
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed;
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling
land

The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

GOLDSMITH.

O luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for
thee!

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

GOLDSMITH.

Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.

At every draught more large and large they
grow,

A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till, sapped their strength, and every part
unsound,

Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin
round.

GOLDSMITH.

War destroys men, but luxury mankind;
At once corrupts the body and the mind.

CROWN.

It is a shame that man, that has the seeds
Of virtue in him, springing unto glory,
Should make his soul degenerate with sin,
And slave to luxury; to drown his spirits
In lees of sloth; to yield up the weak day
To wine, to lust, and banquets.

MARMION.

On his weary couch
Fat Luxury, sick of the night's debauch,
Lay groaning, fretful at the obtrusive beam
That through his lattice peeped derisively.

POLLOCK.

Fell luxury! more perilous to youth
Than storms or quicksands, poverty or chains.

HANNAH MORE.

O luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not
thine?

How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Asshur lies
O'erwhelmed, forgotten; and high boasting
Cham;

And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous
Greece;

And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

DYER.

No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for
him.

BRYANT.

MALICE — (See HATRED.)

MAMMON — RICHES.

Nor riches boast intrinsic worth,
Their charms at best superior earth;
These oft the heaven-born mind enslave,
And make an honest man a knave.

COTTON.

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks
and thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoyed
In vision beatific.

MILTON.

And mammon wins his way where seraphs
might despair.

BYRON.

May not a golden lading, too profound,
Risk the soul's bark to starry haven bound?

WARD.

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more
apt

To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit
praise.

MILTON.

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more.

YOUNG.

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety
buys,

The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

DR. JOHNSON.

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou
must quit,

Or what is worse, be left by it?

Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to
fly,

O man! ordained to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on
high,

Thou who art underground to lie?

Thou sowest and plantest, but no fruit must
see,

For Death, alas! is reaping thee.

COWLEY.

If all were rich, gold would be penniless.

BAILEY.

Can riches keep the mortal wretch from death
Or can new treasures purchase a new breath?
Or does Heaven send its love and mercy more
To mammon's pampered sons, than to the
poor?

BROWN.

Riches, like insects, while concealed they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their seasons fly.
To whom can riches give repute and trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just.

POPE.

Can gold calm passion or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness.

YOUNG.

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp, the miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize

Than he, who in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the earnest in his breast
Of treasure in the skies?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

To purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No; all that's worth a wish, a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbribed, unbought.

DR. JOHNSON.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

LOWELL.

[See also AVARICE.]

MAN.

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon
him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And then he falls.

SHAKESPEARE.

Thus man that's born of woman can remain
But a short time! his days are full of sor-
row,
His life's a penance, and his death's a
pain!
Springs like a flower to-day, and fades to-
morrow!
His breath's a bubble, and his day's a span:
'Tis glorious misery to be born a man!

QUARLES.

Can he be fair, that withers at a blast?
Or he be strong, that airy breath becast?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and
wan?
So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young, is
man.

QUARLES.

So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at
last;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath,
He totters and bequeaths his strength to
death;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is man, that (all his debts being
paid)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's
laid;
So young is man, that (broke with care and
sorrow)
He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow.
Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five
foot long?
Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor
rich, nor young.

QUARLES.

"O Man, what art thou?" what more could I
say

Than, Dust and clay?
Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,
That cannot last;
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn;
Formed from that earth to which I must return.

HEYWOOD.

Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.

MILTON.

Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain.

DRYDEN.

Man walks in a vain show;
They know, yet will not know;
Sit still when they should go;
But run for shadows:
While they might taste and know
The living streams that flow,
And crop the flowers that grow
In Christ's sweet meadows.

RICHARD BAXTER.

O what is man, great Maker of mankind,
That thou to him so great respect dost bear,
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer?
O what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire!
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorbed!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost.

YOUNG.

Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of thine,
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like thee, it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thoughts, to think how high

God hath raised man, since God a man became;

The angels do admire this mystery,

And are astonished when they view the same.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes!

YOUNG.

O! what a miracle to man is man!

Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!

Alternately transported and alarmed!

What can preserve my life? or what destroy?

An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave!

Legions of angels can't confine me there.

YOUNG.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!

YOUNG.

The chain of being is complete in me,

In me is matter's last gradation lost,

And the next step is spirit, Deity!

I can command the lightning, and am dust!

A monarch and a slave! a worm, a god!

From the Russian of G. R. DERZHAVIN.

Weak and irresolute is man;

The purpose of to-day,

Woven with pains into his plan,

To-morrow rends away.

COWPER.

How weak is man! how frail his best resolves!
But frailest those which owe their hasty birth
To fear; how short, how transient is their life.
Hardly obtained, they shine but as the sparks
Struck from the flint, which scarce outlive the blow.

JENNER.

But man with frailty is allied by birth.

BISHOP LOWTH.

Humanity

Is not a field where tares and thorns alone
Are left to spring; good seed hath there been sown

With no unsparing hand. Sometimes the shoot
Is choked with weeds, or withers on a stone;
But in a kindly soil it strikes its root,
And flourisheth, and bringeth forth abundant fruit.

SOUTHEY.

Alas! that man

Must prove the direst enemy of man;

His boasted reason wielded to contrive

Dark systems of despair, his vaunted skill

To forge the fetters which enthrall the soul.

ALEXANDER.

Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep, for here

There is such matter for all feeling; man!

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

BYRON.

Born to be plowed with years, and sown with cares,

And reaped by Death, lord of the human soil.

BYRON.

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying spirit,

"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;

Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,

But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

MOORE.

Weak is the will of man, his judgment blind;
Remembrance persecutes, and hope betrays;
Heavy is woe; and joy, for human kind,
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze.

WORDSWORTH.

Learn more reverence, not for rank or wealth;
that needs no learning;

That comes quickly, quick as sin does! ay,
and often leads to sin;

But for Adam's seed, Man! Trust me, 'tis a
clay above your scorning,

With God's image stamped upon it, and God's
kindling breath within.

MRS. BROWNING.

Man! how sublime! from Heaven his birth,
The God's bright image walks the earth;
And if at times his footstep strays,
I pity where I may not praise.

BULWER.

All that hath been majestic in life or death
since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all, the angel-
heart of man.

LOWELL.

Up, man! for what if thou with beasts hast
part,
Since in the body framed of dust thou art?
Yet know thyself upon the other side
Higher than angels, and to God allied.

TRENCH.

Lord, what is man, whose thought, at times,
Up to thy seven-fold brightness climbs,
While still his grosser instinct clings
To earth, like other creeping things!
So rich in words, in acts so mean;
So high, so low; chance-swung between
The foulness of the penal pit
And truth's clear sky millennium-lit!

WHITTIER.

'Twas in his form the great Immanuel
Revealed himself; the apostolic twelve,
Like those who since have ministered the
word,

Were men. 'Tis a great thing to be a man.

J. G. HOLLAND.

Man should be ever better than he seems;
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk, adorning earth, with hope of heaven.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

[See also LIFE — IMMORTALITY — THE SOUL —
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.]

MARRIAGE.

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else!

MILTON.

When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage bond divine,
The stream of pure and genuine love
Derives its current from above;
And earth a second Eden shows
Where'er the healing water flows.

COWPER.

What joy, what honors can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts!
When in the happy choice
The spouse and spoused have foremost voice!

BEN JONSON.

O what a treasure is a virtuous wife,
Discreet and loving! Not one gift on earth
Makes a man's life so nighly bound to heaven;
She gives him double forces to endure,
And to enjoy, by being one with him,
Feeling his joys and griefs with equal sense.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings
blend.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself
Attuning all their passions into love.

THOMSON.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

COTTON.

Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasure, and his cares dividing!

ROGERS.

Not for herself was woman first create,
Nor yet to be man's idol, but his mate.

MRS. NORTON.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with
strife;
Each season looked delightful as it passed
To the fond husband and the faithful wife.

BRATTLE.

Save the love we pay
To Heaven, none purer, holier than that
A virtuous woman feels for him she'd cleave
Through life to. Sisters part from sisters,
brothers
From brothers, children from their parents, but
Such woman from the husband of her choice,
Never!

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Lord, living here are we, as fast united yet
As when our hands and hearts by thee
together first were knit.
And in a thankful song now sing we will thy
praise,
For that thou dost as well prolong our loving
as our days.

GEORGE WITHER.

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptured still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

Have I a wish? 'tis all for thee;
Hast thou a wish? 'tis all for me.

So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

LINDLEY MURRAY.

The bridegroom kneels beside
His bashful, loving bride;
Earth on that hour seems showering all her
best.

But more than earth e'er knew
He wins, if hearts be true,
An angel friend to share his everlasting rest.

KEBLE.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, ev'ry day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

COWPER.

We cower before th' heart-searching eye
In rapture as in pain;
Even wedded Love, till Thou be nigh,
Dares not believe her gain;
Then in the air she fearless springs,
The breath of heaven beneath her wings,
And leaves her woodnote wild, and sings
A tuned and measured strain.

KEBLE.

Joy serious and sublime,
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom when a maiden's hand,
Filled with life's dewy flowerets, girdeth on
That harness which the ministry of death
Alone unlooseth, but whose fearful power
May stamp the sentence of eternity.

MRS. SSGOURNEY.

I saw thee young and beautiful,
I saw thee rich and gay,
In the first blush of womanhood,
Upon thy wedding-day:
The church-bells rang,
And the little children sang—
"Flowers, flowers, kiss her feet;
Sweets to the sweet;
The winter's past, the rains are gone;
Blest is the bride whom the sun shines on."

MONTGOMERY.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife;
And safe from all adversity,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.

LONGFELLOW.

But where is she, the bridal flower,
That must be made a wife ere noon?
She enters, glowing with the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower.

TENNISON.

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.

MILTON.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering
band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling
hand.
What trying thoughts in the bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

H. WARE.

Best pleased to be admired at home,
And hear reflected from her husband's praise
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye.
His praise alone, and faithful love, and trust
Reposed, was happiness enough for her.

POLLOCK.

My bride,
My wife, my life! O we will walk this world
Yoked in all exercise of noble aim,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows!

TENNYSON.

Are we not one? are we not joined by Heaven?
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are we not mixed like streams of meeting
rivers,
Whose blended waters are no more distin-
guished,
But roll into the sea one common flood?

ROWE.

[See also HOMER.]

MARTYRDOM.

The trump of angels shall proclaim
With tones far sent and sweet,
Which countless hosts repeat,
The generous martyr's never-fading name.
Honor on earth, and bliss in heaven,
Be to your saintly valor given.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Sing we the peerless deeds of martyred saints,
Their glorious merits, and their portion blest;
Of all the conquerors the world has seen,
The greatest and the best.

"BREVARY."

A patriot's blood may earn indeed,
And for a time insure to his loved land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is
shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.

COWPER.

They could not purchase earth with such a
price,
Or spare a life too short to reach the skies.
From them to thee, conveyed along the tide
Their streaming hearts poured freely when
they died,
Those truths which neither use nor years
impair,
Invite thee, woo thee, to the bliss they share.

COWPER.

They lived unknown
Till Persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes
flew,
No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song;
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates, indeed,
The tyranny that doomed them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.

COWPER.

What tongues those joys, O Jesus, can dis-
close,
Which for thy martyred saints thou dost
prepare!
Happy who in thy pains, thrice happy those
Who in thy glory share!

"BREVARY."

A blameless faith was all the crime the Chris-
tian martyr knew;
And where the crimson current flowed upon
that barren sand,
Up sprung a tree whose vigorous boughs soon
overspread the land;
O'er distant isles its shadow fell, nor knew its
roots decay,
E'en when the Roman Cæsars' throne and
empire passed away.

BUCHANAN.

In rendering to the Lord what is the Lord's,
Doth not the thought of violence bring
shame?

Think ye he gave the branching forest tree
To furnish fagots for the funeral pyre,
Or bid his sunrise light the world to see
Pale, tortured victims perish there by fire?

MRS. NORTON.

Flung to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes, watched,
Shall gathered be at last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.

Yes: strive, thou world, in thy rash tyrant
mood,

To slake that trembling cross in blood:

It will but brighter burn,
As martyrs' eyes near and more near discern
Where on the Father's right hand burning,
Light upon light in glory streaming,
The Saviour, felt, not seen in life,
Deigns to be seen in that last strife,
And angels hail, approaching to the shore,
Rays like their own and more.

KEBLE.

Those holy men
Who kept the faith, and bold in hour of need,
For Christ's dear honor thought it joy to bleed;
Who watched the garments of their second
birth,

And kept them ever undefiled from earth,
Till up they went, their martyr crowns to wear,
And still to walk in virgin-raiment there.

A. C. COXE.

He came to earth; through life he passed,

A Man of griefs: and, lo,

A noble army following fast

His track of pain and woe!

All decked with palms, and strangely bright,
That suffering host appears;

And stainless are their robes of white,

Though steeped in blood and tears;

And sweet their martyr-anthem flows,

"Hosanna to the Man of woes!"

J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Sing we the martyrs bless'd, their blood for
Jesus poured,

Sing we their glorious victories and infinite
reward.

Treading the world beneath, spurning the
body's pain,

'Twas theirs in martyrdom's brief space
eternal joys to gain.

Translated from the Latin by CASWALL.

And, all the way from Calvary down,

The curven pavement shows

Their graves, who won the martyr's crown,

And safe in God repose.

LOWELL.

Rome thundered death; but Ridley's dauntless
eye

Stared in Death's face, and scorned Death
standing by:

In spite of Rome, for England's faith he
stood,

And in the flames he sealed it with his
blood.

QUARLES.

Not in vain the martyr's robe of fire
Is worn, nor the sad prisoner's fretting
chain;

Since all who suffer for Thy truth send forth,
Electrical, with every throb of pain,
Unquenchable sparks, Thy own baptismal
rain

Of fire and spirit over all the earth.

WHITTIER.

Where many hearts were failing, where

The throngful street grew foul with death,

O high-souled martyr! thou wast there,

Inhaling from the loathsome air

Poison with every breath.

Yet shrinking not from offices of dread,

For the wrong dying, and the unconscious
dead.

WHITTIER.

O there are daily martyrdoms that we

Heed not; the sufferers are to us unknown;

But angels from the walls of Eden see

How glorious the laurels they have won!

HEMPSTEAD.

MARY — MARY MAGDALENE.

Mary! It is a lovely name,
 Thrice honored in the rolls of fame,
 Not for the blazonry of birth,
 Nor honors springing from the earth,
 But what evangelists have told
 Of three who bare that name of old :
 Mary, the mother of our Lord,
 Mary, who sat to hear his word,
 And Mary Magdalene, to whom
 Christ came, while weeping o'er his tomb ;
 These to that humble name supply
 A glory which can never die.

MONTGOMERY.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,
 O mother, beautiful and mild,
 Enfolding in one dear embrace
 Thy Saviour and thy child!

WHITTIER.

At the cross her station keeping,
 Stood the mournful mother weeping,
 Close to Jesus at the last :
 Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
 All his bitter anguish bearing,
 Now at length the sword had passed !
Translated from the Latin by CASWALL.

She marked but her Saviour, she spoke but in
 sighs,
 She dared not look up to the heaven of his
 eyes,
 And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave
 of her breast,
 As her lips to his sandals she throbbingly
 pressed.
 On the cloud, after tempests, as shineth the
 bow,
 In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the
 snow,
 He looked on the lost one ; her sins were
 forgiven,
 And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

CALLANAN.

Impassioned, to the cross she clings,
 Nor fears beside the tomb to stay ;
 Of ruffian soldiers naught she recka,
 For love has cast all fear away.

"BREVILIARY."

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
 Borne down by gladness so complete,
 She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
 With costly spikenard and with tears.

TENNYSON.

Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted !
 The crowds are pointing at the thing forlorn,
 In wonder and in scorn !
 Thou weepest days of innocence departed ;
 Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to
 move
 The Lord to pity and love.

BRYANT.

But think, while falls that shade between
 The erring one and heaven,
 That he who loved like Magdalene,
 Like her may be forgiven.

WHITTIER.

Dishonored ! lost life's diadem !
 Yet mercy, lingering nigh, is seen ;
 Heaven's coronal can boast no gem
 Brighter than griefs of Magdalene.

TAPPAN.

Thou who hast slept in error's sleep,
 O ! wouldst thou wake in heaven,
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
 "Love much," and be forgiven !

MOORE.

MEMORY.

Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
 Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail
 To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
 Blest with far greener shades, far fresher
 flowers.

ROGERS.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
 Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain ;
 Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise !
 Each stamps its image as the other flies !
 Each, as the various avenues of sense
 Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
 Brightens or fades ! yet all, with magic art,
 Control the latent fibers of the heart.

ROGERS.

Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age, unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call
obey,

And place and time are subject to thy sway!

ROGERS.

O dreadful Past, beyond thy midnight portal
Thou hast usurped our peace;
And if the angel Memory be immortal,
When shall this anguish cease.

T. B. READ.

And Memory, pray what art thou?
Art thou of pleasure born?
Does bliss untainted from thee flow?
The rose that gems thy pensive brow,
Is it without a thorn?
With all thy smiles,
And witching wiles,
Yet not unfrequent bitterness thy mournful
sway defiles.

H. K. WHITE.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

BURNS.

Time, as he courses onward, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the future,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The undistinguishable blots and colors
Of the dim past collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image,
To scare or to reward.

COLERIDGE.

But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her
flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are
blessed!

ROGERS.

And other days come back to me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind.

BYRON.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;
Thou, like the world, the oppressed oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

GOLDSMITH.

And slight withal may be the things which
bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would
fling

Aside forever; it may be a sound,
A tone of music, summer's eve, or spring,
A flower, the wind, the ocean, which shall
wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are
darkly bound.

And how and why we know not, nor can
trace

Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renewed, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves be-
hind.

BYRON.

But in that instant o'er his soul
Winters of memory seemed to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime.
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moments pour the grief of years.

BYRON.

There is a tear of sweet relief,
A tear of rapture and of grief;
The feeling heart alone can know
What soft emotions bid it flow.
It is when Memory charms the mind
With tender images refined;
'Tis when her magic spells restore
Departed friends and joys no more.

MRS. HERMAN.

Memories on memories! to my soul again
There come such dreams of vanished love
and bliss,
That my wrung heart, though long inured to
pain,
Sinks with the fullness of its wretchedness.

PHILIP CARY.

Through the shadowy past,
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that time had cast
O'er buried hopes.

MOORE.

Long, long be my heart with such memories
filled !
Like the vase in which roses have once been
distilled ;
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you
will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it
still.

MOORE.

A pen, to register ; a key, that winds through
secret wards,
Are well assigned to Memory by allegoric
bards.

WORDSWORTH.

The soul's life, mystic memory, more sublime
Than that which stores from wisdom's bound-
less sea,
She sleeps not 'neath the rapid wing of time,
But garners for a long eternity.

ANONYMOUS.

There are moments of life that we never forget,
Which brighten and brighten as time steals
away ;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest
day.

PERCIVAL.

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

LONGFELLOW.

The countless wonders of my devious youth,
The forms of early love and early truth,
Rise on my view in memory's colors
dressed ;
And each lost angel smiles more lovingly,
And every star that cheered my early sky,
Shines fairer in this happy port of rest.

From the Danish of BAGGERSEN.

'Tis sweet to remember ! I would not forego
The charm which the past o'er the present can
throw,

For all the gay visions that fancy may weave
In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.
We know not the future, the past we have felt,
Its cherished enjoyments the bosom can melt ;
Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the
soul.

W. G. CLARK.

What is memory ? 'tis the light
Which hallows life, a ray profound
Upon the brow of mental night ;
An echo, time the passing sound ;
A mirror, its bright surface shows
Hope, fear, grief, love, delight, regret ;
A generous spring ; a beam which glows
Long after sun and star have set ;
A leaf, nor storm nor blight can fade ;
An ark in time's bereaving sea ;
A perfume from a flower decayed,
A treasure for eternity.

ANONYMOUS.

Thou who stealest fire
From the fountains of the past
To glorify the present ; O haste,
Visit my low desire !
Strengthen me, enlighten me !
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

TENNYSON.

Our hopes are flown, yet parted hours
Still in the depths of memory lie,
Like night-gems in the silent blue
Of summer's deep and brilliant sky.

PRENTICE.

The troubles of departed years
Bring joys unknown before ;
And soul-refreshing are the tears
O'er wounds that bleed no more.

MONTGOMERY.

The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight where the sun has set,
A sweet and tender radiance yet.

WHITTIER.

The rushing winds from memory lift the veil,
And in each flash his sins, like specters pale,
Freed from their dark abode, his guilty breast,
Shriek in his startled ear, "Death is not rest!"

MRS. HALE.

[See also CONTEMPLATION.]

MERCY.

Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning sun,
Whose beams undo what sable night hath done;
Or like a stream, the current of whose course,
Restrained awhile, runs with a swifter force.
O! let me glow beneath those sacred beams,
And after bathe me in those silver streams;
To thee alone my sorrows shall appeal;
Hath earth a wound too hard for heaven to
heal?

QUARLES.

Though great our sins and sore our wounds,
And deep and dark our fall,
His helping mercy hath no bounds,
His love surpasseth all.
Our trusting, loving Shepherd He,
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

SHAKESPEARE.

Consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to
render
The deeds of mercy.

SHAKESPEARE.

But with Thee sweet Mercy stands,
Sealing pardons, working fear;
Wait, my soul, wait on his hands,
Wait, mine eyes, O wait mine ear!
If he his eye or tongue affords,
Watch all his looks, catch all his words.

P. FLETCHER.

But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKESPEARE.

How would you be
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge as you do? O think on that!
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

SHAKESPEARE.

The greatest attribute of Heaven is mercy.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

O mercy, heavenly born! Sweet attribute!
Thou great, thou best prerogative of power!
Justice may guard the throne, but joined with
thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath.

SOMERVILLE.

Though nature her inverted course forego,
The day forget to rest, the time to flow,
Yet shall Jehovah's servants stand secure,
His mercy, fixed, eternal, shall endure;
On them her everlasting rays shall shine,
More mild and bright and sure, O sun! than
thine.

BISHOP LOWTH.

Mercy descends
From Heaven, and o'er the penitential heart,
Rent by the agonizing pangs of guilt,
Spreads the soft blessings of internal peace.

HAYES.

Did not mercy temper wrath,
Eternal ruin would o'erwhelm mankind.

HAYES.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be
gone;
Though joys be withered all and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

J. WESLEY.

Mercy is the highest reach of wit,
A safety unto them that save with it;
Born out of God, and unto human eyes,
Like God, not seen till fleshly passion dies.

LORD BROOKE.

There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

MRS. STEELE.

By all the tender mercy God hath shown to
human grief,
When fate or man's perverseness denied and
barred relief;
By the helpless woe which taught me to look
to him alone,
From the vain appeals for justice, and wild
efforts of my own;
By thy light, thou unseen future, and thy tears,
thou bitter past,
I will hope, though all forsake me, in his mercy
to the last!

MRS. NORTON.

Mankind are all pilgrims on life's weary road,
And many would wander astray,
In seeking eternity's silent abode,
Did mercy not point out the way!

G. P. MORRIS.

He whom this world dares not face,
Hath refreshed me with his grace;
And his mighty hand unbound
Chains of hell about me wound;
Quicker, stronger, leaps my blood,
Since his mercy, like a flood,
Poured o'er all my heart for good.

From the German of GERHARDT.

Of God she sung, and of the mild
Attendant, Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smiled.

MOORE.

'Twas mercy, in thy vast, amazing love,
Awaking wonder in th' angelic throng,
That brought Thee down from God's right
hand above,

Upon the cross to die, t' atone for wrong.
Then wilt thou not my sad petition hear,
And give me peace and hope, instead of
fear?

ALLEN.

[See also GRACE — PARDON.]

MILLENNIUM — REIGN OF CHRIST.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
steering;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace
hall.

MILTON.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall
fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven de-
scend.

POPE.

No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall
hear;
From every face He wipes off every tear;
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

POPE.

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself shall
shine

Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!

POPE.

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke
decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains,
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah
reigns!

POPE.

He whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath moved him, and his wrath
is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend
Propitious in his chariot paved with love;
And what his storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

COWPER.

O! scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss, which who can
see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?

COWPER.

One song employs all nations, and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.

COWPER.

E'en now, perchance, wide waving o'er the
land,
That mighty angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower,
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.

BISHOP HERBER.

Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful
sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey;
Nor sun nor moon they need, nor day nor
night;
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light.

BISHOP HERBER.

From every clime they come,
To see thy beauty and to share thy joy,
O Zion! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see

COWPER.

All hail! the age of crime and suffering ends;
The reign of righteousness from heaven de-
scends;
Vengeance forever sheathes the afflicting
sword;
Death is destroyed, and Paradise restored;
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with God, and God is all in all.

MONTGOMERY.

But who shall see the glorious day
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now?
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from ev'ry eye.

MOORE.

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem!
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyr's tears,
Through a thousand glorious years!

CHOLY.

Ye visions bright of heavenly birth,
Ye glories of the latter day,
Descend upon the fallen earth,
And chase the shades of night away.
Bid streams of love and mercy flow
Through every vale of human woe,
Till sin, and care, and sorrow cease,
And all the world is hushed to peace.

ANONYMOUS.

The hours with steady flight haste on the
glorious year;
The triumph of Eternal right shall soon appear.
In those more blessed days the children of
mankind
Beneath their God's benignant gaze mild peace
shall find.

ANONYMOUS.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come.

BOWRING.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.
 Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

Through the harsh noises of our day
 A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
 Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
 A light is breaking, calm and clear.
 That song of love, now low and far,
 Ere long shall swell from star to star!
 That light, the breaking day, which tips
 The golden-spined Apocalypse!

WHITTIER.

O speed the moment on
 When wrong shall cease, and liberty and love
 And truth and right throughout the earth be
 known
 As in their home above.

WHITTIER.

The Lord shall comfort Zion, her places waste
 restore,
 And of her silent wilderness make Eden bloom
 once more;
 His garden she shall then become, and worthy
 of his choice,
 Gladness and thanks in all her smiles, and
 music in her voice.

W. G. SUMMA.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,
 And all her heart with joy is springing,
 She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
 For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
 The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
 Her Star is risen, her Light is come!

From the German of NICOLAI.

Now fain my joyous heart would sing
 That lovely summer-time,
 When God reneweth everything
 In his celestial prime;
 When he shall make new heavens and earth,
 And all the creatures there
 Shall spring from out that second birth,
 All-glorious, pure, and fair.

From the German of WALTHER.

MIND.

My minde to me a kingdom is;
 Such perfect joy therein I finde,
 As farr exceeds all earthly blisse
 That God or nature hath assignde:
 Though much I want, that most would have,
 Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

BYRD, A. D. 1588.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

MILTON.

Sordid
 Minds, composed of earth, in that gross element
 Fix all their happiness; but purer spirits,
 Purged and refined, shake off that clog of human
 Frailty.

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
 Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
 Be loosened from their seats; yet still serene,
 The unconquered mind looks down upon the
 wreck;
 And even stronger as the storms advance,
 Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,
 When nature calls him to the destined goal.

AKENSIDE.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.

COWPER.

The mind doth shape itself to its own wants,
 And can bear all things.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Mind's command o'er mind,
Spirit's o'er spirit, is the clear effect
And natural action of an inward gift
Given of God.

BAILEY.

It is sure,
Stamped by the seal of nature, that the well
Of mind, where all its waters gather pure,
Shall with unquestioned spell all hearts
allure.

Wisdom enshrined in beauty; O! how high
The order of that loveliness.

PERCIVAL.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's
gaze,

And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious
ways:

Yet scorns the immortal mind this base
control!

No chains can bind it, and no cell inclose;
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it
goes!

GARRISON.

Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and
heaven!)

The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime!

AKESIDE.

The gaudy glass of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye; the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attained
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

Mind, mind alone
Is light, and hope, and life, and power!

ELLIOT.

The mind
Forges from knowledge an archangel's spear,
And with the spirits that compel the world
Conflicts for empire.

WILLIS.

'Tis the mind that giveth grace
To the charms of form and face.

MRS. GARDNER.

The insate mind, but from without supplied,
Languishes on a weak, imperfect food;
If sustenance more spiritual be denied,
With flames consuming on itself 'twill brood.

BRYDGES.

[See also THE SOUL—IMMORTALITY—
REASON.]

MINISTERING SPIRITS—(See ANGELS.)

MINISTERS—(See PASTORS.)

MIRACLES.

A miracle, with miracles inclosed,
Is man; and starts his faith at what is strange?
What less than wonders from the Wonderful,
What less than miracles from God can flow?

YOUNG.

What is a miracle? 'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit satire on mankind;
And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too.

YOUNG.

To common sense, great nature's course
proclaims

A Deity: when mankind falls asleep
A miracle is sent, as an alarm,
To wake the world, and prove Him o'er again
By recent argument, but not more *strong*.

YOUNG.

Say which imports more plenitude of power,
Or nature's laws to *fix* or to *repeal*?
To make a sun, or stop his mid career?

YOUNG.

O what a scale of miracles is here!
Its lowest round high planted in the skies;
Its towering summit lost, beyond the thought
Of man or angel!

YOUNG.

All we behold is miracle; but seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.

COWPER.

Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
How would the world admire! But speaks it
less

An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to sink and when to rise,
Age after age, than to arrest his course?

COWPER.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me; the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever.

BRYANT.

He had words
To soothe the barking waves, and hush the
winds;
And when the soul was tossed in troubled
seas,
Wrapped in thick darkness and the howling
storm,
He, pointing to the star of peace on high,
Armed it with holy fortitude, and bade it smile
At the surrounding wreck.

H. R. WHITE.

When God came down from heaven, the
living God,
What signs and wonders marked his stately
way?

Brake out the winds in music where he trode?
Shone o'er the heavens, a brighter, softer day?
The dumb began to speak, the blind to see,
And the lame leaped, and pain and darkness
fled;

The mourner's sunken eye grew bright with
glee,

And from the tomb awoke the wondering
dead.

MILMAN.

When raging winds
Rushed from their caverns, and resistless swept
The foaming waves, when hideous roared the
storm,

As if the wild contending elements
Had strove for mastery, at His command
The tempest ceased, the towering billows sunk
In undulations calm, and zephyrs played
Upon the bosom of the peaceful deep.

BOLLAND.

But Cana saw her glorious Lord
Begin his miracles divine;
When water, reddening at his word,
Flowed forth obedient in wine.

CASWALL.

He stood upon the reeling deck; His form
Made visible by the lightning, and His brow
Pale and uncovered to the rushing storm,
Told of a triumph man may never know—
Power underrived and mighty—"PEACE—BE
STILL!"

The great waves heard him, and the storm's
loud tone

Went moaning into silence at His will;
And the thick clouds, where yet the light-
ning shone,

And slept the latent thunder, rolled away,
Until no trace of tempest lurked behind,
Changing, upon the pinions of the wind,
To stormless wanderers, beautiful and gay.

WHITTIER.

"Come forth!" He cries, "thou dead!"

O God, what means that strange and sudden
sound

That murmurs from the tomb? That ghastly
head,

With funeral fillets bound?

It is a living form,

The loved, the lost, the won,

Won from the grave, corruption, and the
worm:

"And is not this the Son

Of God?" they whispered, while the sisters
poured

Their gratitude in tears, for they had known
the Lord.

DALE.

Their faith hath triumphed; with the sound
Of rushing thunder, backward fly

The affrighted billows, and the ground

They moistened now is dry;

Cleft in the midst the waters stand,

Obedient to their God's command,

Towering aloft on either hand

A glassy and resplendent heap,

Where scenes that bless the promised land

In mirrored beauty sleep.

J. H. CLINCH.

The conscious water saw its God and blushed!

CRASHAW.

Then with lifted eye
 He blessed and brake the slender store of food,
 And fed the famished thousands. Wondering
 awe
 With renovated strength inspired their souls,
 As gazing on the miracle they marked
 The gathered fragments of their feast, and
 heard
 Such heavenly words as lip of mortal man
 Had never uttered.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

She did but touch with finger weak
 The border of His sacred vest;
 Nor did He turn, nor glance, nor speak,
 Yet found she health and rest.

KEBLE.

MISER—(See AVARICE.)

MISSIONS—MISSIONARIES.

Spirit of missions! spark of genuine flame!
 In God or man developed, still the same:
 The same where'er Messiah's followers go,
 Lights of the world, to scatter light below.
 The same that bids the herald tempt the wave
 For burning India, her lost sons to save;
 Or prompts unnamed philanthropy to trace,
 Through lanes and alleys, misery's dwelling-
 place.

Thee, Spirit! we discern, and hail thee now,
 Essence divine, Religion's daughter, thou!

TAPPAN.

That sound bespeaks salvation on her way,
 The trumpet of a light-restoring day;
 'Tis heard where England's eastern glory
 shines,

And in the gulf of her Cornubian mines.
 And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
 Her sons to pour it on the farthest north;
 Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
 The rage and rigor of a polar sky,
 And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
 On icy plains, and in eternal snows.

COWPER.

I sing the men who left their home
 Amid barbarian hordes to roam,
 Who land and ocean crossed,
 Led by a load-star marked on high
 By Faith's unseen, all-searching eye,
 To seek and save the lost;
 Where'er the curse on Adam spread,
 To call his offspring from the dead.

MONTGOMERY.

Unmoved with fear,
 Health, comfort, safety, life they count not
 dear,
 May they but hope a Saviour's love to show,
 And warn one spirit from eternal woe;
 Nor will they faint, nor can they strive in
 vain,
 Since thus to live is Christ, to die is gain.

MONTGOMERY.

Strong in the great Redeemer's name,
 They bore the cross, despised the shame;
 And like their Master here,
 Wrestled with danger, pain, distress,
 Hunger, and cold, and nakedness,
 And every form of fear;
 To feel his love their only joy,
 To tell that love their sole employ.

MONTGOMERY.

Blessings be on their pathway, and increase!
 These are the moral conquerors, and belong
 To them the palm-branch and triumphal
 song—
 Conquerors, and yet the harbingers of peace!

MISS LONDON.

He did bring
 Life's warm affections to the sacrifice,
 Its loves, hopes, sorrows, and become as one
 Knowing no kindred but a perishing world,
 No love but of the sin-endangered soul,
 No hope but of the winning back to life
 Of the dead nations, and no passing thought,
 Save of the errand wherewith he was sent
 As to a martyrdom.

WHITTIER.

Our prayers be with them; we who know
 The value of a soul to save,
 Must pray for those who seek to show
 The heathen hope beyond the grave.

MISS LONDON.

He went forth
To bind the broken spirit; to pluck back
The heathen from the wheel of Juggernaut;
To place the spiritual image of a God
Holy, and just, and true, before the eye
Of the dark-minded Brahmin; and unseal
The holy pages of the book of life,
Fraught with sublimer mysteries than all
The sacred tomes of Vedas; to unbind
The widow from her sacrifice, and save
The perishing infant from the worshiped river.

WHITTIER.

Light for the darkened earth!

Ye blessed its beams who shed;
Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,
Till, wherever the footstep of man doth tread,
Salvation's banner spread broadly forth,
Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
And clear the tomb
From its lingering gloom,
For the aged to rest his weary head.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Go bid the bright and morning Star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.
O faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
Go gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in His presence stand.

BALFOUR.

O'er the wide waste of watery waves,
And leagues on leagues of land,
Amid a wilderness of graves,
With death on every hand,
He flew to woo and win a world,
That men might kiss the feet
Of Him whose banner he unfurled—
Father, Son, Paraclete!

BRYDGES.

Where is your heathen brother? From his
grave
Near thy own gates, or 'neath a foreign sky,
From the thronged depths of ocean's mourning
wave,
His answering blood reproachfully doth cry.
Blood of the soul! can all earth's fountains
make
Thy dark stain disappear? Stewards of God,
awake!

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Beyond the wild storm and the dark heaving
ocean,

They go to the beautiful land of the sun,
In whose groves and sweet valleys reigns pas-
sion's commotion,

Whose plants must be gathered, whose
dwellers be won.

There, dead to the world, its allurements and
glory,

The toil of the teacher they'll meekly assume,
And patiently tell to the pagan the story
Of the manger, the garden, the cross, and
the tomb.

TAPPAN.

Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

ANONYMOUS.

Where bright with gold their lands,
And diamonds star the mine,
The throne of darkness stands,
And souls in bondage pine,
We go to sound the jubilee
To all who will in Christ be free.
Now o'er the rolling seas,
A Saviour's name to bear,
Our sails are to the breeze,
To God our parting prayer;
We leave our native shores, and know
The Christian hath no home below.

MISS H. F. GOULD.

The words of life divine ye bear
To earth's remotest bound,
Till every land our God shall own,
And with his praise resound.
Your feet on every mountain top
Shine beauteous from afar,
More lovely than the rise of morn,
Or light of midnight star.

J. W. BROWN.

[See also IDOLATRY.]

MOON—(See SUN.)

MORNING—(See LIGHT.)

MOTHER—(See FATHER.)

MURDER.

First Envy, eldest born of Hell, imbrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of
men

To make a death which nature never made,
And God abhorred; with violence rude to
break

The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.

BISHOP PORTEUS.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

SHAKESPEARE.

His virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.

SHAKESPEARE.

The great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder; wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfill a man's?

SHAKESPEARE.

Blood hath strange organs to discourse withal;
It is a clam'rous orator, and then
Ev'n nature will exceed herself to tell
A crime so thwarting nature.

GOMERSALL.

Nor cell, nor chain, nor dungeon
Speaks to the murderer like the voice of
solitude.

MATURIN.

Murder itself is past all expiation,
The greatest crime that nature doth abhor.

GOFFE.

The earliest death a son of Adam died
Was murder, and that murder fratricide.

MONTGOMERY.

The voice of blood
Passes heaven's gates, ev'n ere the crimson
flood
Sinks through the greensward!

MRS. HEMANS.

He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

HOOD.

Earth shudders with secret awe;
There is blood on its bright and flowery sod,
And it feels the frown of an angry God.

The first of human gore
On the blushing earth has been shed;
It held of human kind but four;

Now one is cold and dead,
And one, with a fierce and bloodshot eye,
And crimson club, is standing by,
A seared and blasted man.

ANONYMOUS.

O thou dead
And everlasting witness! whose unsinking
Blood darkens earth and heaven! what thou
now art

I know not! but if thou see'st what I am,
I think thou wilt forgive him whom his God
Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul!

BYRON.

O thou
Who through the husband's bosom stabbed his
wife,
Say, can the phantom Honor, can the pride
Of conquest, or the transport of revenge—
Say, can the vain applause of those whose
praise
Stamps thee unworthy of the name of man—
Can these lull conscience in eternal sleep,
Or bribe reflection to withhold her stings?

LAYARD.

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,
The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,
The panting, throttled prayer for life,
The dying's heaving sigh,
The murderer's curse, the dead man's fixed,
still glare,
And fears, and death's cold sweat—they all
are there!

DANA.

Blood, though it sleep a time, yet never dies.

CHAPMAN.

Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood mounts upward and bedews the
heavens.

WEBSTER.

[See also SELF-MURDER.]

MUSIC.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

MILTON.

There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

MILTON.

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wished she
might

Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death.

MILTON.

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor.

SHAKESPEARE.

How sour sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.

SHAKESPEARE.

There's sure no passion in the human soul
But finds its food in music.

LILLO.

It is the medicine of the breaking heart.

SIR A. HUNT.

O! surely melody from heaven was sent,
To cheer the soul when tired with human
strife,

To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

H. K. WHITE.

O what a gentle ministrant is music
To piety—to mild, to penitent piety!
O, it gives plumage to the tardy prayer
That lingers in our lazy, earthly air,
And melts with it to heaven.

MILMAN.

O wondrous power of modulated sound!
Which like the air (whose all obedient shape
Thou mak'st thy slave) canst subtly pervade
The yielded avenues of sense, unlock
The close affections, by some fairy path
Winning an easy way through every ear,
And with thine unsubstantial quality
Holding in mighty chains the hearts of all.

CROWE.

Music, the tender child of rudest times,
The gentle native of all lands and climes;
Who hymns alike man's cradle and his grave,
Lulls the low cot, or peals along the nave.

MRS. NORTON.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

BYRON.

Man first learned song in paradise,
From the bright angels o'er him singing;
And in our home above the skies,
Glad anthems are forever ringing;
God lends his ear, well pleased to hear
The songs that cheer his children's sorrow;
Till day shall break, and we shall wake
Where love will make unfading morrow.

BETHUNE.

Borne on the swelling notes, our souls
aspire,

While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
And angels lean from heaven to hear.

POPE.

There's music ever in the kindly soul;
For every deed of goodness done is like
A chord set in the heart, and joy doth strike
Upon it, oft as memory doth unroll
The immortal page whereon good deeds are
writ.

M'KELLAR.

The words that bear a mission high,
If music-hallowed, never die!

MRS. HALE.

The songs that flowed on Zion's hill
Are chanted in God's temple still,
And to the eye of faith unfold
The glories of his house of old.

MRS. HALE.

'Tis He that taught the lark, from earth
upspringing,
To warble forth his matin strain;
And the pure stream, in liquid gushes singing,
Gladly to bless the thirsty plain;
And from the laden bee, when homeward
winging
Its tuneful flight, doth not disdain
To hear the song of praise.

BETHUNE.

The Father spake! In grand reverberations
Through space rolled on the mighty music-
tide,

While to its low, majestic modulations,
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

And wheresoever, in his rich creation,
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or
soul,

'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that grand tune to which the planets roll!

MRS. OSGOOD.

Hail heaven-born music! by thy power we
raise

The uplifted soul to acts of highest praise;
O! I would die with music melting round,
And float to bliss upon a sea of sound.

HOPKINSON.

MUTABILITY — VICISSITUDE.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust, be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

SHIRLEY.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the
ground;

So generations in their course decay,
So perish these, when those have passed away.

From the Greek of HOMER.

The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss! it breaks at every breeze.

YOUNG.

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower disheveled in the wind;
Riches make wings, and grandeur is a dream.
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him ignoble graves.

COWPER.

We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,
Time plows them up, and not a trace remains.
We build with what we deem eternal rock;
A distant age asks where the fabric stood;
And in the dust, sifted and searched in vain,
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

COWPER.

Gather ye rose-buds as ye may,
Old time is still a flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

HERRICK.

Ere Mirth can well her comedy begin,
The tragic demon oft comes thundering in,
Confounds the actors, damps the merry show,
And turns the loudest laugh to deepest woe.

WILSON.

Gone, glimmering through the dreams of things
that were,
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour.

BYRON.

But while the glitter charms our gazing eyes,
Its wings are folded, and the meteor dies.

R. T. PAINE.

The flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay,
Tempt, and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief, even, as bright.

SHILLBY.

This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but Heaven.

MOORE.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

TENNYSON.

March, march, march! earth groans as they
tread!

Each carries a skull; going down to the
dead!

Every stride, every stamp, every footfall is
bolder;

'Tis a skeleton's tramp, with a skull on his
shoulder!

But ho, how he steps with a high-tossing head,
That clay-covered bone, going down to the
dead!

A. C. COXE.

It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day;
It is traced in sunset's dyes,
"Passing away."
It is written on the brow
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now,
"Passing away."

MRS. HEMANS.

I read on the porch of a palace bold,
In a purple tablet letters cast,
"A house, though a million winters old,
A house of earth comes down at last;
Then quarry thy stones from the crystal all,
And build the dome that shall not fall."

From the PERSIAN.

They are passing away, they are passing away,
The joy from our hearts, and the light from
our day,
The hope that beguiled us when sorrow was
near,
The loved ones that dashed from our eyelids
the tear,
The friendships that held o'er our bosoms their
away;
They are passing away, they are passing away.

R. M. CHARLTON.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

LONGFELLOW.

Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long departed joys!
The shade of youthful hope is there,
That lingered long and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honors at her side.
What empty shadows glimmer nigh!
They once were friendship, truth, and love;
O die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove.

W. R. SPENCER.

Change is written on the tide,
On the forest's leafy pride,
On the streamlet glancing bright,
On the jeweled crown of night,
All whereon the eye can rest
Shows it legibly imprint.

J. H. CLINCH.

Such is life: all fair to-day, dark to-morrow,
dull and gray;
Changing ever, like the moon, or the fleecy
clouds of June,
Now in brightness, now in gloom; now the
cradle, now the tomb.

J. H. CLINCH.

To change and change is life, to move and
never rest;
Not what we are, but what we hope, is best.

LOWELL.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth, that soonest pass away.

BRYANT.

O boasted joys of earth! how swift ye fly,
Rent from the heart, or hidden from the eye;
So through the web the weaver's shuttle glides,
So speeds the vessel o'er the billowy tides,
So cleaves the bird the liquid fields of light,
And leaves no furrow of its trackless flight.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and
quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly! yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost forever.
Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last.

SHELLEY.

Man's yesterday can ne'er be like his morrow;
Naught may endure but mutability.

SHELLEY.

O God, we are but leaves upon thy stream,
Clouds on thy sky. We do but move across
The silent breast of thine infinitude
Which bears us all. We pour out day by day
Our long, brief moan of mutability
To thine immutable, and cease.

MISS MULOCH.

Where are the scenes of childhood's truth?
Where are the cherished hopes of youth?
Where the friends we loved so long?
Where the ties we thought so strong?
Where the plans of manhood's years?
Where the seed so steeped in tears?
Where the promise made to the ear?
Where the voices which bade us cheer?
Now alone, on our way we plod,
All is a dream but our faith in God.

M. TRAFTON.

Change is written everywhere,
Time and death o'er all are ranging;
Seasons, creatures, all declare,
Man is mortal, earth is changing.

ANONYMOUS.

[See also DEATH — LIFE — TIME.]

MYSTERY.

There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

SHAKESPEARE.

Admit a God, that mystery supreme!
That cause uncaused! all other wonders cease;
Nothing is marvelous for him to do;
Deny him, all is mystery besides:
Millions of mysteries! each darker far
Than that thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.

YOUNG.

It is an evil incident to man,
And of the worst, that unexplored he leaves
Truths useful and attainable with ease,
To search forbidden depths, where mystery lies
Not to be solved, and useless if it might.

COWPER.

Mysteries are food for angels; they digest
With ease, and find them nutriment; but man,
While yet he dwells below, must stoop to glean
His manna from the ground, or starve and die.

COWPER.

The universe is infinitely wide,
And conquering reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new
wall

Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative faith! canst overleap,
In progress toward the Fount of love.

WORDSWORTH.

But be the prying vision veiled,
And let the seeking lips be dumb;
Where even seraph eyes have failed,
Shall mortal blindness seek to come?

WHITTIER.

God keeps his holy mysteries
Just on the outside of man's dream,
In diapason slow, we think
To hear their pinions rise and sink,
While they float pure beneath his eyes,
Like swans adown a stream.

MRS. BROWNING.

O God, for thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can
mount

Up to thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would
try

To trace thy councils, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so
high,

Even like past moments in eternity.

From the Russian of DERZHAVIN.

That things to mortals are mysterious
Is not because the things themselves are dark,
But the perceptions through which they are
viewed.

BATES.

O all-preparing Providence divine!
What mortal sense is able to define
Thy mysteries, thy councils manifold!
It is thy wisdom strangely that extends
Obscure proceedings to apparent ends.

DRAYTON.

Yet through all, we know
This tangled skein is in the hands of One
Who sees the end from the beginning: He
Shall yet unravel all.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

[See also PROVIDENCE.]

THE NATIVITY—(See CHRISTMAS.)

NATURE.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song!

THOMSON.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous
then!

Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and power
divine.

MILTON.

By swift degrees the love of nature works,
And warms the bosom; till, at last sublimed
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world.

THOMSON.

In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God.

MILTON.

O! open then my dungeon door!
Let Nature lead me, blind of eyes,
If haply I may feel once more
The pillars of the steadfast skies;
If haply there may fall for me
Some strange assurance in my fears,
As he who heard on Galilee,
That stormy night in wondrous years,
The "It is I," and o'er the foam
Of what seemed phantom-haunted seas,
Saw glory of the kingdom come,
The footsteps of the Prince of peace.

LUCRETIA NOBLE.

Read Nature; Nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is Christian; preaches to mankind,
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.

YOUNG.

Nature all o'er is consecrated ground,
Teeming with growths immortal and divine.

YOUNG.

From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heavenly truth; evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and
works

A soul in all things, and that soul is God.

COWPER.

From nature's constant or eccentric laws
The thoughtful soul this general inference
draws,
That an effect must presuppose a cause.

PRIOR.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst
taste

His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind be-
fore.

Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have
wrought.

COWPER.

He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature; and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"

COWPER.

One spirit, His
Who wore the platted thorns, with bleeding
brows,
Rules universal nature! Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or
stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil.

COWPER.

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

WATTS.

Great Ruler of all nature's frame! we own
thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm, for all the
winds are thine.
Thy mercy tempers every blast to them that
seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar the
whispers of thy grace.

DODDRIDGE.

Earth with her ten thousand flowers;
Air with all its beams and showers;
Ocean's infinite expanse;
Heaven's resplendent countenance—
All around, and all above,
Hath this record: "God is love."

ANONYMOUS.

I read His awful name emblazoned high,
With golden letters, on the illumined sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every
tree;

In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the
sun

Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living
flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!

COLERIDGE.

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise.

COLERIDGE.

Nature's self, which is the breath of God,
Or his pure word by miracle revealed.

WORDSWORTH.

I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.

WORDSWORTH.

Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and
grace
Are here to speak of thee.

BRYANT.

I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

WORDSWORTH.

The innocent brightness of a new-born day is
lovely yet.

The clouds that gather round the setting sun,
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are
won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.
She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless,
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

WORDSWORTH.

For the dark, resounding neavens,
Where thy still small voice is heard,
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirred;
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our father's God!

MRS. HEMANS.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night arch floating high,
The flowers, that gaze upon the heavens,
The bright stream leaping by,
Are living with religion; deep
Its glories on the waters sleep,
And mingle with the moon's pale rays,
Like the soft light of parted days.

ANONYMOUS.

But Thou art here—thou fill'st

The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barked trunks, the
ground—

The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with
thee;

Here is continual worship; nature here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence.

BRYANT.

Thou dost look

On thy creation, and pronounce it good.
Its valleys, glorious with their summer green,
Praise thee in silent beauty; and its woods,
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

BRYANT.

God's Spirit smiles in flowers,
And in soft summer showers
He sends his love;
Each dew drop speaks his praise,
And bubbling fount displays,
In all its lucid rays,
Light from above.

ANONYMOUS.

Live thou with God in nature; never falter
In thy communings with him. Be
Like those blest birds we read of in the Psalter,
Who found a home from peril free
In God's own house, and nestled near his
altar,
Making it ring with melody.
That temple stands no more,
But nature standeth still; God's holy presence
Abideth with us, and the offering
Of thankful joy, to Him whose perfect essence
Is perfect love, our glowing lips may bring.

BETHUNE.

The simple flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent, and he
Who holdeth converse in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dressed,
His Maker there to teach his listening heart.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The green earth sends its incense up from
every mountain shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup that greeteth
the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills like the white
wing of prayer,

They lean above the ancient hills as doing
homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast o'er breezy hill
and glen,

As if a prayerful spirit passed on nature as on
men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world e'en as
repentant love,

Ere to the blessed breeze unfurled they fade in
light above.

WHITTIER.

For me the ocean lifts its solemn psalm,
To me the pine woods whisper; and for me
Yon river, winding through its vales of calm,
By greenest banks with asters purple-starred,
And gentian bloom and golden rod made gay,
Flows down in silent gladness to the sea,
Like a pure spirit to its great reward!

WHITTIER.

God of the fair and open sky!
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings!
Each brilliant star that sparkles through
Each gilded cloud that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee!

W. B. O. PEABODY.

Nature, faint emblem of Omnipotence!
Shaped by his hand, the shadow of his light,
The vail in which he wraps his majesty,
And through whose mantling folds he deigns
to show

Of his mysterious, awful attributes,
And dazzling splendors, all man's feeble
thought

Can grasp uncrushed, or vision bear un-
quenched.

STREET.

Great are thy works, Almighty! And if they
So great, how great art thou, who hid'st
thyself

Behind this gorgeous scene, sustaining all!

E. OTHEMAN.

God hath a presence, and that ye may see
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree,
In the sun of the noonday, the star of the
night,

In the storm cloud of darkness, the rainbow
of light,

In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land,
In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand;

Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze that ye see not God?

ELIZA COOK.

[See also BIRDS — FLOWERS — RIVERS — OCEAN
— THE SEASONS — SUN.

NIGHT — (See DARKNESS.)

OCEAN — SEA.

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man,
Wide opening and loud roaring still for more!
Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!

YOUNG.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and
unknown.

BYRON.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's
form

Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sub-
lime—

The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible.

BYRON.

Sea! of Almightiness itself the immense
 And glorious mirror! how thy azure face
 Renews the heavens in their magnificence!
 What awful grandeur rounds thy heavy
 space!

Thy surge two worlds eternal warring sweeps,
 And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps.

ANONYMOUS.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
 That hear the question of that voice sublime?
 O! what are all the notes that ever rung
 From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering
 side!
 Yea, what is all the riot man can make
 In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!

BRAINARD.

But thou art almighty, eternal, sublime,
 Unweakened, unwasted, twin brother of time!
 Fleets, tempests, nor nations thy glory can
 bow;
 As the stars first beheld thee, still chainless
 art thou.

But hold! when thy surges no longer shall
 roll,

And that firmament's length is drawn back
 like a scroll,

Then, then shall the spirit that sighs by thee
 now

Be more mighty, more lasting, more chainless
 than thou.

"IRISH MAGAZINE."

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
 Yon little billow heaves its breast,
 And foams and sparkles for a while,
 Then, murmuring, subsides to rest.
 Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
 Rises on time's eventful sea;
 And having swelled a moment there,
 Thus melts into eternity.

MOORE.

When up some woodland dale we catch
 The many-twinkling smile of Ocean,
 Or with pleased ear, bewildered, watch
 His chime of restless motion;
 Still as the surging waves retire,
 They seem to gasp with strong desire;
 Such signs of love old Ocean gives,
 We cannot choose but think he lives.

KEBLE.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble
 head,

O'er youth's bright looks, and beauty's flowery
 crown!

Yet must thou hear a voice, "Restore the
 dead!"

Earth shall reclaim her precious things from
 thee;

"Restore the dead, thou sea!"

MRS. HERMAN.

And evermore the waters worship God;
 And bards and prophets tune their mystic lyres
 While listening to the music of the waves.

MRS. HALE.

The sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
 His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have
 scooped

His boundless gulfs and built his shore, thy
 breath,

That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
 Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves
 To its strong motion roll, and rise and fall.

BRYANT.

Type of the Infinite! I look away
 Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
 My thought upon a resting-place, or make
 A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
 But on my spirit stretches, 'till it's pain
 To think, then rests, and then puts forth again.
 Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
 I feel all soul; and thoughts unmeasured reach
 Far back beyond all date.

DANA.

Of thousands thou both sepulcher and pall,
 Old ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead,
 From out thy gloomy cells
 A tale of mourning tells—
 Tells of man's woe and fall, his sinless glory
 fled.

DANA.

All praise to the Lord, who rules with a word
 The untractable sea,
 And limits its rage by his steadfast decree:
 Whose providence binds or releases the winds,
 And compels them again,
 At his beck, to put on the invisible chain.

C. WESLEY.

Great Source of being, beauty, light, and love!
 Creator! Lord! the waters worship thee!
 Ere thy creative smile had sown the flowers,
 Ere the glad hills leaped upward, or the earth,
 With swelling bosom, waited for her child;
 Before Eternal Love had lit the sun,
 Or Time had traced his dial-plate in stars,
 The joyful anthem of the ocean flowed;
 And chaos like a frightened felon fled,
 While on the deep the Holy Spirit moved.

MRS. HALE.

Homeward bound! with deep emotion
 We remember, Lord, that life
 Is a voyage upon an ocean
 Heaved by many a tempest's strife.
 Be thy statutes so engraven
 On our hearts and minds, that we,
 Anchoring in death's quiet haven,
 All may make our home with thee.

PIERPONT.

Star of Hope! gleam on the billow,
 Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
 Bless the sailor's lonely pillow
 Far, far at sea.

ANONYMOUS.

One name above all glorious names,
 With its ten thousand tongues,
 The everlasting sea proclaims,
 Echoing angelic songs.

KEBLE.

O Thou who in thy hand dost hold
 The winds and waves, that wake or sleep,
 Thy tender arms of mercy fold
 Around the seamen on the deep!
 And when their voyage of life is o'er,
 May they be welcomed to the shore
 Whose peaceful streets with gold are paved,
 And angels sing, "They're saved! they're
 saved!"

H. F. GOULD.

Eternity comes in the sound of billows that
 never can sleep;
 Jehovah encircles us round; Omnipotence
 walks on the deep.
 Our Father, we look up to thee as on toward
 the haven we roll;
 And faith in our Pilot shall be an anchor to
 steady the soul.

H. F. GOULD.

The ocean looketh up to heaven as 'twere a
 living thing,
 The homage of its waves is given in ceaseless
 worshipping.
 They kneel upon the sloping sand, as bends
 the human knee,
 A beautiful and tireless band, the priesthood
 of the sea!
 They pour the glittering treasures out which
 in the deep have birth,
 And chant their awful hymns about the watch-
 ing hills of earth.

WHITTIER.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
 The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
 Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
 Hath summoned up their slumbering bands;
 Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
 Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
 Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
 Serenely breathes, "Depart in peace."

W. B. O. PEABODY.

[See also NATURE — RIVERS.]

OMNIPOTENCE — OMNIPRESENCE — OMNISCIENCE.

Such is His power that in His wrath he
 made the earth to quake,
 Yea, the foundation of the mount of Basan for
 to shake;
 And from his nostrils came a smoke when
 kindled was his ire;
 And from His mouth came kindled coals of
 hot consuming fire.

STERNHOLD.

The Lord descended from above, and bowed
 the heavens high;
 And underneath his feet he cast the darkness
 of the sky.
 On cherubs and on cherubims full royally he
 rode;
 And on the wings of all the winds came
 flying all abroad.

STERNHOLD.

Who Thy wonders can express?
 All thy thoughts are fathomless;
 Hid from men in knowledge blind;
 Hid from fools to vice inclined.

SANDYS.

High is Thy power above all height;
 Whate'er thy will decrees is done;
 Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
 Only to thee, O God, is known!

Translated from the German by J. WESLEY.

What our dim eyes could never see,
 Is plain and naked to Thy sight;
 What thickest darkness veils, to thee
 Shines clearly as the morning light.
 In light thou dwell'st, light that no shade,
 No variation ever knew;
 Heaven, earth, and hell stand all displayed,
 And open to thy piercing view.

Translated from the German by J. WESLEY.

We cannot think too oft
 There is a never, never sleeping eye,
 Which reads the heart, and registers our
 thoughts.

BACON.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous
 climes,

Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis naught to me;
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 And where He vital breathes, there must be
 joy.

THOMSON.

"Tell them, I AM," Jehovah said
 To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
 And, smitten to the heart,
 At once above, beneath, around,
 All nature, without voice or sound,
 Replied, "O Lord! Thou art."

SMART.

As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from
 Thee;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.
 Thy word created all, and doth create;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious!
 Great!

Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

From the Russian of G. R. DERZHAVIN.

In all the immense, the strange, and old,
 Thy presence careless men behold;
 In all the little, weak, and mean,
 By faith be thou as clearly seen.

STERLING.

When up to nightly skies we gaze,
 Where stars pursue their endless ways,
 We think we see, from earth's low clod,
 The wide and shining home of God.
 'Tis vain to dream those tracts of space,
 With all their worlds, approach his face;
 One glory fills each wheeling ball;
 One love has shaped and moved them all.
 This earth, with all its dust and tears,
 Is no less his than yonder spheres;
 And rain-drops weak, and grains of sand,
 Are stamped by his immediate hand.

STERLING.

But fixed, O God! forever stands thy throne;
 Jehovah reigns, a universe alone;
 The eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
 Collected or diffused, is still the same;
 He dwells within his own unfathomed essence,
 And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Soul of the world, all-seeing Eye,
 Where, where shall man thy presence fly?
 Say, would he climb the starry height?
 All heaven is instinct with thy light!
 Dwell in the darkness of the grave?
 Yea, thou art there to judge and save.
 In vain on wings of morn we soar,
 In vain the realms of space explore,
 In vain retreat to shades of night;
 For what can veil us from thy sight?
 Distance dissolves before thy ray,
 And darkness kindles into day.

W. PETER.

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
 Omnisc. His most holy name is Love.
 Truth of subliming import! with the which
 Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
 He from his small particular orbit flies,
 With blessed outstarting!

COLERIDGE.

Vain thought! the confines of His throne to
 trace
 Who goes through all the fields of boundless
 space.

H. K. WHITE.

I lose myself in Him, in light ineffable !

THOMSON.

God naught foresees, but sees : for to his eyes
Naught is to come, or past ; nor are you vile
Because that Heaven foresees, for God, not we,
Sees as things are ; things are not as we see.

MARSTON.

Yea, thou art ever present, Power Divine !
Not circumscribed by time, nor fixed to space,
Confined to altars, nor to temples bound.
In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,
In dungeons, or on thrones, the faithful find
thee.

HANNAH MORE.

A thousand nameless acts,
That lurk in lovely secrecy, and die
Unnoticed, like the trodden flowers which
fall

Beneath a proud man's foot, to Thee are known,
And written with a sunbeam in the Book
Of Life, where Mercy fills the brightest page.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

God is not great because omnipotent !

But because power in him is understood
And felt, and proved to be benevolent,
And wise, and holy ; thus it ever should !
For what he wills we know is pure and
good.

BARTON.

Thou Uncreate, Unseen, and Undefined,
Source of all life, and Fountain of the mind ;
Pervading Spirit, whom no eye can trace,
Felt through all time, and working in all space ;
Imagination cannot paint that spot,
Around, above, beneath, where thou art not ?

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

[See also DEITY — PROVIDENCE.]

OPPORTUNITY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

SHAKESPEARE.

The golden opportunity
Is never offered twice ; seize then the hour
When fortune smiles and duty points the way ;
Nor shrink aside to 'scape the specter fear ;
Nor pause, though pleasure beckon from her
bower ;

But bravely bear thee onward to the goal.

ANONYMOUS.

O Opportunity ! thy guilt is great :

'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason !
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may
get ;

Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the
season ;

'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at
reason ;

And in thy shady cell, where none may spy
him,

Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by
him.

SHAKESPEARE.

A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which being suffered rivers cannot quench.

SHAKESPEARE.

We must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures.

SHAKESPEARE.

Occasion, set on wing, flies fast away,
Whose back once turned, no holdfast can we
find.

ANONYMOUS.

Miss not the occasion ; by the forelock take
That subtle power, the never-halting Time,
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.

WORDSWORTH.

O seize the instant time ; you never will
With waters once passed by impel the mill.

From the Persian, translated by TRENCH.

The means that Heaven yields must be embraced
And not neglected ; else, if Heaven would,
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffered means of succor and redress.

SHAKESPEARE.

Opportunity makes the thief.

From the LATIN.

Moments seize;
Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may wish
When worlds want wealth to buy.

YOUNG.

[See also DELAY—THE PRESENT.]

OPPRESSION—SLAVERY.

All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eyesight of Discov'ry, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meager intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.

COWPER.

My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

COWPER.

Not claim hereditary, not the trust
Of frank election;
Not even the high anointing hand of Heaven
Can authorize oppression; give a law
For lawless power; wed faith to violation;
On reason build misrule, or justly bind
Allegiance to injustice.

BROOKE.

Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But a usurper.

BROOKE.

All noble souls will yearn to the oppressed,
Nor canst thou dam that inward sympathy,
That, tidelike, swelleth ever in the breast,
Even as the restless soul of the broad sea.

STORY.

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause

Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat

With stripes, that mercy with a bleeding heart

Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.

COWPER.

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.

COWPER.

Remember, Heaven has an avenging rod;
To smite the poor is treason against God.

COWPER.

Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,
Kind, equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustain the name and dignity of man,
These are not theirs.

THOMSON.

Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fettered to the soil;
Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No! Nature stamped us in a heavenly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankless labor urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge.

CAMPBELL.

The widowed Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires!

So falls the heart at thralldom's bitter sigh!
So virtue dies, the spouse of liberty!

CAMPBELL.

Woe, then, to all who grind
Their brethren of a common Father down!
To all who plunder from the immortal mind
Its bright and glorious crown!

WHITTIER.

The free-born man thus shrunk into a slave,
 His passive limbs to measured looks confined,
 Obeyed the impulse of another mind;
 A silent, secret, terrible control,
 That ruled his sinews, and repressed his soul.
 Not for himself he waked at morning light,
 Toiled the long day, and sought repose at
 night;
 His rest, his labor, pastime, strength, and
 health,
 Were only portions of a master's wealth;
 His love—O name not love, where Christians
 doom

The fruits of love to slavery from the womb.

MONTGOMERY.

Slave is no word of deathless lineage sprung:
 Too many noble souls have thought and died,
 Too many mighty poets lived and sung,
 And our good Saxon, from lips purified
 With martyr-fire, throughout the world hath
 rung

Too long to have God's holy cause denied.

LOWELL.

Paul and Silas, in their prison, sang of Christ
 the Lord arisen,
 And an earthquake's arm of might broke their
 dungeon gates at night.
 But, alas! what holy angel brings the slave
 this glad evangel?
 And what earthquake's arm of might breaks
 his dungeon gates at night?

LONGFELLOW.

But, bitterest of the ills beneath
 Whose load man totters down to death,
 Is that which plucks the regal crown
 Of freedom from his forehead down,
 And snatches from his powerless hand
 The sceptered sign of self-command,
 Effacing with the chain and rod
 The image and the seal of God.

WHITTIER.

My God! can such things be?
 Hast thou not said that whatsoe'er is done
 Unto thy weakest and thy humblest one,
 Is even done to thee?
 In that sad victim, then,
 Child of thy pitying love, I see thee stand;
 Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,
 Bound, sold, and scourged again!

WHITTIER.

O, from the fields of cane,
 From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's
 cell;
 From the black slave ship's foul and loath-
 some hell,
 And coffin's weary chain;
 Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
 Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,
 Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
 "How long, O God, how long?"

WHITTIER.

He who permits oppression shares the crime.

DAEWIN.

[See also FREEDOM.]

PARDON — FORGIVENESS.

Survey the wondrous cure,
 And at each step let higher wonder rise!
 Pardon for infinite offense! and pardon
 Through means that speak its value infinite!
 A pardon bought with blood! with blood
 divine!
 With blood divine of Him I made my foe!

YOUNG.

Come, listen to His voice who died to save
 Lost man, and raise him from his mortal grave;
 From darkness showed a path of light to
 heaven;
 Oried, "Rise and walk; thy sins are all for-
 given."

DANA.

By Thy most severe temptation
 In that dark, satanic hour,
 By Thy last mysterious passion,
 Screen me from the adverse power.
 By Thy fainting in the garden,
 By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon,
 Take my sins and fears away.

C. WESLEY.

Lift up thy streaming eyes to heaven,
 The great atonement see,
 And all thy sins shall be forgiven;
 Believe, and thou art free.

HASTINGS.

Mark well the terms
On which our final absolution rests.
Forgiveness such as that which here on earth
To others we impart, the righteous Judge
Will unto us accord at the dread day
Of universal judgment.

HAYES.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down to Him who came
from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy, and pure, and wise.

BRYANT.

The Saviour smiles; upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll!
His voice proclaims my pardon found;
Seraphic transport wings the sound!
Earth has a joy unknown in heaven;
The new-born peace of sins forgiven:
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

HILLHOUSE.

He pardoning wearies not. Ah why
Behold with evil eye
Thy brother asking grace for sin?
He doth but aid thee more to win
Of hope in thy last end.
In heart forgive; that pays Him all:
But grudging souls must die in thrall,
No Saviour and no Friend.

KEELE.

To err is human: to forgive, Divine!

POPE.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again!
One had it; but He came from Heaven;
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made:
But when in death's dark pang He sighed.
Prayed for his murderers, and died.

EDMONSTON.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

BAILEY.

To conquer hate,
And in its place to cherish love unfeigned,
Forgiveness and forgetfulness of wrongs,
No precepts but the perfect law of Christ,
No teacher but the blessed Son of God,
Could e'er instruct mankind.

LAYARD.

How beautifully falls
From human lips that blessed word, forgive!
Forgiveness—it is the attribute of gods,
The sound which openeth heaven, renews
again
On earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life.
Thrice happy he whose heart hath been so
schooled
In the meek lessons of humility,
That he can give it utterance; it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel.

ANONYMOUS.

Knowest thou Him who forgave, with the
crown of thorns round his temples?
Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his mur-
derers? Say, dost thou know him?
Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow like-
wise his example.

From the Swedish of BISHOP TEGNER.

'Tis sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language; on earth it is callèd
Forgiveness!

From the Swedish of BISHOP TEGNER.

We all
At some time have had need to say "forgive!"
O! nothing in this low and ruined world
Bears the meek impress of the Son of God
So surely as forgiveness.

ALICE CARY.

[See also MEROY—SALVATION.]

PARENTS—(See FATHER.)

PARTINGS—(See FAREWELL.)

THE PASSIONS.

Raging passion, with fierce tyranny,
 Robs reason of her true regality,
 And makes it servant to her basest part!

SPENCER.

When headstrong passion gets the reins of
 reason,

The force of nature, like too strong a gale,
 For want of ballast, oversets the vessel.

HIGGONS.

Take heed lest passion sway
 Thy judgment to do aught which, else, free
 will would not admit.

MILTON.

In passion's flame
 Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder
 froze.

YOUNG.

While passions glow, the heart, like heated
 steel,
 Takes each impression, and is worked at
 pleasure.

YOUNG.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
 The ruling passion conquers reason still.

POPE.

Like mighty rivers, with resistless force,
 The passions rage; obstructed in their course,
 Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
 And drown those virtues which they fed
 before.

POPE.

The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules.

BROOKER.

The heart, surrendered to the ruling power
 Of some ungoverned passion every hour,
 Finds by degrees the truths that once bore
 sway,
 And all their deep impressions wear away.

COWPER.

When passion rules, how rare
 The hours that fall to virtue's share!

SCOTT.

Some dream that they can silence when they
 will

The storm of passion, and say, "Peace, be
 still!"

But "Thus far, and no farther," when ad-
 dressed

To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
 Implies authority that never can,
 That never ought to be the lot of man.

COWPER.

Passions, indulged beyond a certain bound,
 Lead to a precipice, and plunge in woe
 The heedless agent.

BALLY.

How terrible is passion! how our reason
 Falls down before it! while the tortured frame,
 Like a ship dashed by fierce encount'ring
 tides,
 And of her pilot spoiled, drives round and
 round,
 The sport of wind and wave.

BARFORD.

Evil and strong, seducing passions prey
 On soaring minds, and win them from their
 way;

Who then to vice the subject spirits give,
 And in the service of the conqueror live,
 Like captive Samson, making sport for all
 Who feared their strength, and glory in their
 fall.

CRABER.

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride
 Thy mandates to fulfill,
 Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
 Speak, and say, "Peace, be still!"

MRS. HEMANS.

Earthly desires and sensual lust
 Are passions springing from the dust—
 They fade and die;
 But in the life beyond the tomb
 They seal the immortal spirit's doom
 Eternally!

From the Spanish of MANRIQUE.

O how the passions, insolent and strong,
 Make us the madness of their will obey.

CRABER.

Thou must chain thy passions down;
Well to serve, but ill to sway,
Like the fire, they must obey.
They are good, in subject state,
To strengthen, warm, and animate;
But if once we let them reign,
They sweep with desolating train,
Till they but leave a hated name,
A ruined soul, and blackened fame.

ELIZA COOK.

Strong passions, like to storms,
Soon rage themselves to rest,
Or leave a desolated calm,
A worn and wasted breast.

BAILEY.

The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and
fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us and lead us astray, and
their odor is deadly.

LONGFELLOW.

The ocean, lashed to fury loud,
Its high wave mingling with the cloud,
Is peaceful, sweet serenity,
To passion's dark and boundless sea.

EASTBURN.

PASTORS—MINISTERS.

A true good man there was of religion,
Pious and poor, the parson of a town.
But rich he was in holy thought and work,
And thereto a right learned man; a clerk
That Christ's pure Gospel would sincerely
preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach.

CHAUCER.

This noble ensample to his flock he gave,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
The word of life he from the Gospel caught;
And well this comment added he thereto,
If that gold rusteth what should iron do?
And if the priest be foul on whom we trust,
What wonder if the unlettered layman lust?

CHAUCER.

He bore his great commission in his look;
But sweetly tempered awe, and softened all he
spoke.

He preached the joys of heaven and pains of
hell,
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal,
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.

DRYDEN.

Not of reproach imperious or malign,
But in his teaching soothing and benign;
To draw them on to heaven, by reason fair
And good example, was his daily care.
But were there one perverse and obstinate,
Were he of lofty or of low estate,
Him would he sharply with reproof astound.

CHAUCER.

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered,
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared.
His preaching much, but more his practice
wrought,
A living sermon of the truths he taught.

DRYDEN.

I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged while the world
shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.

COWPER.

There stands the messenger of truth; there
stands

The legate of the skies; his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.

COWPER.

Simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

COWPER.

But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt
for all;

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

GOLDSMITH.

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.

BAXTER.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

GOLDSMITH.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dis-
mayed,

The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to
raise,

And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

GOLDSMITH.

He is a faithful pastor of the poor;
He thinks not of himself; his Master's words,
"Feed, feed my sheep," are ever at his heart,
The cross of Christ is aye before his eyes.

GRAHAME.

A skillful workman he
In God's great moral vineyard; what to prune
With cautious hand he knew; what to uproot;
What were mere weeds, and what celestial
plants

Which had unfading vigor in them, knew,
Nor knew alone; but watched them night and
day,

And reared and nourished them, till fit to be
Transplanted to the Paradise above.

POLLOK.

In man or woman, but far more in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn!

COWPER.

He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the great concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart.

COWPER.

What! will a man play tricks? will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?

COWPER.

Nor did the pulpit's oratory fail
To achieve its higher triumph; not unfelt
Were its admonishments, nor lightly heard
The awful truths, delivered thence by tongues
Endowed with various power to search the
soul.

WORDSWORTH.

Persuasion, friend, comes not by toil or art,
Hard study never made the matter clearer;
'Tis the live fountain in the preacher's heart
Sends forth the streams that melt the rav-
ished hearer.

From the German of GÖTTE.

I saw one man, armed simply with God's word,
Enter the souls of many fellow-men,
And pierce them sharply as a two-edged sword,
While conscience echoed back his words
again;

Till, even as showers of fertilizing rain
Sink through the bosom of the valley clod,
So their hearts opened to the wholesome pain,
And hundreds knelt upon the flowery sod,
One good man's earnest prayer the link 'twixt
them and God.

MRS. NORRIS.

O rest not now, but scatter wide the seeds
Of faithful words and yet more faithful deeds;
So thou shalt rest above eternally,
When God the harvest fruit shall give to thee.

BETHUNE.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed, regenerate;
Of God's most blest decree,
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant, with the cry
"Be merciful to me."
And well, withouten book or stole,
(God's words were printed on his soul!)

Into the dying ear
He breathed, as 'twere an angel's strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
And death's dark shadows clear.

SOUTHWY.

For what shall heal, when holy water banes?
Or who may guide
O'er desert plains,
Thy loved yet sinful people wandering wide,
If Aaron's hand unshrinking mould
An idol form of earthly gold?

KEBLE.

Listen, ye pure white-robed souls,
Whom in her list she now enrolls,
And gird ye for your high emprise
By these her thrilling minstrelies.
And wheresoe'er, in earth's wide field,
Ye lift for Him, the red cross shield,
Be this your song, your joy and pride:
"Our champion went before, and died."

KEBLE.

But who can e'er suffice,
What mortal for this more than angel's task,
Winning or losing souls, thy life-blood's price?
The gift were too divine to ask.
Dread Searcher of the hearts!
Thou who didst seal by thy descending Dove
Thy servant's choice, O help us in our parts,
Else helpless found, to learn and teach thy
love.

KEBLE.

Within Thy temple, where we stand
To teach the truth, not ours, but thine,
May we, like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the Churches, shine!
Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign;
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be thine!

MONTGOMERY.

Ye to whom a prophet-voice is given,
Stirring men, as by a trumpet's call,
Utter forth the oracles of Heaven!
Earth gives back the echoes as they fall;
Rouse the world's great heart, while yet the
day
Breaks life's slumber with its blessed ray,
For the night cometh!

MRS. EMBURY.

Howauteous are the feet of those who bear
Mercy to man, glad tidings to despair!
Far from the mountain's top, they lovelier
seem

Than moonlight dews, or morning's rosy beam;
Sweeter the voice than spell, or hymning sphere,
And listening angels hush their harps to hear.

C. H. JOHNSON.

How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be called
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off, and rest in heaven!

WILLIS.

PATIENCE.

Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace;
Of all the virtues, 'tis the nearest kin to
heaven:
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.

DEKKER.

Wisdom, the antidote of sad despair,
Makes sharp afflictions seem not as they are,
Through patient sufferance; and doth apprehend,
Not as they seeming are, but as they end.

QUAKES.

Give me care,
By thankful patience, to prevent despair.

QUAKES.

Christians by patience win a better crown
Than all the bloody conquerors' renown.

BAXTER.

Though to-day may not fulfill
 All thy hopes, have patience still;
 For perchance to-morrow's sun
 Sees thy happier days begun.
 As God willeth march the hours,
 Bringing joy at last in showers,
 And whate'er we asked is ours.

From the German of GERHARDT.

Like some well-fashioned arch thy patience
 stood,
 And purchased strength from each increasing
 load.

GOLDSMITH.

He is one to whom
 Long patience hath such mild composure given,
 That patience now doth seem a thing of which
 He hath no need.

WORDSWORTH.

In patience, then, possess thy soul,
 Stand still! for while the thunders roll,
 Thy Saviour sees thee through the gloom,
 And will to thy assistance come;
 His love and mercy will be shown
 To those who trust in him alone.

ALLEN.

The cross our Master bore for us, for him we
 fain would bear,
 But mortal strength to weakness turns, and
 courage to despair!
 Then mercy on our failings, Lord! our sink-
 ing faith renew!
 And when thy sorrows visit us, O send thy
 patience too!

BISHOP HEBER.

Cast as a broken vessel by,
 Thy will I can no longer do;
 But while a daily death I die,
 Thy power I can in weakness show:
 My patience shall thy glory raise
 My steadfast woe proclaim thy praise.

C. WESLEY.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
 Its end can never miss,
 For men on earth no work can do
 More angellike than this.

FABER.

All my life I still have found, and I will
 forget it never,
 Every sorrow hath its bound, and no cross
 endures forever.
 After all the winter's snows, comes sweet
 summer back again;
 Patient souls ne'er wait in vain, joy is given
 for all their woes.
 All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

From the German of GERHARDT.

On thee, O my God, I rest, letting life float
 calmly on,
 For I know the last is best when the crown
 of joy is won.
 In thy might all things I bear, in thy love find
 bitters sweet,
 And with all my grief and care sit in patience
 at thy feet.

From the German of A. H. FRANKEL.

Sweet Patience, come!
 Not from a low and earthly source,
 Waiting till things shall have their course;
 Not as accepting present pain
 In hope of some hereafter gain;
 Not in a dull and sullen calm;
 But as a breath of heavenly balm,
 Bidding my weary heart submit
 To bear whatever God sees fit,
 Sweet Patience, come!

ANONYMOUS.

Patience, poor soul, the Saviour's feet were
 worn;
 The Saviour's heart and hands were weary
 too;
 His garments stained, and travel-worn, and
 old;
 His vision blinded with a pitying dew.
 Love thou the path of sorrow that he trod;
 Toll on, and wait in patience for thy rest;
 O! city of our God, we soon shall see
 Thy glorious walls; home of the loved and
 blest.

ANONYMOUS.

Through this dark and stormy night,
 Faith beholds a feeble light
 Up the blackness streaking;
 Knowing God's own time is best,
 In a patient hope I rest
 For the full day-breaking!

WHITTIER.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given,
Most surely this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance breathes to heaven.

COTTON.

Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts.

LOWELL.

Patient, resigned, and humble wills
Impreguably resist all ills.

BISHOP KEN.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long-suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the
ocean,

That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;

By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brow with cooling balm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
And throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.
From the German, translated by WHITTIER.

[See also RESIGNATION — TRUST.]

PEACE.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

SHAKESPEARE.

Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blessed,
And man contains it in his breast.

PARNELL.

All things that speak of heaven speak of peace.

BAILLY.

Welcome pure thoughts and peaceful hours,
Enriched with sunshine and with showers!
Welcome fair hopes and holy cares,
The not-to-be-repent-ed shares
Of time and business, the sure road
Unto my last and loved abode!

VAUGHAN.

Peace, greatness best becomes; calm power
doth guide

With a far more imperious stateliness
Than all the swords of violence can do,
And easier gains those ends she tends unto.

DANIEL.

O Peace! thou source and soul of social life:
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence
Science his views enlarges, art refines,
And swelling commerce opens all her ports;
Blest be the Man divine who gives us thee!

THOMSON.

O first of human blessings! and supreme!
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Live brothers like, in amity combined,
And unsuspecting faith; while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.

THOMSON.

The cause of Truth and human weal,
O God above!

Transfer it from the sword's appeal,
To peace and love.

CAMPELL.

Peace! Love! the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine—
Prayer sounds in vain, and temples shine
Where they are not.

CAMPELL.

Peace! Peace! Infinite Peace!
A golden House hath it found,
Whose ineffable beauty must ever increase,
With immortality crowned.
For God was there, the Lord of the skies,
Whose loud alleluias ran
From heaven to earth, as Emmanuel lies
In the arms of Mary for men!

BRYDGES.

The angels' song, that happy night
When spirits stooped to mortal ken,
Warbled from lips and lyres of light,
Was, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

TAPPAN.

The goodness of the heart is shown in deeds
Of peacefulness and kindness.

BAILEY.

In active health or sad disease
O ne'er forget that precious word :
"He shall be kept in perfect peace
Whose soul is stayed on God."

CHEEVER.

Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,
Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,
Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,
"Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!"
Through the mad discord send that calming word
Which wind and wave on wild Gennesareth
heard,
Lift in Christ's name his cross against the
sword!

WHITTIER.

Not vain the vision which the prophet saw
Skirting with green the fiery waste of war;
Still lives for earth, which fiends so long
have trod,
The great hope resting on the truth of God:
Evil shall cease, and violence pass away,
And the tired world breathe free through a
long Sabbath day.

WHITTIER.

"Peace," was the word our Saviour breathed
When from our world his steps withdrew;
The gift he to his friends bequeathed,
With Calvary and the cross in view.
Redeemer! with adoring love,
Our spirits take thy rich bequest,
The watchword of the host above,
The passport to their realm of rest.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Years are coming when forever
War's dread banner shall be furled,
And the angel Peace be welcomed
Regent of the world.

ANONYMOUS.

O then that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below!

SPRAGUE.

Look at him
Who reads aright the image on his soul,
And gives it nurture like a child of light.
His life is calm and blessed, for his peace,
Like a rich pearl beyond the diver's ken,
Lies deep in his own bosom.

WILLIE.

O learn that Peace, sweet Peace, is ever found
In her eternal home, on holy ground.

MRS. EMBURY.

Down the dark future, through long genera-
tions,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then
cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say
"Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the
skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

LONGFELLOW.

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize
Than he who in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
Of treasure in the skies?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the
battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of
the world.
There the common sense of most shall hold a
fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in
universal law.

TENNYSON.

Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year?

TENNYSON.

[See also JOY — HAPPINESS — WAR.]

PERSEVERANCE — ENDURANCE.

Faith of our fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
When'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

FAHER.

Perseverance is a virtue
That wins each godlike act, and plucks success
E'en from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.

HAYARD.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul!
Muse and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
Good luck shall crown thy part!
For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

FAHER.

Perseverance
Keeps honor bright. To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
In monumental mockery.

SHAKESPEARE.

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

MILTON.

We wend our weary way
Up toward the realms of day,
And watch, and wait, and pray,
Constant in fears!

BRYDGES.

Omnipotence is on your side,
And Wisdom watches o'er your heads,
And God himself will be your guide,
So ye but follow where he leads;
How many, guided by his hand,
Have reached ere now their native land!
Press on!

From the German of LEHR.

Grant that in armor firm and strong,
While pealing still life's battle-song,
And struggling manful 'gainst the wrong,
Thy soldier, who would fight to win
No crown of dross, no bays of sin,
May fall amid the foremost din
Of Truth's grand conflict, blest by Thee;
And even though Death should conquer, see
How false, how brief his victory.

"ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

What though the world were full of fiends
That would us sheer devour!
We know we yet shall win the day,
We fear not all their power:
The prince of this world still
May struggle as he will,
He nothing can prevail;
A word shall make him quail,
For he is judged of Heaven.

From the German of LUTHER.

To combat for His glory here
The Father sent me forth; and lo!
The hour of victory draws near,
And conquered now is every foe;
And I have borne me in the strife
As true and fearless warriors ought,
And bravely to the last have fought
Through all the wars and woes of life.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Stand fast in the faith! 'tis the mandate
Of God,
Once uttered in anguish, once written in
blood;
From the cross of the Lord, from his throne in
the sky,
It was breathed over earth, it is uttered on
high.
Stand fast in the faith! though the conflict be
hot,
The field hath no strife where thy Captain
is not;
His eye is upon thee, thou hear'st what he
saith,
"Ho! quit you like men, and stand fast in
the faith!"

BROWN.

Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

LONGFELLOW.

Envy's harsh berries, and the choking pool
Of the world's scorn, are the right mother-milk
To the tough hearts that pioneer their kind,
And break a pathway to those unknown realms
That in the earth's broad shadow lie en-
thrall'd.

LOWELL.

Art thou a Christian? shall the frown
Of fortune cause dismay?

For thee a heavenly crown awaits,
For thee are oped the pearly gates,
Prepared the deathless palm;
But bear in mind that only those
Who persevere unto the close
Can join in victory's psalm.

BARTON.

What! wearied out with half a life?
Scared with this smooth, unbloody strife?
Think where thy coward hopes had flown
Had Heaven held out the martyr's crown.
How could'st thou hang upon the cross,
To whom a weary hour is loss?
Or how the thorns and scourging brook,
Who shrinkest from a scornful look?

KEBLE.

Shrink not from strife unequal!
With the best is always hope;
And ever in the sequel
God holds the right side up.

WHITTIER.

Soldier, be strong, who fightest
Under a Captain stout;
Dishonor not thy conquering Head
By basely giving out.
Endure a while, bear up,
And hope for better things;
•War ends in peace, and morning light
Mounts upon midnight's wing.

WIGGLESWORTH.

Behold, we count them faithful
Who stem the headlong tide,
And bear with firm endurance
The storm of human pride;
Who stand erect and fearless
Beneath the tempest's frown,
Resolved to live or perish
With all their armor on.

MRS. HOLDICH.

Faint not, poor traveler, though thy way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod;
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.
Nay, sink not, though from every limb
Are starting drops of toil and pain;
Thou dost but share the lot of Him
With whom his followers are to reign.

NORRIS.

Stand thou clear
From earth. Here is thy struggle, yonder
rest.
Up, up, my soul! press forward, heaven is
best!
Now hasten home!
Let earth seem distant, heaven more near.
How soon this life doth fly!
How soon comes that which shall not die!

ANONYMOUS.

Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And in the very fetters of your flesh
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!
Press on! "for in the grave there is no work
And no device." Press on! while yet you
may.

WILLIS.

Up from thy long delay; on in thy noble way;
On, with uplifted eye and full heart panting
for a manly strife!
For thou to live must die, and, dying, find thy
life.
On, for the world is old, and thou hast much
to do;
O in the battle-work of life be bold, and march
in triumph through.

A. C. COXE.

Resolve
Shines ever on the front of victory;
Resolve, that through the darkness goes
right on,
True to its purpose, leaving hope's dead dust
Reddening with blood-sweat, in despite of
pain,
(Building its walls of sorrow round the soul,
Pointing still forward to the flowery tops
Of fame's great moveless mountains.

ALICE CART.

Breast the wave, Christian, when it is
strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's
longest.
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor,
The rest that remaineth shall be forever.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

Press on! there's no such word as fail!
Press nobly on! the goal is near;
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward, never fear!
Why should'st thou faint? Heaven smiles
above,
Though storm and vapor intervene;
That sun shines on, whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

BENJAMIN

My cry, when rough the march and dark,
Was, Watch and strive till thou hast won!
Press forward, fearless, to the mark!
As now, thank God, at last I've done.
Now it is o'er, I cannot miss;
Through every danger to the death
True to my Lord I've kept the faith,
And freely risked all else for this.

FROM THE GERMAN.

PERSONAL EFFORT—(See IN- FLUENCE.)

PHILANTHROPY—(See KIND- NESS.)

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy, that does not dream or stray,
Walks arm in arm with Nature all his way;
Compasses earth, dives into it, ascends
Whatever steep inquiry recommends;
Sees planetary wonders smoothly roll
Round other systems under her control;
Drinks wisdom at the milky stream of light
That cheers the silent journey of the night;
And brings, at his return, a bosom charged
With rich instruction, and a soul enlarged.

COWPER.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

MILTON.

With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
A luster shedding o'er the ennobled mind
Stronger than summer noon; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.

THOMSON.

Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes or idle speculations;
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light
To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.

THOMSON.

He feels his need of an unerring guide,
And knows that falling, he shall rise no more,
Unless the power that bade him stand restore;
This is indeed philosophy; this known,
Makes wisdom, worthy of the name, his own;
And without this, whatever he discuss,
Whether the space between the stars and us;
Whether he measure earth, compute the sea,
Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or spit a flea;
The solemn trifler with his boasted skill
Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still.

COWPER.

What does Philosophy impart to man
But undiscovered wonders. Let her soar
Even to her proudest heights, to where she
caught
The soul of Newton and of Socrates,
She but extends the scope of wild amazement
And admiration. All her lessons end
In wider views of God's unfathomed depths.

H. K. WHITE.

Philosophy, without his heavenly guide,
May blow up self-conceit, and nourish pride;
But, while his province is the reasoning part,
Has still a veil of midnight on his heart.

COWPER.

How sightless soars Philosophy, whene'er
She quits the beaten track which nature points.

BALLY.

Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, invisible
Even to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Show me the hand that dealt it! Baffled here
By His omnipotence, Philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands with all His circling wonders
 round her,
Like heavy Saturn, in the ethereal space,
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

SMART.

Unnumbered systems rise and fall,
And every learned age brings new deceits;
While towering pride still lifts her ready hand
To crush the fond delusion of the day,
And instant rear a stronger in its place.

JENNER.

Philosophy and reason! O how vain
Their lessons to the feelings! They but teach
To hide them deeper, and to show a calm,
Unruffled surface to the idle gaze.

MISS BOGART.

And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

R. W. EMERSON.

Sublime Philosophy!
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching
 heaven,
And bright with beckoning angels; but, alas!
We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step, dull slumbering on the earth.

BULWER.

[See also KNOWLEDGE — WISDOM.]

PIETY — (See RELIGION.)

PILGRIM — PILGRIMAGE.

Here is no home, here is but wilderness;
Forth, pilgrim! forth, O beast out of thy stall,
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all;
Waiveth thy lust and let thy ghost thee lead,
And truth thee shall deliver 'tis no drede.

CHAUCER.

Give me my scollop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory (hope's true gage),
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Heaven is a great way off, and I shall be
Ten thousand years in travel; yet 'twere
 happy

If I may find a lodging there at last,
Though my poor soul get thither upon crutches.

SHIRLEY.

Give me my staff, then, as it stood
When green and growing in the wood.
With this poor stick I'll pass the ford
As Jacob did; and Thy dear word
As thou hast dressed it, not as wit
And depraved tastes have poisoned it,
Shall in the passage be my meat,
And none else shall thy servant eat.
Thus, thus, and in no other sort,
Will I set forth, though laughed at for't;
And, leaving the wise world their way,
Go through, though judged to go astray.

VAUGHAN.

Gray wanderer in a homeless world,
Poor pilgrim to a dusty bier;
On time's great cycle darkly hurried
 From year to year,
See in the sky these words unfurled:
 "Thy home is here!"

T. B. READ.

Here will I rest until the day declines,
A voiceless pilgrim toward the land of song;
And, like a sentinel, catch the herald signs
Of Him whose coming hath been stayed too
 long.

T. B. READ.

Pilgrim, asking for thy home, longing to be
blest and free,
Yet a season tarry on—nobly borne is nobly
done.

From the German of SPITTA.

If only He is mine, then from all below,
Leaning on my pilgrim-staff gladly forth I go
From the crowd who follow
In the broad, bright road, their pleasures false
and hollow.

From the German of NOVALIS.

There is light on the hills, and the valley is
past!

Ascend, happy pilgrim! thy labors are o'er!
The sunshine of Heaven around thee is cast,
And thy weak, doubting footsteps can falter
no more.

MRS. OPIE.

Come, children, on! this way will lead us
home!

Like some poor wandering guest on earth we
roam,

And seek eternal rest—come, children, come!
With God our business lies from day to day,
In heaven should be our hearts while here we
stay.

From the German of TERSTEEGEN.

Look aloft, where light is breaking
Through this doubt-enveloped sky,
Forward leap, the joy partaking
Of a higher destiny.

Lift thy staff, and move apace
In the pilgrim-thronging race.

T. G. SPEAR.

Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate,
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.

Knock! He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep! He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch! for saving grace is nigh;
Wait! till heavenly light appears.

CRAIGIE.

Here in the body pent, absent from Him I
roam;

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent a day's
march nearer home.

MONTGOMERY.

Heavenward doth our journey tend,
We are strangers here on earth;
Through the wilderness we wend
Toward the Canaan of our birth.
Hear we roam a pilgrim band,
Yonder is our fatherland.

From the German of SCHMOLOK.

Pilgrim! is thy journey drear?
Are its lights extinct forever?
Still suppress the rising fear,
God forsakes the righteous never!
Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever;
Still, amid the fear and death,
God forsakes the righteous never!

MRS. SOUTHEY.

From infancy to utmost age,
What is man's scene of pilgrimage?
The passage to death's portal!
The moment we begin to be
We enter on the agony.

The dead are the immortal;
They live not on expiring breath,
They only are exempt from death.

MONTGOMERY.

From darkness here, and dreariness,
We ask not full repose;
Only be thou at hand, to bless
Our trial hour of woes.
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not, up earth's dark glade,
The gate of heaven unclosed?

KEBLE.

And we have marked His blessed pilgrimage
Who was himself true wisdom, sent from God;
And we are marching in the steps He trod,
In hope, with seraphs yet to gather fruit,
Where the green trees of life take deathless
root,

And o'er the crystal of light's fountain-spring
Wave their sweet branches, ever blossoming.

A. C. COXE.

Let me, then, weary be!
I shrink not, murmur not;
In all this homelessness I see
The Church's pilgrim-lot;
Her lot until her absent Lord shall come,
And the long homeless here shall find a home.

BOWAR.

We journey through a vale of tears
 By many a cloud o'ercast;
 And worldly cares, and worldly fears,
 Go with us to the last!
 Not to the last, Thy word hath said,
 Could we but read aright,
 Poor pilgrim! lift in hope thy head;
 "At eve there shall be light."

BARTON.

Pilgrims are we all, and strangers,
 Treading with unconscious feet,
 Day by day, the lessening margin
 Where the past and future meet.
 Meet in that most blissful present
 Which to all of us will come,
 When the earth-bound, struggling spirit
 Finds a holier, purer home.

"KNICKERBOCKER."

We've no abiding city here, we seek a city out
 of sight;
 Zion its name, the Lord is there, it shines
 with everlasting light.
 O sweet abode of peace and love, where pil-
 grims freed from toil are blest,
 Had I the pinions of a dove I'd fly to thee
 and be at rest.

KELLY.

This world with all its flowers of hope is
 dreary,
 To way-worn pilgrims seeking brighter
 things;
 And when life's smiles are sweetest, we are
 weary,
 And fain would soar away on angel wings.

W. R. LAWRENCE.

PITY—SYMPATHY.

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
 No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's
 ears;
 Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch
 adorn;
 Nor rising sun, that gilds the vernal morn;
 Shine with such luster as the tear that flows
 Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

DARWIN.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity.

SHAKESPEARE.

He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
 He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wished,
 a friend.

GRAY.

Where bright imagination reigns,
 The fine-wrought spirit feels acuter pains;
 Where glow exalted sense and taste refined,
 There keener anguish rankles in the mind;
 There, feeling is diffused in every part,
 Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart;
 And those whose generous souls each tear
 would keep
 From others' hearts, are born themselves to
 weep.

HANNAH MORE.

What gem hath dropped and sparkles o'er his
 chain?
 The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
 That starts at once, bright, pure, from pity's
 mine,
 Already polished by the hand Divine.

BYRON.

O! ask not, hope thou not too much
 Of sympathy below;
 Few are the hearts whence one same touch
 Bids the sweet fountain flow.

MRS. HEMANS.

We pine for kindred natures to mingle with
 our own.

MRS. HEMANS.

The Son of God, in doing good,
 Was fain to look to Heaven and sigh;
 And shall the heirs of sinful blood
 Seek joy unmixed in charity?
 God will not let love's work impart
 Full solace, lest it steal the heart;
 Be thou content in tears to sow,
 Blessing, like Jesus, in thy woe.

KEBLE.

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there.

WHITTIER.

For, though spotless herself, she could sorrow
for them

Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure gem;
And a sigh or a tear could the erring reprove,
And the sting of reproof was still tempered by
love.

WHITTIER.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

LOGAN.

And tears once filled His eye beside a mortal's
grave,
Who left His throne on high the lost to seek
and save.

And fresh, from age to age, their memory
shall be kept,
While man shall bless the page which tells
that Jesus wept!

BARTON.

O there is need that on men's hearts should
fall

A spirit that can sympathize with all.

PHREE CARY.

It is not well,
Here in this land of Christian liberty,
That honest worth or hopeless want should
dwell

Unaided by our care and sympathy.

PHREE CARY.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world
of ours;

Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring
afresh the Eden flowers;

From its smoking hell of battle Love and
Pity send their prayer,

And still thy white-winged angels hover
dimly in our air!

WHITTIER.

Thine is a grief the depth of which another
May never know;

Yet o'er the waters, O my stricken brother!
To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding
Thy hand in mine;

With even the weakness of my soul upholding
The strength of thine.

WHITTIER.

Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the laborer's side;
With words of sympathy or song,
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.

Not to thyself the task shall be
Without reward; for thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility.

LONGFELLOW.

Be pitiful. Whose eyes once turned from the
angels to shine

Upon publicans, sinners? O sister, 'twill not
pollute thine.

MISS MULOCH.

Blest is the man whose heart expands
At melting Pity's call;
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

J. STRAPHAN.

[See also **BENEVOLENCE — CHARITY — KIND-
NESS.**]

PLEASURE.

Have mind that age aye follows youth;
Death follows life with gaping mouth,
Devouring fruit and flowering grain;
All earthly joy returns in pain.

DUNBAR.

Why, all delights are vain; but that most
vain,

Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit
pain.

SHAKESPEARE.

Admirers of false pleasure must sustain
The weight and sharpness of ensuing pain.

BRAUMONT.

While music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton
hours,

Amid the roses fierce repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick returning pang
Shoots through the conscious heart.

THOMSON.

Short is the course of every lawless pleasure;
Grief, like a shade, on all its footsteps waits,
Scarce visible in joy's meridian height;
But, downward as its blaze declining speeds,
The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads.

MILTON.

In the embattled plain
Though Death exulta, and claps his raven
wings,

Yet reigns he not, e'en there, so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where, in the intoxicating draught concealed,
Or couched beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who, naught
suspecting,
Means to be blest, but finds himself undone.

BISHOP PORTEUS.

List not then to the siren's wooing,
Speed ye o'er the mystic wave;
Slothful rest is the soul's undoing,
Pleasure's couch is virtue's grave.

DUGANNE.

The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy
To swift destruction.

THOMSON.

Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made,
But pleasure full of glory as of joy!
Pleasure which neither blushes nor expires.

YOUNG.

Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?
Is it not treason to the soul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuse when medicines cannot cure?

YOUNG.

Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the
world,
When Pleasure treads the paths which reason
shuns.

YOUNG.

O, if venerable Time
Slain at the foot of Pleasure be no crime,
Then with his silver beard and magic wand
Let Comus rise, archbishop of the land.

COWPER.

Joy graven in sense, like snow in water, wastes;
Without preserve of virtue nothing lasts.

CHAPMAN.

Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still.
If seized at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it but rank poison in your veins?

YOUNG.

Pleasure, admitted in undue degree,
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment
free.

COWPER.

Mortals, whose pleasures are their only care,
First wish to be imposed on, and then are.

COWPER.

No pleasure? are domestic comforts dead?
Are all the nameless sweets of friendship fled?
Has time worn out, or fashion put to shame,
Good sense, good health, good conscience, and
good fame?

All these belong to virtue, and all prove
That virtue has a title to your love.

COWPER.

Pleasures, like wonders, quickly lose their
price

When reason or experience makes us wise.

BISHOP KING.

That pleasure is of all most bountiful and kind,
That fades not straight, but leaves a living joy
behind.

CAMPER.

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.

BURNS.

Ah, how empty, ah, how fleeting,
Is the joy of sighing man!
Transient as a moment's treasure,
Mocking like a shadow's measure;
So is man's uncertain pleasure.

From the German of M. FRANCE.

Peace follows virtue as its sure reward,
And pleasure brings as surely in her train
Remorse, and sorrow, and vindictive pain.

COWPER.

Thou, child of pleasure, art the fly,
Drawn by the taper's dazzling glare;
Thou art the bird that meets an eye,
Alluring to the serpent's snare;
O stay! is reason lost? is conscience dumb?
Be wise, be warned, escape the wrath to come.

MONTGOMERY.

Still the dance goes gayly onward!
What is it to wealth and pride,
That without the stars are looking
On a scene which earth should hide?

WHITTIER.

Though sages may pour out their wisdom's
treasure,
There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

BYRON.

It is sad
To think how few our pleasures really are,
And for the which we risk eternal good.

BAILEY.

[See also JOY — HAPPINESS — TEMPERANCE.]

POETS — POETRY.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing

A local habitation and a name.

SHAKESPEARE.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy!
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordained above,
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love!

DRYDEN.

The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That sacred stream should never water weeds,
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature sow.

WALLER.

Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent;
Though they as a trifle leave thee
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee;
Though thou be to them a scorn
That to naught but earth are born;
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee!

WITHER.

Pity religion has so seldom found
A skillful guide into poetic ground!
The flowers would spring where'er she deign-
ed to stray,
And every muse attend her in the way.

COWPER.

'Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire,
Touched with a coal from heaven, assume the
lyre,
And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
With more than mortal music on his tongue,
That He who died below, and reigns above,
Inspires the song, and that his name is Love.

COWPER.

Call it not vain; they do not err
Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshiper,
And celebrates his obsequies.

SOOTT.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

WORDSWORTH.

Spirit of God! whose glory once o'erhung
A throne, the Ark's dread cherubim between,
So let thy presence brood, though now
unseen,
O'er those two powers by whom the harp is
strung;
Feeling and thought! till the rekindled chords.
Give the long-buried tone back to immortal
words.

MRS. HEMANS.

Poet! esteem thy noble part; still listen, still
record,
Sacred historian of the heart and moral
nature's lord.

MILNES.

O brave poets, keep back nothing,
Nor mix falsehood with the whole!
Look up Godward; speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul!
Hold in high poetic duty
Truest Truth, the fairest Beauty.

MRS. BROWNING.

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them.

BAILEY.

The bard must have a kind, courageous heart,
And natural chivalry to aid the weak.
He must believe the best of everything,
Love all below, and worship all above.

BAILEY.

Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made his prophets poets; and the more
We feel of poesy do we become
Like God in love and power, under-makers.

BAILEY.

Ye whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the word be not too bold,)
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old;
Sovereign masters of all hearts!
Know ye who hath set your parts?
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you to lead
His hosannas here below;
Mount and claim your glorious meed,
Linger not with sin and woe.

KRELL.

Never did poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and
fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

LOWELL.

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart;
He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

LOWELL.

But poesy springs not from rocks and woods;
Her womb and cradle are the human heart,
And she can find a nobler theme for song
In the most loathsome man that blasts the
sight,
Than in the broad expanse of sea and shore
Between the frozen deserts of the poles.

LOWELL.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of
scorn,
The love of love.
And bravely furnished all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing
spring
Of hope and youth.

TENNYSON.

O precious gift! O wondrous inspiration!
Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things
To be the oracle, while a whole nation
Catches the echo from the sounding strings.

W. A. BUTLER.

Out of the depths of feeling and emotion
Rises the orb of song, serenely bright,
As who beholds, across the tracts of ocean,
The golden sunrise bursting into light.

W. A. BUTLER.

O power of sacred song,
If thou canst make us gladder or more strong,
If thou canst fling glimpses of glorious light
Upon life's deepest depth and highest height,
Or pour upon its low and level plain
A gleam of mellow gladness; if this might
Thou hast, (and it is thine,) then not in vain
Are we henceforth prepared to follow in thy
train.

TRENCH.

The world is full of poetry ; the air
Is living with its spirit, and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty ; and the walls
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies too perfect and too high
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

PERCIVAL.

For sweetest songs of saddest hearts are born,
And who may here dis sever love and pain ?

TRENCH.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, en-
tranced ;

As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And ope'd new feelings in the human heart.

POLLOCK.

There is no architect
Can build as the muse can ;
She is skillful to select
Materials for her plan ;
Slow and warily to choose
Rafters of immortal pine
Or cedar incorruptible,
Worthy her design.
She lays her beams in music,
In music every one,
To the cadence of the whirling world
Which dances round the sun ;
That so they shall not be displaced
By lapses or by wars,
But, for the love of happy souls,
Outlive the newest stars.

EMERSON.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of day.

LONGFELLOW.

A drainless renown
Of light is Poesy : 'Tis the supreme of power :
The might half slumbering on its own right arm.

KEATS.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

LONGFELLOW.

The land of song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs ;
The lids of fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise ;
Holy thoughts like stars arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings.
Look, then, into thine heart, and write !
Yes, into life's deep stream !
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn voices of the night,
That can soothe thee or affright,
Be these henceforth thy theme.

LONGFELLOW.

Prophets and poets were of old
Made in the same celestial mould ;
True poets are a saint-like race,
And with the gift receive the grace ;
Of their own songs the virtue feel,
Warmed with a heaven-enkindled zeal.

BISHOP KEN.

POVERTY.

Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend.

SHAKESPEARE.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear ;
Robes and furred gowns hide all.

SHAKESPEARE.

Man is God's image, but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot ; both images regard.

HERBERT.

No soil like poverty for growth divine,
As leanest land supplies the richest mine.
Earth gives too little, giving only bread,
To nourish pride, or turn the weakest head.

COWPER.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things impossible to thought
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives;
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives.

DRYDEN.

But poverty, with most who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe,
Th' effect of laziness or sottish waste.

COWPER.

Sleep seems their only refuge; for, alas!
Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few.

COWPER.

He views with keen desire
The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire.

GOLDSMITH.

Few save the poor feel for the poor;
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful rest
And needful food debarred:
They know not of the scanty meal,
With small, pale faces round;
No fire upon the cold, damp hearth,
When snow is on the ground.

MISS LONDON.

Have pity on them, for their life
Is full of grief and care;
You do not know one half the woes
The very poor must bear;
You do not see the silent tears
By many a mother shed
As childhood offers up the prayer—
"Give us our daily bread."

MRS. WORTHINGTON.

See ye not that woman pale?
There are bloodhounds on her trail—
Bloodhounds two, all gaunt and lean,
For the soul their scent is keen;
Want and Sin—and Sin is last—
They have followed far and fast;
Want gave tongue, and at her howl
Sin awakened with a growl.

LOWELL.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er
unfold;

Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

GRAY.

Be honest poverty thy boasted wealth;
So shall thy friendships be sincere, though
few,

So shall thy sleep be sound, thy waking
cheerful

HAYARD.

What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!

To shock us more, solicit it in vain!

YOUNG.

If poverty—a bitter medicine—cure
The soul's distempers, blessed are the poor;
Yea, if ye be Christ's poor, thrice blessed men
are ye.

M'KELLAR.

O blissful poverty!
Nature, too partial to thy lot, assigns
Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace,
Her real goods; and only mocks the great
With empty pageantries.

FENTON.

Ay! idleness! the rich folks never fail
To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries.

SOUTHEY.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

LOWELL.

O Poverty, thy rule is stern!
'Tis hard beneath thy frown to live,
And yet from thee thy children learn
The noblest lesson life can give,
The grace most glorious in the eyes
Of God and man—self-sacrifice!

MRS. MARCH.

Ah, poor girl! she had a right
To a blessing from the light;
Title-deeds to sky and earth
God gave to her at her birth,
But before they were enjoyed
Poverty had made them void,
And had drunk the sunshine up
From all nature's ample cup,
Leaving her a first-born's share
In the dregs of darkness there.

LOWELL.

PRAISE.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place,
And amid this mortal throng
Be you masters of the song.
Angels and celestial powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours;
Let in praise of God the sound
Run a never ending round,
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting as is He.

WITHER.

Come, O come! with sacred lays
Let us sound the Almighty's praise!
Hither bring, in true consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
Let the orpharion sweet
With the harp and viol meet;
Let your voices tune the lute;
Let not tongue nor string be mute;
Nor a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound!

WITHER.

Therefore as Thy blessed psalmist,
When his warfares had an end,
And his days were at the calmest,
Psalms and hymns of praises penned,
So my rest, by thee enjoyed,
To thy praise I have employed.
And with Israel's royal singer
Teach me so faith's hymns to sing,
So thy ten-stringed law to finger,
And such music thence to bring,
That by grace I may aspire
To thy blessed angel choir.

WITHER.

Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still.

YOUNG.

O what a scale of miracles is here!
Its lowest round high planted on the skies;
Its towering summit lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel! O that I could climb
The wonderful ascent with equal praise!
Praise! flow forever, (if astonishment
Will give thee leave,) my praise! forever flow;
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high Heaven
More fragrant than Arabia sacrificed,
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

YOUNG.

O may I breathe no longer than I breathe
My soul in praise to Him who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut through the shades of hell, great love! by
Thee
O most adorable! most unadored!
Where shall thy praise begin, which ne'er
should end?

YOUNG.

And shall not praise be thine, not human
praise?

While Heaven's high host on halleluiahs live?

YOUNG.

My soul, bear thou thy part; triumph in God
above;
With a well-tuned heart sing thou the songs
of love.

Thou art His own, whose precious blood
Shed for thy good His love made known.

BAXTER.

Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

Translated from the German by J. WESLEY.

The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

From the Italian of MICHAEL ANGELO.

He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
 He that in God is merry,
 Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
 Joyful and never weary;
 Offer the sacrifice of praise,
 Hearty and never ceasing,
 Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
 Honor, and thanks, and blessing.

C. WESLEY.

Lord, to thee, while I am living,
 Will I sing hymns of thanksgiving;
 For thou hast drawn me from a gulf of woes,
 So that my foes
 Do not deride me.

DAVISON.

Father, do thou in mercy deign
 To listen to my early lays;
 Soon shall I learn a nobler strain,
 Where angels ever hymn thy praise;
 There in the radiant choir I too shall sing
 Loud halleluiahs to my glorious King.

From the German of MENTZER.

Praise the Lord, his glories show,
 Saints within his courts below,
 Angels round his throne above,
 All that see and share his love!
 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
 Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
 Age to age, and shore to shore,
 Praise him, praise him evermore!

LYTTE.

[See also DEVOTION—GRATITUDE.]

PRAYER.

When thou dost talk with God, by prayer I
 mean,
 Lift up pure hands, lay down all lust's de-
 sires;
 Fix thoughts on heaven, present a conscience
 clean;
 Since holy blame to mercy's throne aspires,
 Confess faults' guilt, crave pardon for thy sin,
 Tread holy paths, call grace to guide therein.

SOUTHWELL.

Even as Elias, mounting to the sky,
 Did cast his mantle to the earth behind;
 So, when the heart presents the prayer on
 high,
 Exclude the world from traffic with the
 mind;
 Lips near to God, and ranging heart within,
 Is but vain babbling, and converts to sin.

SOUTHWELL.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise
 powers
 Deny us for our good; so find we profit
 By losing of our prayers.

SHAKESPEARE.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
 Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

SHAKESPEARE.

More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let
 thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats,
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
 Both for themselves and those who call them
 friend!

For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

TENNYSON.

In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part,
 Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.

HERRICK.

Man's plea to man is, that he never more
 Will beg, and that he never begged before.
 Man's plea to God is, that he did obtain
 A former suit, and therefore sues again.
 How good a God we serve; that, when we
 sue,

Makes his old gifts th' examples of his new!

QUARLES.

Sighs now breathed
 Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer
 Inspired and winged for heaven with speedier
 flight
 Than loudest oratory.

MILTON.

His pure thoughts were borne
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence on angels' wings, through
ways
Of light, to the bright Source of all.

CONGREVE.

When we of helps or hopes are quite bereaven
Our humble prayers have entrance into heaven.

FORD.

Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a
stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.

YOUNG.

First worship God; he that forgets to pray,
Bids not himself good-morrow nor good-day;
Let thy first labor be to purge thy sin,
And serve Him first, whence all things did
begin.

RANDOLPH.

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray.

From the Italian of MICHAEL ANGELO.

A good man's prayers
Will from the deepest dungeon climb to
heaven's height,
And bring a blessing down.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

LOGAN.

Any heart, turned Godward, feels more joy
In one short hour of prayer, than e'er was
raised
By all the feasts on earth since their foundation.

BAILLY.

O sad estate
Of human wretchedness! so weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruined at our own request.

HANNAH MORE.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will prevail to make,
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a
shower!

We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.

TRENCH.

We kneel how weak, we rise how full of
power!

Why therefore should we do ourselves this
wrong,

Or others, that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with
Thee?

TRENCH.

The simple heart that freely asks in love,
obtains.

WHITTIER.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven by prayer.

MONTGOMERY.

Child, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest-work to leave;
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

MRS. HEMANS.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

MONTGOMERY.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom;
In grateful joy, in trying pain;
In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb;
O when is prayer unheard or vain?

ELIZA COOK.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless
bed

Compose thy weary limbs to rest;
For they alone are blessed
With balmy sleep whom angels keep;
Nor though by care oppressed,
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head on prayerless bed.

MARGARET MERGER.

Come to the morning prayer,
Come let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.
At eve shut to the door,
Round the home altar pray,
And finding there "the house of God,"
At "heaven's gate" close the day.

MONTGOMERY.

O the precious privilege to the pious given—
Sending by the dove of prayer holy words
to heaven!
Arrows from the burning sun cleave the quiv-
ering air;
Swifter, softer, surer on speeds the dove of
prayer,
Bearing from the parted lips words of holy
love,
Warm as from the heart they gushed to the
throne above!

MRS. HALE.

Think ye the spires that glow so bright
In front of yonder setting sun,
Stand by their own unshaken might?
No! where th' upholding grace is won
We dare not ask, nor Heaven would tell;
But sure from many a hidden dell,
From many a rural nook unthought of there,
Rises for that proud world the saints' prevail-
ing prayer.

KEBLE.

O dull of heart! inclosed doth lie
In each "Come, Lord," a "Here am I."
Thy love, thy longing are not thine,
Reflections of a love divine;
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven.

TRENCH.

My God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer?
No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

O strong, upwelling prayers of faith,
From inmost founts of life ye start,
The spirit's pulse, the vital breath
Of soul and heart!

WHITTIER.

O come, when in the orient first
Flashes the signal-light for prayer;
Come with the earliest beams that burst
From God's bright throne of glory there.
Come, kneel to him who through the night
Hath watched above thy sleeping soul,
To him whose mercies, like his light,
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

HOFFMAN.

There are God and peace above thee;
Wilt thou languish in despair?
Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet,
Scale the walls of heaven with prayer;
'Tis the key of the apostle,
That opens heaven from below;
'Tis the ladder of the patriarch,
Whereon angels come and go!

MISS LYNCH.

O! when the heart is full, when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor, common words of courtesy
Are such an empty mockery, how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!

WILLIS.

[See also FAMILY DEVOTION.]

THE PRESENT.

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer, man a flower;
He dies, alas! how soon he dies!

DR. JOHNSON.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom,
That is not ours which is to come.
The present moment's all our store;
The next, should Heaven allow,
Then this will be no more;
So all our life is but one instant now.

CONGREVE.

Arrest the present moments,
For be assured they are all arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their
path
Trackless as the winged couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy
folly,
Because, though stationed on the important
watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.
And know, for that thou slumber'st on the
guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive.

COTTON.

Then stay the present instant,
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more
precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's
fountain.
O let it not elude thy grasp; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

COTTON.

Learn that the present hour alone is man's.

DR. JOHNSON.

Let the past guide, the future cheer,
While youth and health are in their prime;
But O! be still thy greatest care
That awful point—the present time!
Fulfill the duties of the day—
The next may hear thy funeral-chime;
So shalt thou wing thy glorious way
Where all shall be the present time.

ANONYMOUS.

To-morrow! mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day,
That e'en thyself may pass away.

KNOL.

Mourn not, mourn not for the follies
Of the dead and buried past;
Fear not, fear not for the purpose
Of the future, dark and vast!
For the one is gone forever,
And the other we shall not hear;
We dwell in the mighty present,
And that is our proper sphere.

"HARPER'S MAGAZINE."

To-day is yesterday returned; returned
Full-powered to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessors' fate;
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.

YOUNG.

The day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;
Scarce now possessed, so suddenly 'tis going;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanced
By strides as swift. Eternity is all.

YOUNG.

Up, Christian, up! thy cares resign!
The past, the future are not thine!
Show forth to-day thy Saviour's praise,
Redeem the course of evil days;
Life's shadow, in its lengthening gloom,
Points daily nearer to the tomb!

ANONYMOUS.

But what are past or future joys?
The present is our own!
And he is wise who best employs
The passing hour alone.

From the Greek of PINDAR.

To-day life, to-morrow death!
Life speeds its wings and tarries never;
Is not that a wisdom-breath—
Think of life which stays forever?
Need of thinking each one hath:
To-day life, to-morrow death!

From the German of B. SCHMOLK.

Never delay
To do the duty which the hour brings,
Whether it be in great or smaller things;
For who doth know
What he shall do the coming day?
This moment is for thee;
The next, perhaps, thou wilt not see.

ANONYMOUS.

A moment ushered us to birth,
 Heirs of the commonwealth of earth;
 Moment by moment years are past,
 And one ere long will be our last.
 'Twixt that, long fled, which gave us light,
 And that which soon shall end in night,
 There is a point no eye can see,
 Yet on it hangs eternity.
This is that moment; who can tell
 Whether it lead to heaven or hell?
 This is that moment; as we choose,
 The immortal soul we save or lose.

MONTGOMERY.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
 For thy sure possessing;
 Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
 Till it gives its blessing.

WHITTIER.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow
 For Him who lives above all years,
 Who all immortal makes the Now,
 And is not ta'en in Time's arrears;
 His life's a hymn
 The seraphim
 Might hark to hear, or help to sing.

"ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

With the Present I am busy, with the Future
 hold a truce;
 If I live the life he gave me, God will turn it
 to his use.

LOWELL.

How far may we go on in sin?
 How long will God forbear?
 Where does hope end, and where begin
 The confines of despair?
 An answer from the skies is sent:
 "Ye that from God depart,
 While it is called to-day repent,
 And harden not your heart."

ALEXANDER.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
 Give me the man who'll say,
 That when a good deed's to be done
 Let's do the deed to-day!
 We may command the present,
 If we act, and never wait;
 But repentance is the phantom
 Of the past that comes too late!

ANONYMOUS.

The present we fling from us like the rind
 Of some sweet future, which we after find
 Bitter to taste, or bind *that* in with fears
 And water it beforehand with our tears;
 Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live,
 Neglected, or unheeded, disappears.
 Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
 Whate'er of good, though small, the present
 brings.

TRENCH.

To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
 We take the lying sister for the same.

YOUNG.

Fool! all thy yesterdays are past;
 To-morrow thou wilt never find;
 To-day is hastening to eternity;
 "This night thy soul shall be required of
 thee."

MONTGOMERY.

[See also DELAY — OPPORTUNITY.]

PRIDE.

He that is proud eats up himself. Pride is
 His own glass, his own trumpet, his own
 chronicle;
 And whatever praises itself but in
 The deed, devours the deed in the praise.

SHAKESPEARE.

How blind is pride! what eagles are we still
 In matters that belong to other men,
 What beetles in our own!

CHAPMAN.

Pride was not made for men; a conscious
 sense
 Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence,
 Destroys the claim, and to beholders tells,
 Here nothing but the shape of manhood dwells.

WALLER.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

POPE.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

POPE.

Rank coward to the fashionable world!
 Art thou ashamed to bend thy knee to
 Heaven?
 Curst fume of Pride, exhaled from deepest
 hell!
 Pride in religion is man's highest praise.

YOUNG.

We rise in glory as we sink in pride;
 Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.

YOUNG.

Though various foes against the truth combine,
 Pride above all opposes her design;
 Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,
 The subtlest serpent with the loftiest crest,
 Swells at the thought, and kindling into rage,
 Would hiss the cherub Mercy from the stage.

COWPER.

Who judged the Pharisee? What odious cause
 Exposed him to the vengeance of the laws?
 'Twas his ambition to be seen of men:
 His virtues were his pride; and that one
 vice

Made all his virtues gewgaws of no price;
 He wore them as fine trappings for a show,
 A praying, synagogue-frequenting beau.

COWPER.

O poverty of pride! O foul disgrace!
 Disgusted Reason, blushing, hides her face.
 Mortal, and proud! strange, contradicting
 terms!

Pride for death's victim, for the prey of worms!
 Of all the wonders which the eventful life
 Of man presents; of all the mental strife
 Of warring passions; all the raging fires
 Of furious appetites and mad desires;
 Not one so strange appears as this alone,
 That man is proud of what is not his own.

HANNAH MORE.

Pride, self-adoring pride, was primal cause
 Of all sin past, all pain, all woe to come.
 Unconquerable pride! first, eldest sin;
 Great fountain-head of evil; highest source,
 Whence flowed rebellion 'gainst the Omnip-
 otent.

POLLOCK.

Pride at the bottom of the human heart
 Lay, and gave root and nourishment to all
 That grew above. Great ancestor of vice!

POLLOCK.

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
 Is pride that apes humility.

COLERIDGE.

What is pride? a whizzing rocket
 That would emulate a star.

WORDSWORTH.

Pride blasted Eden, and the world has
 bowed

Beneath her scepter, which to break in dust,
 The God incarnate every meekness wore.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

From yon blue heaven above us bent,
 The grand old gardener and his wife
 Smile at the claims of long descent.

TENNYSON.

With needle's point more easily you will
 Uproot and quite unfasten a huge hill,
 Than from the bosom you will dig up pride.

Eastern Proverbs, translated by TRENCH.

Hark! the rustle of a dress
 Stiff with lavish costliness!
 Here comes one whose cheek would flush
 But to have her garment brush
 'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
 Wove the weary 'broidery in,
 Bending backward from her toil,
 Lest her tears the silk might soil,
 And in midnight's chill and murk,
 Stitched her life into the work.
 Little doth the wearer heed
 Of the heart-break in the brede;
 A hyena by her side
 Skulks, down-looking—it is Pride.

LOWELL.

PRISON — PRISONERS.

A prison is in all things like a grave,
Where we no better privileges have
Than dead men; nor so good.

BISHOP KING.

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for one alive;
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves
And honest men among.

ANONYMOUS.

And this place our forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us,
Most innocent, perhaps, and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure!

COLERIDGE.

Look on him! through his dungeon grate,
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight.
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head,
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, disheveled locks of snow.

WHITTIER.

For this he shares a felon's cell,
The fittest earthly type of hell!

WHITTIER.

Though not a human voice he hears,
And not a human form appears
His solitude to share,
He is not all alone; the eye
Of Him who hears the prisoner's sigh,
Is even on him there.

CHESTER.

Paul and Silas in their prison
Sang of Christ the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

LONGFELLOW.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious
ways;

Yet scorns the immortal mind this base con-
trol!

No chains can bind it, and no cells inclose.

GARRISON.

The captive welcomes even death's relief;
What then to him the frowning prison-walls,
The clanking chain, the tyrant's vengeful
spite?

From the freed spirit every shackle falls,
Earth's gloom is lost in heaven's glorious
light.

H. H. WELD.

He strove among God's suffering poor
One gleam of brotherhood to send;
The dungeon oped its hungry door
To give the truth one martyr more,
Then shut, and here behold the end!

LOWELL.

Open the prison's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code,
To the free sun and air of God.

WHITTIER.

PROCRASTINATION — (See DE-
LAY.)

PROGRESS.

Thus heavenward all things tend. For all
were once

Perfect, and all must be at length restored;
So God as greatly purposed! who would else,
In His dishonored works, Himself endure
Dishonor, and be wronged without redress.
Haste then, and wheel away a shattered
world,

Ye slow revolving seasons!

COWPER.

We would see
(A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)
A world that does not dread and hate His
laws,
And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair
The creature is that God pronounces good;
How pleasant in itself what pleases him.

COWPER.

O for a world in principle as chaste
As this is gross and selfish! over which
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
Where violence shall never lift the sword,
Nor cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears.

COWPER.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increas-
ing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with
the process of the suns.

TENNYSON.

Humanity, toiling in bondage,
From most immemorial time,
Hath bowed to the call of error,
Hath cringed to the lash of crime;
But the chains of the generations
Grow weaker day by day;
And the tears of indignant pity
Shall silently rust them away.

"HARPER'S MAGAZINE."

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

TENNYSON.

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things
move;
The sun flies forward to his brother sun;
The dark earth follows wheeled in her ellipse;
And human things returning on themselves,
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

TENNYSON.

Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the press,
Fly happy with the mission of the Cross;
Knit land to land, and blowing heavenward,
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,
Enrich the markets of the golden year.

TENNYSON.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward,
forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the
ringing groves of change.
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep
into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe, than a cycle of
Cathay.

TENNYSON.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid;
Wait a little longer.

MACKAY.

New times demand new measures and new
men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' day were best;
And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.

LOWELL.

Far in the east I see upheap
The streaks of first forewarning,
And they who sowed the light, shall reap
The golden sheaves of morning.

LOWELL.

For humanity sweeps onward; where to-day
the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver
in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the
crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent
awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into history's
golden urn.

LOWELL.

From age to age man's still aspiring spirit
Finds wider scope and sees with clearer
eyes,

And thou in larger measure dost inherit
What made thy great forerunners free and
wise.

LOWELL.

And down the happy future runs a flood
Of prophesying light;
It shows an earth no longer stained with blood,
Blossom and fruit where now we see the bud
Of brotherhood and right.

LOWELL.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten!
For, lo! our day bursts up the skies:
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day,
Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

MASSEY.

Pass on, relentless years! Ye bring
Nearer the golden age of time,
When man, no more an abject thing,
Shall from the sleep of ages spring,
With new-born life, and proudly fling
Aside his bondage and his crime,
And rising in his manhood, be
What God designed him, pure and free.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground,
When it awakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

MASSEY.

Our troubled age shall pass as doth a day
That leaves the west all crimson with the
promise
Of the diviner morrow, which even then
Is hurrying up the world's great side with
light.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats!

WHITTIER.

It comes, it comes, or soon or late,
Despite your butcher hordes;
The hour when right shall shatter might,
Ideas shall conquer swords.

BURRITT.

[See also ASPIRATIONS—MILLENNIUM.]

PROSPERITY.

Daily and hourly proof
Tell us, prosperity is at highest degree
The fount and handle of calamity.

CHAPMAN.

Some, in foul seasons, perish through despair;
But more, through boldness, when the days are
fair.

BRAUMONT.

Of both our fortunes, good and bad, we find
Prosperity more searching of the mind.

HERRICK.

The swelling of an outward fortune can
Create a prosperous, not a happy man:
A peaceful conscience is the true content,
And wealth is but her golden ornament.

QUARLES.

Prosperity puts out unnumbered thoughts
Of import high, and light divine to man.

YOUNG.

O how portentous is prosperity!
How, cometlike, it threatens while it shines!

YOUNG.

That opulence thou vainly gildest
With specious name of good, if scanned aright,
Is Heaven's sharp visitation to the fool.

BALLY.

Prosperity, alas!
Is often but another name for pride.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Who feels no ills
Should, therefore, fear them; and when fortune
smiles,

Be doubly cautious, lest destruction come
Remorseless on him, and he fall unpitied.

From the Greek of SOPHOCLES.

"Rejoice with trembling!" may we think of
this,

When life's full cup is with Thy bounty
crowned;

That so we be not blinded by our bliss,
Or fall asleep upon "enchanted ground!"

BARTON.

[See also HAPPINESS—JOY—PLEASURE.]

PROVIDENCE.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

SHAKESPEARE.

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!

SHAKESPEARE.

Thus doth th' all-working Providence retain
And keep for good effects the seed of worth;
And so doth point the steps of time thereby,
In periods of uncertain certainty.

DANIEL.

O all-preparing Providence divine!
In thy large book what secrets are enrolled!
What sundry helps doth thy great power
assign,
To prop the course which thou intends't to
hold?

DRAYTON.

There is a Power
Unseen, that rules the illimitable world,
That guides its motions, from the brightest
star,

To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the
lord

Of all, is naught but weakness and dependence.

THOMSON.

God, who the universe doth hold

In his fold,

Is my shepherd, kind and heedful;

Is my shepherd, and doth keep

Me, his sheep,

Still supplied with all things needful.

DAVISON.

He that by faith sees not the world of spirits,
Which Christ with his blessed family inherits;
The sense of Providence can never know,
Nor judge aright of anything below.

BAXTER.

His judgment of God's kingdom needs must
fail,

Who knows no more of it than this dark jail;
If heaven and hell were open to men's sight,
Most men of present things would judge
aright.

BAXTER.

They that on some few letters only look,
Can never know the meaning of God's book.

BAXTER.

Yet, since the effects of Providence, we find,
Are variously dispensed to human kind;
That vice triumphs and virtue suffers here,
A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear;
Our reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and from fate;
Where God's all-righteous ways will be
declared;

The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

DRYDEN.

This is thy work, Almighty Providence!
Whose power, beyond the reach of human
thought,
Revolves the orbs of empire; bids them sink
Deep in the dead'ning night of thy displeasure,
Or rise majestic o'er a wondering world.

THOMSON.

Parent of good, thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distills,
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in thee live, move, and are;
Thy power infused doth all sustain;
Even those thy daily favors share
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.

Translated from the German by J. WESLEY.

On God for all events depend;
 You cannot want when God's your friend.
 Weigh well your part, and do your best;
 Leave to your Maker all the rest.

COTTON.

Thus wisdom speaks
 To man; thus calls him through this actual
 form
 Of nature, through religion's fuller noon,
 Through life's bewildering mazes, to observe
 A Providence in all.

Ogilvie.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
 Through the dark medium of life's feverish
 dream;

Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
 If but that little part incongruous seem.
 Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem;
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
 O! then renounce that impious self-esteem
 That aims to trace the secrets of the skies;
 For thou art but of dust, be humble and be
 wise.

BEATTIE.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction which thou canst not
 see;
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good.

POPE.

Arrayed in beauteous green the hills and
 valleys shine,
 And man and beast is fed by Providence
 divine.
 The harvest bows its golden ears.
 The copious seed of future years.

DODDRIDGE.

By scale and method works the Will supreme,
 Nor clouds, nor waves, without a limit stream;
 And all the floods that daylight never saw,
 The rayless tide of ruin owns a law.

STERLING.

Go, mark the matchless working of the power
 That shuts within the seed the future flower:
 Bids these in elegance of form excel,
 In color these, and those delight the smell;
 Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
 To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.

COWPER.

Guardian of Israel! Thou dost slumber not
 nor sleep;
 Thine eye is open day and night, still watching
 over those

Who true allegiance keep
 To Jesus' banner of the cross, and bravely
 meet his foes.

From the German of VON LOWENSTEIN.

Lo! the lilies of the field,
 How their leaves instruction yield!
 Hark to nature's lesson given
 By the blessed birds of heaven.
 Every bush and tufted tree
 Warbles sweet philosophy.
 "Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
 God provideth for the morrow!"

HEER.

The Lord is my Shepherd, nor want shall I
 know;

I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters
 flow,

Restores me when wandering, redeems
 when oppressed.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth
 o'er;

With perfume and oil Thou anointest my
 head;

O! what shall I ask of thy providence
 more?

MONTGOMERY.

I cannot always trace the way
 Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
 But I can always, always say
 That God is love.

Yes, God is love; a thought like this
 Can every gloomy thought remove,
 And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
 For God is love.

BOWRING.

The gentle heart that thinks with pain,
 It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfill,
 And if it dared its life to scan,

Would ask but pathway low and still;
 Often such lowly heart is brought
 To act with power beyond its thought;

For God through ways they have not known
 Will lead his own.

ANONYMOUS.

O Lord! how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee;
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart, that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

BOWRING.

There, when the tangled web is all ex-
plained,
Wrong suffered, pain inflicted, grief dis-
dained,
Man's proud, mistaken judgments and false
scorn
Shall melt like mists before the uprising
morn,
And holy truth stand forth, serenely bright,
In the rich flood of God's eternal light!

MRS. NORTON.

All is of God! If he but wave his hand
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and
loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing
cloud.

Angels of life and death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold
o'er;
Who then would wish or dare, believing
this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?

LOWELL.

'Tis Providence alone secures
In every change, both mine and yours.

COWPER.

Unheard, no burdened heart's appeal
Moans up to God's inclining ear;
Unheeded by his tender eye,
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

WHITTIER.

So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our
wants,
And even if it denies what seems our
right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

From the Italian of FILICATA.

God's providence is rich to his,
Let none distrustful be;
In wilderness, in great distress,
There ravens have fed me.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

[See also DEITY — DIVINE LOVE — OMNIPO-
TENCE — TRUST.]

PRUDENCE.

Prudence, when rebellious appetites
Have raised temptations, with their batteries
Assaulting reason, then doth interpose
And keep it safe.

NABB.

Prudence, thou virtue of the mind, by which
We do consult of all that's good or evil,
Conducting to felicity; direct
My thoughts and actions by the rules of
reason.

NABB.

Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways,
A certain snare to miseries immense,
A gay prerogative from common sense,
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can
tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

YOUNG.

Let heaven-eyed prudence battle with desire,
And win the victory, though it be through fire.

FIELD.

They that fear the adder's sting will not come
Near his hissing.

CHAPMAN.

He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost.

GAY.

To doubtful matters do not headlong run;
What's well left off, were better not begun.

RANDOLPH.

PUNISHMENT—(See HELL.)

PURITY—(See INNOCENCE.)

RAINBOW—(See DELUGE.)

 REASON.

Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unused.

SHAKESPEARE.

He that is of reason's skill bereft,
And wants the staff of wisdom him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
Without a helm or pilot her to sway.

SPENSER.

Reason in man obscured, or not obeyed,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free.

MILTON.

'Tis reason our great Master holds so dear;
'Tis reason's injured rights his wrath resents;
'Tis reason's voice obeyed, his glories crown;
To give lost reason life he poured his own.

YOUNG.

Reason, the power
To guess at right and wrong, the twinkling
lamp
Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by
turns,
Fooling the follower betwixt shade and
shining.

CONGREVE.

Alas for human reason! all is change,
Ceaseless and strange;
All ages form new systems, leaving heirs
To cancel theirs;
The future will but imitate the past,
And instability alone will last.

HORACE SMITH.

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travelers,
Is reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,

So pale grows reason at religion's sight,
So dies and so dissolves in supernatural light.

DRYDEN.

Thought
Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reason can be born.

CONGREVE.

These pompous sons of reason, idolized
And vilified at once; of reason dead,
Then deified, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their
brow?

They draw pride's curtain o'er the noontide
ray,

Spike up their inch of reason on the point
Of philosophic wit, called argument,
And then exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the sun!" and, Indianlike, adore.

YOUNG.

But what is reason? Be she thus defined:
Reason is upright stature in the soul.

YOUNG.

Perverted reason revels and runs wild,
By glittering shows of pomp and wealth be-
guiled.

COWPER.

But Reason still, unless divinely taught,
Whate'er she learns, learns nothing as she
ought.

COWPER.

With scanty line shall reason dare to mete
Th' immeasurable depths of Providence?
Shall man, here stationed to revere that God
Who called him into being from the dust,
His moral scheme implead, and, impious, cite
Th' almighty Legislator to the bar
Of erring intellect?

BALLY.

I would make
Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit
Patiently by the wayside, while I traced
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
Around me. She should be my counselor,
But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs
Impulses from a deeper source than here,
And there are motions in the mind of man
That she must look upon with awe.

BRYANT.

Reason pursued is faith; and unpursued
Where proof invites, 'tis reason then no more.

YOUNG.

[See also MIND—SOUL.]

REDEMPTION.

Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin;
Suffers for us—and our joys spring in this;
Suffers to death—here is his manhood seen;
Suffers to rise—and here his Godhead is;
For man, that could not by himself have ris',
Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise;
And lived, that could not die, in manhood
dies,
That we in both might live by that sweet
sacrifice.

GILES FLETCHER.

Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord,
For from his tongue sweet mercy flows;
Wait on his cross, wait on his word,
Upon that tree redemption grows.
He will redeem his Israel
From sin and wrath, from death and hell.

P. FLETCHER.

Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that are were forfeit once;
And He that might th' advantage best have
took,
Found out the remedy.

SHAKESPEARE.

Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime!
Redemption! 'twas the labor of the skies!
Far more than labor, it was death in heaven.
A truth so strange 'twere bold to think it true,
If not far bolder still to disbelieve.

YOUNG.

The ransom was paid down; the fund of
Heaven,
Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
Amazing and amazed, poured forth the price,
All price beyond.

YOUNG.

He seized our dreadful right; the load sus-
tained,
And heaved the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds so bought were bought
too dear.

YOUNG.

The grand redemption of degenerate man
Is not a single, independent act,
But one great system; that, perchance, in-
volved

In the one only greater, God's high law
Pervading and supporting every part
Of the stupendous universe.

JOHN HEY.

A Healer, a Redeemer came,
A Son of Man, with love and power,
And an all-animated flame
He kindled in our inmost soul.
Then first we saw the heavens unfold;
They seemed an ancient father-land;
And now we could believe and hope,
And feel we were akin to God.

From the German of NOVALIS.

Onward as we trace
God's oracles, redemption is the point
To which they all converge.

HAYES.

What strangest punishment! The Shepherd
good
For erring sheep here pours his own heart's
blood;
The servants' debts are on the Master laid,
Who all hath paid.

From the German of HEERMANN.

Redemption is the science and the song
Of all eternity: archangels day
And night into its glories look; the saints,
The elders round the throne, old in the years
Of heaven, examine it perpetually,
And every hour get clearer, ampler views
Of right and wrong, see virtue's beauty more,
And daily love with a more perfect love.

POLLOCK.

Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock,
 Brought again from sin and straying,
 Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice,
 'Tis a true and faithful saying:
 "Greater love how can there be
 Than to yield up life for thee?
 Bought with pain, and tear, and sigh,
 Turn and live! why will ye die?"

ANONYMOUS.

From the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds we hear
 Bursting on the ravished ear!
 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!

HAWES.

Redemption! O thou beauteous, mystic plan!
 Thou salutary source of life to man!
 What tongue can speak thy comprehensive
 grace?

What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?

BOYSE.

Though countless were the sins
 That weighed me to the dust,
 Christ's death for me the favor wins
 Of God most just.
 His precious blood my debts hath paid;
 Of hell and all its torments
 I am no more afraid.

From the German of GISENIUS.

A sinless God, for sinful men
 Descends to suffer and to bleed;
 Hell must renounce its empire then;
 The price is paid, the world is freed;
 And Satan's self must now confess
 That Christ has earned the right to bless.

MISS BRONTË.

But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!
 O love unequalled, mystery immense,
 Which angels long t' unfold! 'Tis man's re-
 demption
 That crowns Thy glory, and Thy power con-
 firms.

SMART.

'Twas great to speak a world from naught;
 'Twas greater to redeem!

S. WESLEY, JR.

Then love appeared, the hope of ages,
 Love sad and strong, with bleeding brow,
 Wide-wandering as the fertile waters,
 Asking of earth, "Why weepest thou?"

MRS. J. W. HOWE.

[See also ATONEMENT — THE CROSS — CRUCI-
 FIXION — THE SAVIOUR.]

REFLECTION — (See CONTEMPLA-
 TION.)

REGENERATION — (See CONVER-
 SION.)

REIGN OF CHRIST — (See MILLEN-
 NIUM.)

RELIGION — PIETY.

But true Religion, sprung from God above,
 Is like her fountain, full of charity;
 Embracing all things with a tender love,
 Full of good will and meek expectancy;
 Full of true justice and sure verity,
 In heart and voice; free, large, even infinite;
 Not wedged in strait particularity,
 But grasping all in her vast, active sprite;
 Bright lamp of God, that men would joy in
 thy pure light!

HENRY MORE.

Revealed Religion first informed thy sight,
 And reason saw not till faith sprung to light.
 Hence all thy natural worship takes the source:
 'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.

DRYDEN.

All may of thee partake;
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which, with this tincture, for thy sake
 Will not grow bright and clean.
 This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold,
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for less be told.

HERBERT.

Seeming devotion doth but gild the knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;
But where religion doth with virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel shine.

WALLER.

Religion's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right the
next.

YOUNG.

Know,

Without or star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble
love,
And not proud science, keeps the door of
heaven;
Love finds admission where proud science
fails.

YOUNG.

With piety begins all good on earth;
'Tis the first-born of rationality.

YOUNG.

On piety humanity is built;
And on humanity much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God in heaven
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life,
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of
heart.

A Deity believed, is joy begun;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured;
Each branch of piety delight inspires.

YOUNG.

Religion! Providence! an after state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock!
This can support us; all is sea besides,
Sinks under us, bestows, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

YOUNG.

True Piety is cheerful as the day,
Will weep indeed and heave a pitying groan
For others' woes, but smiles upon her own.

COWPER.

This Religion, which dilates our thoughts
Of God Supreme to an infinity
Of awful greatness, yet connects us with Him,
As children, loved and cherished;
Adoring awe, with tenderness united.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

True religion

Is always mild, propitious, and humble;
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,
Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels;
But stoops to polish, succor, and redress,
And builds her grandeur on the public good.

MILLER.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gi'e a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest driven,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!

BURNS.

Religion pure,

Unchanged in spirit, though its forms and
codes

Wear myriad modes,
Contains all creeds within its mighty span,
The love of God, displayed in love of man.

HORACE SMITH.

Here, in our souls, we treasure up the wealth
Fraud cannot flich nor waste destroy; the
more

'Tis spent the more we have; the sweet af-
fections,

The heart's religion, the diviner instincts
Of what we shall be when the world is dust.

BULWER.

While all dispute on points of doctrine, none
Doubt what Religion teaches to be done.
Bear sorrow here, and look to heaven for
bliss,

This thy theology, thy practice this;
Believe God's promises, his precepts keep,
Joy with the joyful, with the mourner weep;
Exalt Love's banner, evermore unfurled,
And keep thyself unspotted from the world.

"BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures fade away;
They melt in Time's destroying tide,
And cold are while they stay!
But joys that from religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest gloom of woe
Smile forth with sweetest light.

LEGGETT.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure,
But o'er the Christian's soul
It sends a radiance calm and pure,
Though tempests round it roll;
His heart may break with sorrow's stroke,
But to its latest thrill,
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
Religion lights it still!

LEGGETT.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word,
More precious than silver and gold
Or all that this earth can afford!

COWPER.

[See also CHRISTIANITY.]

REMORSE.

The past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever-frowning present is its image.

COLERIDGE.

She is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

SHAKSPEARE.

Methought I heard a voice cry; "Sleep no
more!

Macbeth does murder sleep."

SHAKSPEARE.

Remorse, the fatal egg by Pleasure laid
In every bosom where her nest is made,
Hatched by the beams of truth, denies him
rest,
And proves a raging scorpion in his breast.

COWPER.

Just Heaven instructs us, with an awful voice,
That conscience rules us e'en against our
choice;

Our inward monitress to guide or warn,
If listened to; but, if repelled with scorn,
At length, as dire Remorse she reappears,
Works in our guilty hopes and selfish fears!
Still bids, "Remember!" and still cries, "Too
late!"

And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

COLERIDGE.

His eye no more looked onward, but its gaze
Rests where Remorse a life misspent surveys.
What costly treasures strew that waste
behind!

What whirlwinds daunt the soul that sows
the wind!

By the dark shape of what he is, serene
Stands the bright ghost of what he might
have been;

Here the vast loss, and there the worthless
gain—

Vice scorned, yet wooed, and Virtue loved in
vain!

BULWER.

Remorse is virtue's root; its fair increase
Are fruits of innocence and blessedness.

BRYANT.

He fears not dying; 'tis a deeper fear—
The thunder-peal cries to his conscience,
"Hear!"

The rushing winds from memory lift the veil,
And in each flash his sins, like specters pale,
Freed from their dark abode, his guilty breast,
Shriek in his startled ear, "Death is not rest!"

MRS. HALE.

Calm, unruffled Joy,
With dovelike wing, infolds the virtuous
breast;

While, armed with harpy talon, keen Remorse
Hovers o'er guilt, and poisons every sweet.

BALLY.

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!"

HOOD.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
 With many a retrospection cursed;
 And all my solace is to know,
 Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.
 What is that worst? nay, do not ask;
 In pity from the search forbear;
 Smile on, nor venture to unmask
 Man's heart, and view the hell that's there.

BYRON.

When troubled conscience reads accusing
 scrolls,
 Which witnessed are e'en by the breast's
 own blood;
 O! what a terror wounds remorseful souls,
 Who poison find what seemed a pleasing
 food!

STIRLING.

Well said the master: "The worst grief of all
 Is to remember in our hours of woe
 How blest we have been!" It were
 rightly so

If, like Adam's memory of his wretched fall,
 To the keen thought of pleasures ever gone,
 There be the sting of self-reproach to say,
 "The seed is of thy planting; go thy way,
 And let the curse be on thy head alone."

W. G. SIMMS.

Dread offspring of the holy light within,
 Offspring of conscience and of sin,
 Stern as thine awful sire, and fraught with woe,
 From bitter springs thy mother taught to
 flow—

Remorse! To man alone 'tis given
 Of all on earth, or all in heaven,
 To wretched man, thy bitter cup to drain,
 Feel thy awakening stings, and taste thy
 wholesome pain.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Remorse drops anguish from her burning eyes,
 Feels hell's eternal worm, and, shuddering,
 dies.

SPRAGUE.

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
 Besets me now awake!
 Again, again, with dizzy brain
 The human life I take,
 And my red right hand grows raging hot,
 Like Cranmer's at the stake."

HOOD.

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
 Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Remorse?
 Who does not cast
 On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
 At times, a sad and half-reluctant look,
 ' Regretful of the past?

WHITTIER.

I am afraid to think what I have done;
 Look on't again I dare not.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See also CONSCIENCE—DESPAIR.]

REPENTANCE—(See CONTRI- TION.)

REPUTATION—(See CHARACTER.)

RESIGNATION.

Resignation gently slopes the way;
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

GOLDSMITH.

Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
 And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
 And read in thy pale eye serene
 Their blessing who by faith can wean
 Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
 God only, and the joys above.

KEBLE.

Welcome alike the crown or cross;
 Trouble I cannot ask, nor peace,
 Nor toil, nor rest, nor gain, nor loss,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor pain, nor ease,
 Nor life, nor death, but ever pray,
 "Father, thy only will be done!"

ANONYMOUS.

"O Father! not my will, but thine be done!"
 So spake the Son.
 Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder
 noise
 Of griefs and joys,
 That we may cling forever to thy breast
 In perfect rest!

KEBLE.

Lord, I submit. Complete thy gracious will,
For if thou slay me I will trust thee still.
O be my will so swallowed up in thine,
That I may do thy will in doing mine!

HANNAH MORE.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be his sweet will!

FABER.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

WHITTIER.

And my soul repineth not,
Well content whate'er befall;
Murmurs, wishes of self-will,
They are slain and vanquished all:
Restless thoughts, that fret and crave,
Slumber in the Saviour's grave.

From the German of WINKLER.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day,
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

From the German of RODIGAST.

Thou Power supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfill,
Here firm I rest, they must be best
Because they are thy will!
Then all I want (O! do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

BURNS.

Fit me to bear whate'er Thou shalt assign;
I kiss the rod, because the rod is thine.

QUARLES.

Through woe to joy! and though at morn thou
weep,
And though the midnight find thee weeping
still,

Good cheer! good cheer! The Shepherd loves
his sheep,

Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

From the German of ROSEGARTEN.

Since 'tis God's will, pain, take your course,
Exert on me your utmost force;
I well God's truth and promise know—
He never sends a woe
But his supports divine
In due proportion with the affliction join.

BISHOP KEN.

The best will is our Father's will,
And we may rest there calm and still;
O make it hour by hour thine own,
And wish for naught but that alone
Which pleases God.

From the German of GERHARDT.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meek-
ness

His own thy will;
And with strength from him shall thy utter
weakness

Life's task fulfill.

And that cloud itself which now before thee
Lies dark in view,
Shall with beams of light from the inner glory
Be stricken through.

WHITTIER.

It is a short and simple prayer,
But 'tis the Christian's stay
Through every varied scene of care
Until his dying day.
As through the wilderness of life
Calmly he wanders on,
His prayer in every time of strife
Is still, "Thy will be done!"

MARY A. BROWNE.

When are we happiest, then? O, when resigned
To whatsoe'er our cup of life may brim;
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind
Creatures of earth! and trust alone in Him
Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain—
O, we are happiest then!

MARY A. BROWNE.

My cause is God's, and I am still,
Let him do with me what he will;
Whether for me the fight is won,
Or scarce begun,
I ask no more—his will be done!

From the German of PAPPUS.

"Ask and receive," 'tis sweetly said;
Yet what to plead for know I not;
For wish is worsted, hope o'ersped,
And aye to thanks returns my thought.
If I would pray,
I've naught to say
But this, that God may be God still;
For him to live
Is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish, his will.

"ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

In life's long sickness, evermore
Our thoughts are tossing to and fro;
We change our posture o'er and o'er,
But cannot rest nor cheat our woe.
Were it not better to lie still,
Let Him strike home, and bless the rod?
Never so safe as when our will
Yields, undiscerned by all, to God.

KEBLE.

Pain's furnace-heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flames doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in his hottest fire hold still.

From the German of JULIUS STURM.

"Father, thy will, not mine, be done!"
So prayed on earth thy suffering Son,
So in his name I pray.

MONTGOMERY.

[See also PATIENCE—TRUST.]

RESOLUTION — (See PERSEVER-
ANCE.)

REST.

Think not of rest, fond man, in life's career;
The joys and grief that meet thee dash aside
Like bubbles, and thy bark right onward steer
Through calm and tempest, till it cross the
tide,
Shoot into port in triumph, or serenely glide.

WILCOX.

Yes, there remaineth yet a rest!
Arise, sad heart, that darkly pines,
By heavy care and pain oppressed,
On whom no sun of gladness shines;
Look to the Lamb! in yon bright fields
Thou'lt know the joy his presence yields;
Cast off thy load and thither haste;
Soon shalt thou fight and bleed no more;
Soon, soon thy weary course be o'er,
And deep the rest thou then shalt taste.

From the German of KUNTH.

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.
'Tis loving and serving the Highest and best!
'Tis onward! unswerving, and that is true
rest.

DWIGHT.

Not in this weary world of ours
Can perfect rest be found;
Thorns mingle with its fairest flowers
Even on cultured ground:
Earth's pilgrim still his loins must gird
To seek a lot more blest,
And this must be his onward word,
"In heaven alone is rest."

BARTON.

O rest,
Sweet rest! In kindness 'tis not found on
earth,
That mortals weary of the world may lift the
eye
To Heaven.

MRS. C. L. RICE.

I rest with Thee! no other place of rest
Can now attract, no other portion please:
The soul, of heavenly treasure once possessed,
All earthly glory with indifference sees.
Poor world farewell! thy splendors tempt no
more,
The power of grace I feel, and thine is o'er.

A. MORANT.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,

And billows wild contend with angry roar,

'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest!

There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Die in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

O rest of rests! O peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest; and thou changest never;
And in the secret of thy presence, dwelleth
Fullness of joy, forever and forever.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

LONGFELLOW.

In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place,
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ the ark of grace.
Tempted, tossed, I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.

NEWTON.

Poor worldling! stay thy vain pursuit of peace

In empty vanities! no good can live
In all the gilded charms that mock thee:
cease

Thy hold on these; loose every cord, and hear

The voice of God: "Come ye that weary are!

Ye heavy laden, come, and I will give
You rest." O, heed that call! in holy fear,
In deep humility, bow down: the star
Of hope shall rise, and joy shall speak thy
soul's release.

I. F. SHEPARD.

[See also PEACH—HEAVEN.]

RESURRECTION.

Rise, heart! thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays,

Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise

With him may'st rise;
That as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more
just.

HERBERT.

What though my body run to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting every grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

HERBERT.

The blessed in the new covenant
Shall rise up quickened, each one from his
grave,
Wearing again the garments of the flesh,
Ministers and messengers of life eternal.

From the Italian of DANTE.

The time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust
Inviolatè; and faithfully shall these
Make up the full amount; not the least atom
Embezzled or mislaid of the whole tale.

BLAIR.

See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph
descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses
are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

BEATTIE.

For each one body that i' th' earth is sown,
There's an up-rising but of one for one;
But for each grain that in the ground is
thrown

Threescore or fourscore spring up thence for
one;

So that the wonder is not half so great
Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

HERRIK.

Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the King of glory to come in.

YOUNG.

Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he
feeds?

YOUNG.

Majestical He rose: trembled the earth;
The ponderous gate of stone was rolled away;
The keepers fell, the angels, awe-struck, sunk
Into invisibility, while forth
The Saviour of the world walked, and stood
Before the sepulcher, and viewed the clouds,
Empurpled glorious by the rising sun.

GRAHAME.

Awake, thou wintry earth!

Fling off thy sadness!

Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth

Your ancient gladness!

Christ is risen!

Come, see! the graves are green;

It is light; let's go

Where our loved ones rest

In hope below!

Christ is risen!

BLACKBURN.

The dawn was purpling o'er the sky;

With alleluiahs rang the air;

Earth held a glorious jubilee;

Hell gnashed its teeth in fierce despair:

When He whom stone, and seal, and guard

Had safely to the tomb consigned,

Triumphant rose, and buried Death

Deep in the grave he left behind.

Translated from the Latin, by CASWALL.

Jesus is risen! triumphal anthems sing!

Thus from dead winter mounts the sprightly
spring,

Thus does the sun from night's black shades
return,

And thus the single bird wings from the
Arabian urn.

Jesus is risen! He shall the world restore!

Awake, ye dead! dull sinners, sleep no more!

WESLEY.

An angel's arm can't snatch me from the
grave!

Legions of angels can't confine me there!

YOUNG.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
heard;

Lo! the depths of the stone-covered chancel
are stirred;

From the sea, from the land, from the south
and the north,

The vast generations of man are come forth.

MILMAN.

Welcome, thou Victor in the strife,

Welcome from out the cave!

To-day we triumph in thy life,

Around thine empty grave.

Our enemy is put to shame,

His short-lived triumph o'er;

"Our God is with us," we exclaim,

We fear our foe no more.

From the German of SCHMOLCK.

Forgotten generations live again,

Assume the bodily shapes they owned of old

Beyond the flood: the righteous of their times

Embrace and weep, they weep the tears of
joy.

The sainted mother wakes, and in her lap

Clasps her dear babe, the partner of her grave,

And heritor, with her, of heaven—a flower

Washed by the blood of Jesus from the stain

Of native guilt, even in its early bud.

H. K. WHITE

It seems as all were over now—

The heavy limbs, the soulless brow;

Yet through these rigid limbs once more—

A nobler life, ere long, shall pour;

These dead, dry bones again shall feel

New warmth and vigor through their steal;

Reknit and living they shall soar

On high, where Christ lives evermore.

From the German of N. HERMANN.

The dead in Christ shall first arise

At the last trumpet's sounding,

Caught up to meet him in the skies,

With joy their Lord surrounding;

No gloomy fears their soul dismay;

His presence sheds eternal day

On those prepared to meet him.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.

Christ hath arisen! O! not one cherished
head

Hath 'midst the flowery sods been pillowed
here

Without a hope, (howe'er the heart hath bled
In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious
bier,)

A hope upspringing clear
From those majestic tidings of the morn
Which lit the way to all of woman born.

MRS. HEMANS.

Bury the dead; and weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead, in Christ they sleep
Who bore on earth his cross,
And from the grave their dust shall rise
In his own image to the skies.

MONTGOMERY.

O how wonderful to see
Death and Life in conflict meet!
Life hath won the victory,
Trodden Death beneath his feet.
Even as the Scripture shows,
He hath conquered all our foes;
Death was slain, but Jesus rose!

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.

Hail, purest Victim Heaven could find
The powers of hell to overthrow!
Who didst the chains of Death destroy;
Who dost the prize of life bestow.

Translated from the Latin by CASWALL.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an
end,
The blessed dead to endless youth shall
rise;
And hear th' archangel's thrilling summons
blend
Its tones with anthems from the upper
skies.

W. G. CLARK.

Death seemed all-conquering when he bound
The Lord of life in prison;
The might of Death was nowhere found
When Christ again was risen;
Wherefore praise him night and day,
Him who took Death's sting away!

ANONYMOUS.

Show Thy vacant tomb, and let,
As of old, the angels sit,
Whispering, by its open door,
"Fear not! He hath gone before!"

WHITTIER.

'Twas on the Easter Sunday morn,
That, from the blessed skies,
Came down the holy angels
To see the Lord arise:
To see our dear Lord Jesus rise
From death whose bonds were riven,
And give him back unto his friends
Before he went to heaven.

MRS. HOWITT.

What though o'er my mortal tomb
Clouds and mists be blending?
Sweetest hopes shall chase the gloom,
Hopes to heaven ascending.
These shall be my stay, my trust,
Ever bright and vernal;
Life shall blossom out of dust,
Life and joy eternal.

BOWRING.

Rejoice! ye sons of men, rejoice! awake the
choral strain!
The Saviour who was crucified has broken his
death-chain;
And mounting high above the sky to realms
of brighter day,
He points you to a better world, and proudly
leads the way.

From the German of GOETHE.

I know the time shall come
When, through the charnel dumb,
A voice shall ring upon the slumbering ear;
These bones shall startle then,
And feel strange life agen,
And these decaying fibers leap to hear.
I know these hands shall wrestle with the
turf
That time shall heap upon them all in vain;
Or struggle upward from the stormy surf,
So I be buried in the mighty main.
Yes, 'tis not long ere I shall shake the clay
That years have matted on my mouldered
brow,
And tear the cerements of the grave away
With these same muscles that are lusty now.

A. C. COLE.

A deathless spring shall o'er these ashes
bloom,

And win th' immortal tenant from the tomb.

ALEXANDER.

But has not Jesus passed the tomb,
To break its bars away?
And, darting through its fearful gloom
The beams of endless day,
Does he not, from the other side,
Bid none to fear, since he has died?

MISS H. F. GOULD.

Lo, the seal of death is breaking,
Those who slept its sleep are waking,
Eden opes her portals fair!
Hark! the harps of God are ringing,
Hark! the seraph's hymn is singing,
And the living rills are fingering
Music on immortal air!

"LONDON REPOSITORY."

Thou shalt rise! my dust, thou shalt arise!
Not always closed thine eyes;
Thy life's first Giver
Will give thee life forever.
Ah! praise His name!

From the German of KLOPSTOCK.

The power of Thy great majesty
Burst rocks and tombs away;
Thy victory raises us with Thee
Into the glorious day;
Now Satan's might
And death's dark night
Have lost their power this blessed morn,
And we to higher life are born.

From the German of J. H. BOHMER.

Though love seem now to have hoped in vain,
And Death seem king of all below,
There yet shall come the morning-glow,
And wake our slumberers once again.

From the German of KRUMMACHER.

RETRIBUTION — (See JUDGMENT-
DAY.)

REVELATION — (See BIBLE.)

REVENGE.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.

MILTON.

Revenge
Has ears more deaf than adds to the voice
Of any true decision.

SHAKESPEARE.

How wretched, O! how fatal is our error,
When to revenge precipitate we run!
Revenge, that still with double force recoils
Back on itself, and is its own revenge,
While to the short-lived, momentary joy,
Succeeds a train of woes, an age of torments.

FROWDE.

Then for revenge, by great souls was it ever
Contemned, though offered; entertained by
none

But cowards, base and abject spirits; strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.

MASSINGER.

Man's disposition is for to requite
An injury before a benefit;
Thanksgiving is a burden and a pain;
Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gain.

HERRICK.

Revenge we find
The abject pleasure of an abject mind.
From the Latin of JUVENAL.

Speak not of vengeance! 'tis the right of God.
"Vengeance is his." Who shall usurp the
bolt,

And launch it for Omnipotence? Shall man
Assume the right of judgment, or prescribe
How far the line of mercy shall extend,
Or punishment shall stretch its iron rod?
In thine own cause to judge, who gave thee
right,
Presumptuous man?

LAYARD.

A wrong avenged is doubly perpetrated;
Two sinners stand where lately stood but one.

M'KELLAR.

But cry, "Revenge!" and a dark host of pas-
sions,
Fell as the fierce hyena, sweeps along,
And makes e'en victory a sound of terror,
For what is gained that we can turn to good?

MRS. HALE

[See also HATRED.]

RICHES—(See MAMMON.)

RIVERS.

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun;
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep.

DYER

"Whither, thou turbid wave?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?"
"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

From the German of TIEDGE.

Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves since time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.
Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doomed to know;
And darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present years.

W. SCOTT.

River! river! headlong river!
Down you dash unto the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded;
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded;
Like unto eternity!

MRS. SOUTHEY.

O! I have thought, and thinking sighed,
How like to thee, thou restless tide!
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of woe,
And flowers of joy, my path may go!
How many a humble, still retreat,
May rise to court my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest!

MOORE

River! in this still hour thou hast
Too much of heaven on earth to last;
Nor long may thy still waters lie,
An image of the glorious sky.
Thy fate and mine are not repose,
And ere another evening close,
Thou to thy tides shalt turn again,
And I to seek the crowd of men.

BRYANT.

And I shall sleep, and on thy side
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age, and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gayly shalt play and glitter here;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

BRYANT.

Oft in sadness and in illness, I have watched
thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness overflowed me
like a tide.
And in better hours and brighter, when I
saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter, and leap
onward with thy stream.
Thou hast taught me, silent river! many a
lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver; I can give
thee but a song.

LONGFELLOW.

O Stream of Life! the violet springs
 But once beside thy bed;
 But one brief summer, on thy path,
 The dews of heaven are shed.
 Thy parent fountains shrink away,
 And close their crystal veins,
 And where thy glittering current flowed
 The dust alone remains.

BRYANT.

Bountiful rivers! not upon the earth
 Is record traced of God's exuberant grace
 So deeply graven as the channels worn
 By ever flowing streams; arteries of earth,
 That, widely branching, circulate its blood;
 Whose ever throbbing pulses are the tides.
 The whole vast enginery of nature, all
 The roused and laboring elements combine
 In their production; for the mighty end
 Is growth, is life, to every living thing.

WARD.

As the streams
 Grow strong, apprenticed to the use of man,
 The ponderous wheel they turn, the web to
 weave,
 The stubborn metal forge; and when, advanced
 To sober age at last, ye seek the sea,
 Bearing the wealth of commerce on your backs,
 Ye seem the unpaid carriers of the sky
 Vouchsafed to earth for burden; and your
 host
 Of shining branches, linking land to land,
 Seem bands of friendship, silver chains of love,
 To bind the world in brotherhood and peace.

WARD.

Time is a river deep and wide;
 And while along its banks we stray,
 We see our loved ones o'er its tide
 Sail from our sight away, away.
 Where are they sped—they who return
 No more to glad our longing eyes?
 They've passed from life's contracted bourne
 To land unseen, unknown, that lies
 Beyond the river.

"DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE."

River! O river! upon thy tide
 Full many a freighted bark doth ride;
 Would that thou thus couldst bear away
 The thoughts that burden my weary day!

HOFFMAN.

O River! gentle as a wayward child
 I saw thee mid the moonlit hills at rest:
 But thou didst hear the far off ocean sound,
 Inviting thee from hill and vale away,
 To mingle thy deep waters with its own;
 And, at that voice, thy steps did onward glide;
 Onward from echoing hill and valley lone;
 Like thine, O! be my course, nor turned aside,
 While listening to the soundings of a land
 That, like the ocean-call, invites me to its
 strand.

MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
 To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
 The silent grave!
 Thither all earthly pomp and boast
 Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
 In one dark wave.

From the Spanish of MANRIQUE.

Around thy throne, in peaceful strains,
 O God! celestial pleasure glides;
 The brightened wave thine image beams,
 Untinged by sorrow's darkened tides.
 That stream my fainting spirit cheers,
 When sultry suns pour down their heat;
 And when I cross the vale of tears,
 It makes the cup of sorrow sweet

ALEXANDER.

RUINS.

High towers, fair temples, goodly theaters,
 Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
 Fine streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,
 Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries—
 All these (O pity) now are turned to dust,
 And overgrown with black oblivion's rust!

SPENSER.

I do love these ancient ruins;
 We never tread upon them but we set
 Our foot upon some rev'rend history.

WEBSTER.

See the wide waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
 The very tombs now vanished like their dead.

POPE.

A gray wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line
Between the present and past worlds, and
 hover
Upon their airy confine, half-seas over.

BYRON.

 There is given
Unto the things of earth, which time hath
 bent,
A spirit's feeling; and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a
 power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its
 dower.

BYRON.

What we have seen our sons shall see;
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of
 clay!

BYRON.

 These perishing arcades,
These mouldering plinths, these sad and
 blackened shafts,
These vague entablatures, this broken frieze,
These shattered cornices, this wreck, this ruin,
These stones—alas! these gray stones, are
 they all—

All of the proud and the colossal left
By the corrosive hours to fate and me?

E. A. POE.

But, alas! if mightiest empires leave so little
 mark behind,
How much less must heroes hope for in the
 wreck of human kind!

PARSONS.

Fallen pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;
But when the weak winds, wafted from the
 main,

Through each rent arch, like spirits that
 complain,

Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once full proudly in their
 prime

And beauteous might have stood, 'till bowed
 by time.

BOWLES.

But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where man hath been.
Though the dun fox or wild hyena calls,
And owls that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low wind moan,
There the true silence is, self-conscious and
 alone.

HOOD.

I asked of Time from whom those temples rose,
That prostrate by his hand in silence lie.
His lips disdained the mystery to disclose,
And borne on swifter wing he hurried by!
"These broken columns, whose?" I asked of
 Fame:

(Her kindling breath gives life to works
 sublime)

With downcast looks, of mingled grief and
 shame

She heaved the uncertain sigh and followed
 Time.

Wrapped in amazement, o'er the mouldering pile
I saw Oblivion pass with giant stride;
And while his visage wore Pride's scornful
 smile:

"Haply thou knowest; then, tell me
 whose," I cried,

"Whose these vast domes, that even in ruin
 shine?"

"I reck not whose," he said; "they *now* are
 mine!"

ANONYMOUS.

Thou who within thyself dost not behold
Ruins as great as these, though not as old,
Canst scarce through life have traveled many
 a year,

Or lack'st the spirit of a pilgrim here.

Youth hath its walls of strength, its towers of
 pride,

Love its warm hearth-stones, Hope its prospects
 wide,

Life's fortress in thee, held these one and all,
And they have fallen to ruin, or shall fall.

MRS. F. K. BUTLER.

THE SABBATH.

Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be
 sure

He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor.

HOLMES.

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of
bliss;

Heaven once a week;

The next world's gladness prepossess in this;

A day to seek

Eternity in time; the steps by which

We climb above all ages; lamps that light

Man through his heap of dark days, and the
rich

And full redemption of the whole week's flight!

VAUGHAN.

Sabbaths observe; think when the bells do
chime

'Tis angels' music, therefore come not late;

God then deals blessings.

Let vain or busy thoughts have then no part;

Bring not thy plow, thy plots, thy pleasures
thither;

Christ purged his temple, so must thou thy
heart.

HERBERT.

Thou art a day of mirth;

And where the week days trail on ground,

Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;

O! let me take thee at the bound,

Leaping with thee from seven to seven,

Till that we both, being tossed from earth,

Fly, hand in hand, to heaven.

HERBERT.

Hail to the day which He who made the
heaven,

Earth, and their armies, sanctified and
blessed,

Perpetual memory of the Maker's rest!

Hail to the day when He by whom was given

New life to man, the tomb asunder riven,

Arose! That day his Church hath still con-
fessed,

At once creation's and redemption's feast,

Sign of a world called forth, a world forgiven.

BISHOP MANT.

Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;

Yet while they gently roll,

Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,

A Sabbath o'er my soul.

When will my pilgrimage be done,

The world's long week be o'er,

That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,

That day which fades no more?

EDMESTONE.

Arise, ye nations, with rejoicing rise,

And tell your gladness to the listening skies;

Come out forgetful of the week's turmoil,

From halls of mirth and iron gates of toil;

Come forth, come forth, and let your joy
increase

Till one loud pean hails the day of peace.

Sing, trembling age, ye youths and maidens
sing;

Ring, ye sweet chimes, from every belfry ring,

Pour the grand anthem till it soars and swells,

And heaven seems full of great aerial bells!

Behold the morn from orient chambers glide

With shining footsteps, like a radiant bride;

Rise, ye sweet maidens, strew her path with
flowers,

With sacred lilies from your virgin bowers;

Go, youths, and meet her with your olive
boughs;

Go, age, and greet her with your holiest
vows;

See where she comes, her hands upon her
breast,

The sainted Sabbath comes, and smiles the
world to rest.

T. B. READ.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,

But yonder halts the quiet mill;

The whirring wheel, the rushing sail

How motionless and still!

So rest, O weary heart! but, lo!

The church spire, glistening up to heaven,

To warn thee where thy thoughts should go

The day thy God hath given.

BULWER.

The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,

Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the
voice

Of one who from the far-off hills proclaims

Tidings of good to Zion.

CHARLES LAMB.

Six days may rank divide the poor,

O Dives! from thy banquet hall;

The seventh the Father opes the door,

And holds his feast for all!

BULWER.

Six days stern labor shuts the poor

From nature's careless banquet hall;

The seventh an angel opes the door,

And, smiling, welcomes all.

BULWER.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day;
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold

And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree;

But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face, and upward, earnest eye.

GRAHAM.

When through the peaceful parish swells
The music of the Sabbath bells,
Duly tread the sacred road
Which leads you to the house of God;
The blessing of the Lamb is there,
For "God is in the midst of her."

BISHOP MANT.

Sabbaths, like waymarks, cheer the pilgrim's path,

His progress mark, and keep his rest in view.
In life's bleak winter they are pleasant days,
Short foretastes of the long, long spring to come.

WILCOX.

Sabbath holy,
To the lowly

Still thou art a welcome day;

When thou comest, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the poor man's heart to pray.

ELLIOT.

Chime on, ye bells! again begin
And ring the Sabbath morning in;
The laborer's week-day work is done,
The rest begun

Which Christ hath for his people won!

From the German of F. SACHSE.

Amid the earthiness of life,
Vexation, vanity, and strife,
Sabbath! how sweet thy holy calm
Comes o'er the soul, like healing balm:
Comes like the dew to fainting flowers,
Renewing their enfeebled powers!

GRINFIELD.

Hail, holy day! the blessing from above
Brightens thy presence like a smile of love,
Smoothing, like oil upon a stormy sea,
The roughest waves of human destiny;
Cheering the good, and to the poor oppressed
Bearing the promise of their heavenly rest.

MRS. HAIR.

This transitory scene
Of murmuring stillness, busily serene,
This solemn pause, the breathing space of man,

The halt of toil's exhausted caravan,
Comes sweet with music to thy wearied ear;
Rise, with its anthems, to a holier sphere!

HOLMES.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

HERBERT.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and balm!
The week were dark but for thy light,
Thy torch doth show the way.

HERBERT.

To prayer! for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

H. WARE.

Day of God! thou blessed day,
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of Him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.
Day of glory, day of power,
Sacred be thine every hour—
Emblem, earnest of the rest
That remaineth for the blest.

MISS H. F. GOULD.

O! welcome to the wearied earth
 The Sabbath resting comes,
 Gathering the sons of toil and care
 Back to their peaceful homes;
 And, like a portal to the skies,
 Opens the house of God,
 Where all who seek may come and learn
 The way the Saviour trod.

MRS. HALE.

Sweet is the dawn of tranquil holy day,
 Hallowed e'en from the birth of time, to rest,
 To purest joys, and contemplations blest;
 The cares of this vain world put far away.

ALLEN.

SAFETY—SALVATION.

Nay, He kept not back His Son,
 But hath given him for our good,
 And our safety He hath won
 By the shedding of His blood.
 O thou fathomless abyss!
 My weak powers but strive in vain,
 Knowledge of thy depths to gain;
 Man knows not such love as this.
 All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

From the German of GERHARDT.

Abroad, at home, in weal, in woe,
 That service which to Heaven you owe,
 That bounden service duly pay,
 And God shall be your strength alway.

BISHOP MANT.

Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am if thou art mine!
 And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.
 Thy mighty name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above:
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love:
 To me, with thy dear name, are given
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

C. WESLEY.

By force of arms we nothing can,
 Full soon were we down-ridden;
 But for us fights the proper Man,
 Whom God himself hath bidden.
 Ask ye who is this same?
 Christ Jesus is his name,
 The Lord Zebaoth's Son,
 He and no other one
 Shall conquer in the battle.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.

A few forsake the throng; with lifted eyes
 Ask wealth of Heaven, and gain a real prize;
 Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
 Sealed with His signet whom they serve and love.

COWPER.

A cheerful confidence I feel,
 My well placed hopes with joy I see;
 My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
 To worship Him who died for me.
 As man, he pities my complaint;
 His power and truth are all divine;
 He will not fail, he cannot faint;
 Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

COWPER.

O how shall I the goodness tell,
 Father, which thou to me hast showed?
 That I, a child of wrath and hell,
 I should be called a child of God,
 Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
 Blest with this antepast of heaven.

C. WESLEY.

Jesus lives! and from his love
 Naught my soul shall ever sunder,
 Naught beneath, nor aught above,
 Satan's wrath, nor Sinai's thunder;
 Strength he gives, abundant, free;
 This is my security.

From the German of GELLERT.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord!
 Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
 Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
 No change can falsify.
 I bent before thy gracious throne,
 And asked for peace with suppliant knee;
 And peace was given, nor peace alone,
 But faith, and hope, and ecstasy!

WORDSWORTH.

Again, when he that feared to die
 (Past hope) doth see his pardon brought,
 Read but the joy that's in his eye,
 And then convey it to thy thought;
 Then think between thy heart and thee
 How glad will "Come, ye blessed" be!

WITHER.

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
 Seeks in thee its only rest;
 I was lost, thy accents mild
 Homeward lured thy wandering child;
 I was blind, thy healing ray
 Charmed the long eclipse away,
 Source of every joy I know,
 Solace of my every woe.

SIR R. GRANT.

All praise to the Lamb! accepted I am,
 Through faith in the Saviour's adorable name:
 In him I confide, his blood is applied;
 For me he hath suffered, for me he hath died.
 Not a doubt doth arise, to darken the skies,
 Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes:
 In him I am blest, I lean on his breast,
 And lo! in his wounds I continue to rest.

C. WESLEY.

Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come.
 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

Dearest Lord! may I so much
 As thy garment's hem to touch?
 Or but raise my languid eye
 To the cross, where thou didst die?
 It shall make my spirit whole,
 It shall heal and save my soul.

ANONYMOUS.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power!

No angel, by his glad descent,
 Dispenses that diviner dower

Which with its healing waters went;
 But He whose word surpassed its wave,
 Is still omnipotent to save.

BARTON.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
 Whate'er thou fearest;
 Round him, in calmest music, rolls
 Whate'er thou hearest.
 What to thee is shadow, to him is day,
 And the end he knoweth;
 And not on a blind and aimless way
 The spirit goeth.

WHITTIER.

From the ages of sorrow which fly not,
 From the curse which has brandished its
 rod,
 From the doom of the dying who die not,
 From the wrath of the infinite God,
 From the foe who our infancy hated,
 And will hate us when laid in the grave
 With a malice which ne'er can be sated,
 Our Redeemer is mighty to save.

B. W. NOEL.

From this world of sin and pain,
 From this world of grief and strife,
 From this body's mortal chain,
 From this weak, imperfect life,
 Thou in whom I now believe,
 Jesus, Lord, my soul receive.

LYTLE.

Know too, O mortal, thou whose rougher path
 Lies through a world of sin,
 Without, the deadly arrows of its wrath,
 Its fever-fire within;
 A well-spring, whose high source is heaven,
 doth wait
 Upon thy travail sore;
 There drink! and thou shalt rise as recreate,
 Nor thirst for evermore!

MRS. MARSH.

[See also THE SAVIOUR — REDEMPTION —
 HEAVEN.]

SATAN.

He above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness; nor appeared
 Less than archangel ruined.

MILTON.

Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns,
Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains,
Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights;
But down like lightning which him struck he
came,

And roared at his first plunge into the flame.

COWLEY.

Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

MILTON.

Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and
care

Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
Forever now to have their lot in pain.

MILTON.

The infernal serpent; he it was whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind.

MILTON.

Thus free, the devil chose to disobey
The will of God, and was thrown out from
heaven,
And, with him, all his bad example stained.

POLLOK.

Prince of the fallen, around thee sweep
The billows of the burning deep;
Above thee bends the vaulted fire,
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire,
And on thy sleepless vision rise
Hell's living cloud of agonies.

CROLY.

His brow was like the deep when tempest-tost;
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
And where he gazed a gloom prevailed space.

BYRON.

Then, when the dragon's pride
To battle vain defied,
Brighter than the morning star,
Lucifer, as lightning fell,
Far from heaven, from glory far,
Headlong hurled to deepest hell!

C. WESLEY.

SATIRE—(See Writ.)

THE SAVIOUR.

Of all creation first
Begotten Son, divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without
cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold! on thee
Impressed, the effulgence of his glory bides,
Transfused in thee his ample spirit rests.

MILTON.

Though great our sins, and sore our wounds,
And deep and dark our fall,
His helping mercy hath no bounds,
His love surpasseth all.
Our trusty, loving Shepherd he,
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.

He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, He is bread;
If any be a bondman, He is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is He!
To dead men life He is, to sick men health;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without
stealth.

G. FLETCHER.

His love at once, and dread, instructs our
thought;
As man he suffered, and as God he taught.

WALLER.

O thou pure light of souls that love,
True joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Saviour and Redeemer blest!
Be thou our guide; be thou our goal;
Be thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.

"BREVARIY."

Thou, my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth! my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak Thy praise,
Or fathom Thy profound of love to man!

YOUNG.

Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

From the Latin, translated by CASWALL.

Like as a man, He trode on earthly soil;
He bore each pang, and strove in weary toil;
He spake with human words, with pity sighed;
Like us He mourned, and feared, and wept,
and died.
Yet all thy fullness, Father, dwelt in Him,
In whom no shadow made the glory dim;
Such strength, O God! from him to us derive,
And make, by life from him, our death alive.

STERLING.

His was a life of miracles, and might,
And charity, and love.

SMART.

Lion of Judah, hail!
And let thy name prevail
From age to age;
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for thine own the spheres,
For thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage!

BRYDGES.

O thou essential Word,
Who from eternity
Dwelt with the Father, and wast God,
Who art ordained to be
The Saviour of our race;
Welcome indeed thou art,
Blessed Redeemer, Fount of grace,
To this my longing heart!

From the German of LAURENTI.

O who shall paint Him? Let the sweetest
tone
That ever trembled on the harps of heaven
Be discord; let the chanting seraphim,
Whose anthem is eternity, be dumb;
For praise and wonder, adoration, all
Melt into muteness ere they soar to Thee,
Thou sole perfection! Theme of countless
worlds!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Hosanna! Prince of peace and Lord of might!
We hail thee conqueror in the fight.
All thou with toil hast won,
Shall be our booty when the battle's done.
Thy right hand ever hath the rule and sway,
Thy kingdom standeth fast when all things
else decay.

From the German of SCHMOLCK.

Where is refuge, where?
In thee, Lord Christ alone!
For thou hast shed thy precious blood,
All our sins thou makest good,
Holy Lord and God!
Strong and holy God!
Merciful and holy Saviour!
Eternal God!
Let us never fall
From the true faith's hope for all,
Kyrie eleison!

From the Latin of NOTKER, A. D. 900.

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the halleluiahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet!
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection.

MRS. BROWNING.

Him who bore

Our form, our woes; that man might evermore,
In succoring woe-worn man, the God, made
man, adore!

BULWER.

Thou art the way, the truth, the life,
And hearts that, with presumption rife,
Would seek through other means to gain
Light, truth, and life, but toil in vain;
Thy hand alone controls our way,
Thy truth bids darkness turn to day;
And they eternal life have gained
Whose names are written on thy hand.

PATTERSON.

In the beginning was the Word;
The Word was God.

In the beginning was the Word;
And his abode

From everlasting was with God.

His name I Am,
Jehovah, God, the Lord
Ever to be adored;

The eternal Son,
The ever-blessed One.

From all, to all eternity,
The brightness of the eternal Father's glory he.

BONAR.

In thee is gladness amid all sadness,
Jesus, sunshine of my heart!
By thee are given the gifts of heaven,
Thou the true Redeemer art!
Our souls thou wakest, our bonds thou
breakest;
Who trusts thee surely, hath built securely,
He stands forever; halleluah!

From the German of J. LINDEMANN.

SCEPTICISM — (See DOUBT.)

SCIENCE — (See KNOWLEDGE.)

SCORN.

But, alas! to make me
The fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at.

SHAKESPEARE.

He hears

On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.

MILTON.

Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.

DR. JOHNSON.

Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted, they have torn me, and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring
from such a seed.

BYRON.

Thou may'st from law, but not from scorn
escape;
The pointed finger, cold, averted eye,
Insulted virtue's hiss, thou canst not fly.

SPRAGUE.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn:
To scorn to owe a duty overlong;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
To scorn to lie; to scorn to do a wrong;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a free-born heart slavetike to bind.

CAREW.

And he, the basest of the base,
The vilest of the vile, whose name,
Embalmed in infinite disgrace,
Is deathless in its shame!
Nailed to its self-made gibbet fast,
Self-pilloried to the public view,
A mark for every passing blast
Of scorn to whistle through!

WHITTIER.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark
From hope and heaven!

WHITTIER.

I have unlearned contempt, it is a sin
That is engendered earliest in the soul,
And doth beset it like a poison worm
Feeding on all its beauty.

WILLIS.

I said to cold neglect and scorn,
 "Pass on, I heed you not ;
 Ye may pursue me till my form
 And being are forgot ;
 Yet still the spirit, which you see
 Undaunted by your wiles,
 Draws from its own nobility
 Its high-born smiles."

MRS. STODDARD.

SEA—(See OCEAN.)

THE SEASONS.

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my
 body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say :
 This is no flattery ; these are counselors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

SHAKESPEARE.

Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
 How the four seasons in four forms appear ?
 Like human life in every shape they wear :
 Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
 With milky juice requiring to be fed. . .

Proceeding onward, whence the year began,
 The Summer grows adult, and ripens man ; . .
 Autumn succeeds, a sober, tepid age,
 Nor froze with fear, nor boiling into rage ; . .
 Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
 Sour in his front, and furrowed in his face.

DRYDEN.

O Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
 I crown thee king of intimate delights ;
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening, know.

COWPER.

Truth bids me look on men as autumn leaves,
 And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust
 Driven by the whirlwind.

YOUNG.

Autumn, thrice happy time,
 Best portion of the various year, in which
 Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works,
 Lovely, to full perfection wrought.

PHILIPS.

And winter, lingering, chills the lap of spring.
 GOLDSMITH.

Spring has come with a smile of blessing,
 Kissing the earth with her soft warm breath,
 Till it blushes in flowers at her gentle caress-
 ing,

And wakes from the winter's dream of
 death.

Dear angel! that blowest with breath of glad-
 ness

The trump to waken the year in its grave,
 Shall we not hear, after death's deep sadness,
 A voice as tender to gladden and save ?

"ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

Lo, Winter comes, and all his heralds blow
 Their gusty trumpets, and his tents of snow
 Usurp the fields from whence sad Autumn
 flies,

Autumn that finds a southern clime or dies.
 The streams are dumb with woe ; the forest
 grieves,

Wailing the loss of all its summer leaves :
 As some fond Rachel on her childless breast
 Clasps her thin hands where once her young
 were pressed ;

Then flings her empty arms into the air,
 And swells the gale with her convulsed despair!

T. B. READ.

Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep
 The darkening world and tempest-troubled
 deep!

Yet shall the smile of social love repay
 With mental light the melancholy day.

CAMPBELL.

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
 Sullen and sad, with all his rising train ;
 Vapors, and clouds, and storms.

THOMSON.

These as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God! The rolling year
Is full of thee! Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is
balm;

Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling
year,

And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering
gales.

Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest on tempest
rolled,

Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

THOMSON.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

THOMSON.

From brightening fields of ether, fair disclosed,
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes;
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's
depth,

He comes, attended by the sultry hours,
And ever fanning breezes on his way.

THOMSON.

Behold, fond man!

See here thy pictured life; pass some few
years,

Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent
strength,

Thy sober Autumn, fading into age,
And pale, concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene.

THOMSON.

Hark! through the dim woods, dying with a
moan,

Faintly the winds are sighing, Summer's gone!

MRS. NORTON.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and con-
volved,

The quivering nations sport, till tempest-
winged,

Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of
day;

Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass

An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,

A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on

From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;

Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes

Behind, and strikes them from the Book of
life!

THOMSON.

The pale, descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as studious walk below.

THOMSON.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!

Whose unshorn locks with leaves

And swelling buds are crowned,

Sweet is thy reign, but short; the red dog-
star

Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's
scythe

Thy greens, thy flow'rets all,

Remorseless shall destroy.

MRS. BARBAULD.

There seems a voice in every gale,

A tongue in every opening flower,

Which tells, O God, the wondrous tale

Of thy indulgence, love, and power;

The birds, that rise on quivering wing,

Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,

And all the mingling sounds of spring

To thee a general anthem raise.

MRS. OPTIE.

The flowers of Spring may wither; the hope of
Summer fade;

The Autumn droop in Winter; the birds forsake
the shade;

The wind be lulled; the sun and moon forget
their old decree;

But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord! will
cling to thee!

BISHOP HEBER.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
 In its coffin in the clay,
 So white Winter, that rough nurse,
 Rocks, the dead, cold year to-day;
 Solemn hours! wail aloud
 For your mother in her shroud.
 January gray is here,
 Like a sexton by her grave;
 February bears the bier;
 March with grief doth howl and rave,
 And April weeps; but O ye hours
 Follow with May's fairest flowers.

SHELLEY.

When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the
 laughing soil,
 When Summer's balmy showers refresh the
 mower's toil,
 When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow
 and the flood,
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his
 Maker good.

BISHOP HEBER.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower that Summer wreathes
 Is born beneath Thy kindling eye;
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

MOORE.

The Winter being over, in order comes the
 Spring,
 Which doth green herbs discover, and cause
 the birds to sing.
 The night also expired, then comes the morn-
 ing bright,
 Which is so much desired by all that love the
 light.
 This may learn them that mourn
 To put their grief to flight;
 The Spring succeedeth Winter,
 And day must follow night.

ANN COLLINS.

Thus gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,
 O Summer! in my inmost soul arise
 Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,
 And the bland air with its soft melodies;
 Till, basking in some vision's glorious ray,
 I long for eagle's plumes to flee away!

W. G. CLARK.

O! thus hath life its eventide
 Of sorrow, loneliness, and grief;
 And thus, divested of its pride,
 It withers like the yellow leaf.
 O! such is life's autumnal bower
 When plundered of its summer bloom;
 And such is life's autumnal hour,
 Which heralds man unto the tomb.

BROOKS.

Thou faded leaf! how like to thee
 Is beauty in her morning pride,
 When life is but a summer sea,
 And hope illumines its placid tide!
 Alas! for beauty's autumn hour,
 Alas! for beauty's blighted flower,
 When hope and bliss have died!
 Her pallid brow, her cheek of grief
 Have thy sad hue, thou faded leaf!

BROOKS.

Autumnal leaf! there is a stern
 And warning tone in thy decay;
 Like thee must man to death return
 With his frail tenement of clay;
 Thy warning is of death and doom,
 Of genius blighted in its bloom,
 Of joy's beclouded ray;
 Life, rapture, hope, ye are as brief
 And fleeting as the autumn leaf!

BROOKS.

Whether men sow or reap the fields,
 Her admonitions nature yields,
 That not by bread alone we live,
 Or what a hand of flesh can give;
 That every day should leave some part
 Free for a Sabbath of the heart.

WORDSWORTH.

All that was sleeping is awake,
 And all is living that was dead!
 O thou who say'st thy sere heart ne'er
 With verdure can again be spread;
 O thou who mourest them that sleep,
 Low lying in an earthly bed,
 Look out on this reviving world,
 And be new hopes within thee bred!

TRENCH.

O how delightful to the soul of man,
 How like a renovating spirit comes,
 Fanning his cheek, the breath of infant Spring!

ANONYMOUS.

The clouds that wrap the setting sun
 When Autumn's softest gleams are ending,
 Where all bright hues together run,
 In sweet confusion blending—
 Why, as we watch their floating wreath,
 Seem they the breath of life to breathe?
 To fancy's eye their motions prove
 They mantle round the sun for love.

KEELE.

See! full of hope, thou trustest to the earth
 The golden seed, and waitest till the Spring
 Summons the buried to a happier birth;
 But, in time's furrow duly scattering,
 Think'st thou how deeds, by wisdom sown,
 may be
 Silently ripened for eternity?

From the German of SCHILLER.

Where is the garden's beauty now?
 The thorn is here; the rose, O where?
 The trees, like giant skeletons,
 Wave high their fleshless arms and bare,
 Or stand like wrestlers stripped and bold,
 And strongest winds to battle dare.
 It seems a thing impossible
 That earth its glories should repair;
 That ever this bleak world again
 Should bright and beauteous mantle wear.

TRENCH.

O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and
 gladness
 Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best, and
 fairest!
 Whence comest thou, when, with dark Winter's
 sadness,
 The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou
 sharest?
 Sister of joy, thou art the child that wearest
 Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
 Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou
 bearest
 Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with
 gentle feet
 Disturbing not the leaves, which are her wind-
 ing sheet.

SHELLEY.

Sow thy seed, and reap in gladness!
 Man himself is all a seed;
 Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
 Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

STERLING.

To you the beauties of the autumnal year
 Make mournful emblems, and you think of
 man,
 Doomed to the grave's long winter, spirit-
 broken,
 Bending beneath the burden of his years,
 Sense-dulled and fretful, "full of aches and
 pains,"

Yet clinging still to life. To me they show
 The calm decay of nature, when the mind
 Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
 Religion's holy hope kindles a joy
 That makes old age look lovely.

SOUTHEY.

O what a glory doth this world put on
 For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
 Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
 On duties well performed and days well spent!
 For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves,
 Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent
 teachings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn that death
 Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
 To his long resting-place without a tear.

LONGFELLOW.

Continual songs arise
 From universal nature; birds and streams
 Mingle their voices, and the glad earth seems
 A second paradise!

Thrice blessed Spring! thou bearest gifts di-
 vine!
 Sunshine, and song, and fragrance all are
 thine.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

The Autumn is old;
 The sere leaves are flying;
 He hath gathered up gold,
 And now he is dying;
 Old age, begin sighing!
 The vintage is ripe,
 The harvest is heaping;
 But some that have sowed
 Have no riches for reaping—
 Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

HOOD.

From land to land, and in my breast
 Spring wakens too; and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
 And buds and blossoms like the rest.

TENNYSON.

Who was it that so lately said
 All pulses in thy heart were dead,
 Old Earth, that now in festal robes
 Appearest, as a bride new wed?
 O! wrapped so late in winding sheet,
 Thy winding sheet, O! where is fled?
 Lo! 'tis an emerald carpet now,
 Where the young monarch, Spring, may tread.
 He comes, and, a defeated king,
 Old Winter to the hills is fled.

TRENCH.

The parched earth with thirsty lips
 Is gasping, ready to expire.
 O happy who by liquid streams
 In shady gardens can retire,
 Where murmuring falls and whispering trees
 Sweet slumber to invite conspire;
 Or where he may deceive the time
 With volume sage or pensive lyre.

TRENCH.

The piping winds sing nature's dirge,
 As through the forest bleak they roar,
 Whose leafy screen, like locks of old,
 Each day shows scantier than before.
 O man! thou fallest as a leaf;
 Pace thoughtfully earth's leaf-strewn floor,
 Welcome the sadness of the time,
 And lay to heart this natural lore.

TRENCH.

The leaves around me falling
 Are preaching of decay,
 The hollow winds are calling,
 "Come, pilgrim, come away."
 The day in night declining
 Says I must, too, decline;
 The year its bloom resigning,
 Its lot foreshadows mine.

ANONYMOUS.

O soul of the springtime, its light and its
 breath,
 Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to
 this death;
 Renew the great miracle; let us behold
 The stone from the mouth of the sepulcher
 rolled,
 And nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of old!

WHITTIER.

SECTS.

Were love in these, the world's last doting
 years,
 As frequent as the want of it appears,
 The Churches warmed, they would no longer
 hold
 Such frozen figures, stiff as they are cold;
 Relenting forms would lose their power, or
 cease,
 And e'en the dipped and sprinkled live in
 peace;
 Each heart would quit its prison in the
 breast,
 And flow in free communion with the rest.

COWPER.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

POPE.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic—all these creeds
 and doctrines three
 Are extant; but still the doubt is where
 Christianity may be.

From the German of LOGAU.

True piety, without cessation tost
 By theories, the practic part is lost;
 And, like a ball bandied 'twixt pride and wit,
 Rather than yield, both sides the prize will
 quit;

Then while his foe the gladiator spoils,
 The atheist, looking on, enjoys the spoils.

DENHAM.

Sect builds and worships where its wealth, and
 pride,
 And vanity stand shrined and deified,
 Careless that in the shadow of its walls
 God's living temple into ruin falls.

WHITTIER.

Let us not waste the vigor of our minds
 In acrimonious quarrel over creeds.
 Not ours the business of dispute, but ours
 The pleasing duty to find good in all;
 And finding, recognize and own in each
 A brotherhood, no difference of faith
 May set ajar.

T. B. READ.

His few brief words were such as move
The human heart; the faith-sown seeds
Which ripen in the soil of love
To high, heroic deeds.
No bars of sect or clime were felt;
The Babel strife of tongues had ceased,
And at one common altar knelt
The Quaker and the priest.

WHITTIER.

Let who will
Quarrel o'er outward forms; so quarreled they
Who gambled for the garments of our Lord,
And heard not the deep agony of soul
Of Him who cast all mantles by as vain,
And died for simple truth.

T. B. READ.

World-moving zeal, with power to bless and feed
Life's fainting pilgrims to their utter need,
Instead of bread holds out the stone of creed.

WHITTIER.

We toil
To controvert, to argue, to defend,
Camping against imaginary foes
And visioned heresies. Even brethren deem
A name of doctrine or a form of words
A dense partition wall, though Christ hath
said,
"See that ye love each other."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

With zeal we watch
And weigh the doctrine, while the spirit
'scapes;
And in the carving of our cumin-seeds,
Our metaphysical hair-splittings, fail
To note the orbit of that star of love
Which never sets.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The adverse sect denied what this had taught,
And he at length the amplest triumph gained
Who contradicted what the last maintained.

PRIOR.

Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger,
And Charity shall trim her lamp—
Wait a little longer.

MACKAY.

Yes, we do differ when we most agree,
For words are not the same to you and me.
And it may be our several spiritual needs
Are best supplied by seeming different creeds.
And differing, we agree in one
Inseparable communion,
If the true life be in our hearts—the faith
Which not to want is death;
To want is penance; to desire
Is purgatorial fire;
To hope is paradise; and to believe
Is all of heaven that earth can e'er receive.

H. COLERIDGE.

Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ!" or, "Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

C. WESLEY.

[See also BIGOTRY.]

SELF-DENIAL.

The greatest virtue of which wise men boast,
Is to abstain from ill when pleasing most.

SHAKESPEARE.

Brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.

SHAKESPEARE.

The bravest trophy ever man obtained,
Is that which o'er himself, himself hath gained.

EARL OF STIRLING.

In the "narrow way" to Thee
I observe only poverty
And despised things; and all along,
The ragged, mean, and humble throng
Are still on foot; and as they go
They sigh, and say their Lord went so!
Give me my staff, then, as it stood
When green and growing in the wood.
Thus, thus, and in no other sort,
Will I set forth, though laughed at for't,
And leaving the wise world their way,
Go through, though judged to go astray.

VAUGHAN.

Who fights
With passions and o'ercomes, he is endued
With the best virtue.

MASSINGER.

What single thing that wealth can buy
Do ye for Christ forget?
"To bear thy cross, thyself deny"—
Know ye these words? Were they to die,
Or are they living yet?

ANONYMOUS.

O learn to scorn the praise of men!
O learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee the road.

FABER.

Humility o'er self victorious,
Of earth's triumphs the most glorious.

WM. PETER.

Yet I have somewhat that my Lord can please;
I can renounce sweet sins and selfish ease,
And quench the unhallowed fires that back
would lure

To thoughts impure.

From the German of HEERMANN.

In good or ill, leave casuists on the shelf;
He never errs who sacrifices self.

BULWER.

Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
All things for thee we count but loss;
Lo! at thy word our idol dies,
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

C. WESLEY.

Keep thou Zionward thy face,
Ask in faith the aid of grace;
Use the strength which grace shall give,
Die to self, in Christ to live.

BARTON.

SELFISHNESS—SELF-LOVE.

Torches are made to burn; jewels to wear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's
abuse.

SHAKESPEARE.

Self-love never yet could look on truth
But with bleared beams; sleek Flattery and
she

Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
As, if you sever one, the other dies.

BEN JONSON.

And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense.

BUTLER.

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.

YOUNG.

For what is vice? Self-love in a mistake;
A poor, blind merchant, buying toys too dear.
And virtue what? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
Quite skillful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good sense is love of that dread
Power,

From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.
Other self-love is but disguised self-hate,
More mortal than the malice of our foes.

YOUNG.

"Not to myself alone;"
O man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest,
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its
heart,
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part!
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard; spurn thy native
clod,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbor; live unto thy God;
Not to thyself alone!

ANONYMOUS.

Self-love dismissed, 'tis then we live indeed;
In her embrace death, only death, is found;
Come, then, one noble effort, and succeed,
Cast off the chain of self with which thy soul
is bound.

From the French of MADAME GUION.

Go to, go to! for thy very self
Thy deeds were done;
Thou for flame, the miser for pelf,
Your end is one!

WHITTIER.

Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.

WHITTIER.

Who live but for themselves are but for show;
And stand like barren trees where good might
grow.

BROWN.

O! we are selfish beings even when we think
That we have weaned our souls from earthly
joys.

WILSON.

How often, in this cold and bitter world,
Is the warm heart thrown back upon itself!
Cold, careless are we of another's grief;
We wrap ourselves in sullen selfishness.

MISS LONDON.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home are to ourselves un-
known,
And unacquainted still with our own soul.

SIR J. DAVIES.

Since nature fails in us no needful thing,
Why want I means my inward self to see?
Which sight the knowledge of myself might
bring,

Which to true wisdom is the first degree.
But as the sharpest eye discerneth naught
Except the sunbeams in the air do shine,
So the best soul with her reflecting thought
Sees not herself without some light divine.

SIR J. DAVIES.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

POPE.

When thou art fain to trace a map of thine
own heart,
An undiscovered land set down the largest
part.

TRENCH.

Self-knowledge truly learned, of course implies
The rich possession of a nobler prize;
For self to self, and God to man, revealed,
(Two thames to nature's eye forever sealed.)
Are taught by rays that fly with equal pace
From the same center of enlightening grace.

COWPER.

Man, know thyself, all wisdom centers there.
YOUNG.

Man's life being
So short, and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourselves so long and
tedious,
Each minute should be precious.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

O be wiser thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love,
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

WORDSWORTH.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion.

BURNS.

Search thine own heart. What paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou dost seek!

WHITTIER.

SELF-MURDER.

The dread of something after death,
That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

SHAKESPEARE.

Against self-laughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand.

SHAKESPEARE.

This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up till it be forced;
Nor will I: he's not valiant that dares die;
But he that boldly bears calamity.

MASSINGER.

Think what a sea of deep perdition whelms
The wretch's trembling 'soul, who launches
forth

'Unlicensed to eternity. Think, think,
And let the thought restrain thy impious hand.

MASON.

Some cannot sit it out;
Off their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And show us what their joy, by their despair.
The clotted hair! gored breast! blaspheming
eye!

Its impious fury still alive in death!
Shut, shut the shocking scene. But Heaven
denies

A cover to such guilt, and so should man.

YOUNG.

Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-laughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge!
As if we challenged him to do his worst,
And mattered not his wrath.

BLAIR.

Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compared with thy hereafter.

BISHOP PORTEUS.

He thought, but thought amiss, that of himself
He was entire proprietor; and so,
When he was tired of time, with his own hand
He opened the portals of eternity,
And sooner than the devils hoped, arrived
In hell.

POLLOK.

He with delirious laugh the dagger hurled,
And burst the ties that bound him to the
world!

CAMPBELL.

Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
To take what first it deigned to give—
Thy tributary breath.
In awful expectation placed,
Await thy doom, nor, impious, haste
To pluck from God's right hand his instru-
ments of death.

WARTON.

Fool! I mean not
That poor-souled piece of heroism, self-laugh-
ter:

O no! the miserablest day we live,
There's many a better thing to do than die!

DARLEY.

SENSIBILITY.

Where bright imagination reigns,
The fine-wrought spirit feels acuter pains;
Where glow exalted sense and taste refined,
There keener anguish rankles in the mind;
There feeling is diffused through every part,
Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the
heart;
And those whose generous souls each tear
would keep
From others' eyes, are born themselves to
weep.

HANNAH MORE.

Genius, from thy starry throne,
High above the burning zone,
In radiant robe of light arrayed,
O! hear the plaint by thy sad favorite made,
His melancholy moan.
He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows,
Of sleepless nights, of anguish-ridden days,
Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
To curse his being and his thirst for praise.

H. K. WHITE.

She was too thoughtful for her years,
Its shell the spirit wore;
And when she smiled away all fears
We only feared the more.
The crimson deepened on her cheek,
Her blue eyes shone more clear,
And every day she grew more weak,
And every hour more dear.

MISS LONDON.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But turning trembles too.

MRS. GREVILLE.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—
pour

A thousand melodies unheard before!

ROGERS.

Dearly bought, the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow!
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

BURNS.

The deepest ice that ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows, and cannot cease to flow.

BYRON.

I knew how delicately wrought
With feeling and intensest thought
Was each sweet lineament of thine;
And that thy heavenward soul would gain
An early freedom from its chain,
Was there not many a sign?

WHITTIER.

SHAME.

Dark night seems darker by the lightning's
flash;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds;
And every glory that inclines to sin,
The shame is treble by the opposite.

ANONYMOUS.

For often vice provoked to shame,
Borrows the color of a virtuous deed.

SEWELL.

No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out
shame.

PRIOR.

I can bear scorpion's stings, tread fields of fire,
In frozen gulfs of cold eternal lie,
Be tossed aloft through tracts of endless void,
But cannot live in shame.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

That holy shame which ne'er forgets
What clear renown it used to wear;
Whose blush remains when virtue sets,
To show her sunshine has been there.

MOORE.

When knaves and fools combined o'er all
prevail,
When justice halts, and right begins to fail,
Even the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears.

BYRON.

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

WHITTIER.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the
more.

YOUNG.

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.

YOUNG.

SICKNESS.

God whom I as Love have known,
Thou hast sickness laid on me,
And these pains are sent of thee,
Under which I burn and moan;
Let them burn away the sin,
That too oft hath checked the love
Wherewith thou my heart wouldst move,
When thy Spirit works within.

From the German of RICHTER.

The life of all his blood
Is touched corruptibly; and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
house,
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

SHAKESPEARE.

Suffering is the work now sent,
 Nothing can I do but lie
 Suffering as the hours go by;
 All my powers to this are bent;
 Suffering is my gain; I bow
 To my heavenly Father's will,
 And receive it hushed and still;
 Suffering is my worship now.

From the German of RICHTER.

The daily lessening of our life shows by
 A little dying how outright to die.

DAVENANT.

But chiefly, Thou
 Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from
 heaven
 To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
 And O, still harder lesson, how to die;
 Disdain not Thou to smoothe the restless bed
 Of sickness and of pain.

BISHOP PORTEUS.

Thou art like night, O sickness! deeply stilling
 Within my heart the world's disturbing
 sound,
 And the dim quiet of my chamber filling
 With low sweet voices by life's tumult
 drowned.
 Thou art like awful night! thou gatherest
 round
 The things that are unseen, though close
 they lie,
 And with a truth, clear, startling, and profound,
 Giv'st their dread presence to our mortal
 eye.
 Thou art like starry, spiritual night!
 High and immortal thoughts attend thy
 way,
 And revelations, which the common light
 Brings not, though wakening with its rosy
 ray
 All outward life. Be welcome then thy rod,
 Before whose touch my soul unfolds to God.

MRS. HEMANS.

In sickness, I will be
 Watching beside thy bed;
 In sorrow, thou shalt lean on me
 Thy aching head;
 In every struggle thou shalt conqueror prove,
 Nor death itself shall sever from my love.

ANONYMOUS.

At dead of night,
 In sullen silence, stalks forth Pestilence;
 Contagion, close behind, taints all her steps
 With poisonous dew; no smiting hand is
 seen,
 No sound is heard, but soon her secret path
 Is marked with desolation; heaps on heaps
 Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge
 near;
 All, all is false and treacherous around;
 All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is
 death.

BISHOP PORTEUS.

My cheerful soul now all the day
 Sits waiting here and sings;
 Looks through the ruin of her clay,
 And practices her wings.
 Faith almost changes into sight,
 While from afar she spies
 Her fair inheritance in light,
 Above created skies.

WATTS.

Consumption! silent cheater of the eye,
 Thou com'st not robed in agonizing pain,
 Nor mark'st thy course with death's delu-
 sive dye,
 But silent and unnoticed thou dost lie;
 O'er life's soft springs thy venom dost diffuse,
 And, while thou giv'st new luster to the eye,
 While o'er the cheek are spread health's ruddy
 hues,
 Even then life's little rest thy cruel power
 subdues.

H. K. WHITE.

Along her cheek the deep'ning red
 Told where the fev'rish hectic fed;
 And yet each token gave
 To the mild beauty of her face
 A newer and a dearer grace,
 Unwarning of the grave.

WHITTIER.

Draw my weary heart away from this gloom
 and strife;
 And these fever pains allay with the dew of
 life;
 Thou canst calm the troubled mind, Thou its
 dread canst still,
 Teach me to be all resigned to my Father's
 will.

From the German of H. FUCHTA.

Hers was a beauty that made sad the eye;
 Bright, but fast fading, like a twilight sky;
 The shape so finely, delicately frail,
 As formed for climes unruffled by a gale;
 The lustrous eye, through which looked forth
 the soul,
 Bright and more brightly as it neared the
 goal;
 The waning beauty, the funereal charm,
 With which Death steals his bride into his
 arms.

BULWER.

Chamber of sickness! 'mid thy silence oft
 A voice is heard,
 Which, though it fall like dew on flowers, so
 soft,
 Yet speaks each word
 Into the aching heart's unseen recess,
 With power no earthly accents could possess.

ANONYMOUS.

Thou leanest o'er thine infant's couch of pain;
 It breaks thine heart to see
 The wan, glazed eye, the wasted arm that fain
 Would reach and cling to thee.
 Yet is there quiet rest
 Prepared upon the Saviour's breast
 For babes unconscious borne on Calvary to be
 blest.

KEBLE.

Be near me when my light is low,
 When the blood creeps, and the nerves
 prick
 And tingle, and the heart is sick,
 And all the wheels of being slow.
 Be near me when the sensuous frame
 Is racked with pangs that conquer trust,
 And time, a maniac, scattering dust,
 And life, a fury, slinging flame.
 Be near me when I fade away,
 To point the term of human strife,
 And on the low, dark verge of life,
 The twilight of eternal day.

TENNYSON.

O Father! in that hour
 When earth all succoring power
 Shall disavow;
 When spear, and shield, and crown
 In faintness are cast down,
 Sustain us thou!

ANONYMOUS.

Consumption! child of woe, thy blighting
 breath
 Marks all that's fair and lovely for thine own,
 And sweeping o'er the silver chords of life,
 Blends all their music in one deathlike tone.

MISS M. M. DAVIDSON.

[See also ADVERSITY.]

SILENCE.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy;
 I were but little happy if I could say how
 much.

SHAKESPEARE.

The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades when speaking fails.

SHAKESPEARE.

But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable.
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

THOMSON.

Silence! coeval with eternity!
 Thou wert ere nature's self began to be;
 'Twas one vast nothing all, and all slept fast
 in thee.

POPE.

In silence mend what ills deform thy mind;
 But all thy good impart to all thy kind.

STERLING.

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
 There is a silence where no sound may be,
 In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
 Or in wide desert where no life is found;
 But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
 Of antique palaces, where man hath been,
 Though the dun fox or wild hyena calls,
 And owls that flit continually between
 Shriek to the echo, and the low wind moan,
 There the true silence is, self-conscious and
 alone.

HOOD.

The temple of our purest thoughts is—silence.

MRS. HALE.

There is an awful stillness in this place,
A Presence that forbids to break the spell,
Till the heart pours its agony in tears.

DAWES.

O! this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read;
A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart he hides;
The holy silence is his voice;
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

"ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

How shall the praise of silence best be told?
To speak is silver, to hold peace is gold.

(*Eastern Proverbs*), TRENCH.

Thy word unspoken thou canst any day
Speak, but thy spoken ne'er again unsay.

(*Eastern Proverbs*), TRENCH.

Her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

MRS. WILEY.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb!

WHITTIER.

True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Expressive silence seems the presence felt
Of Him who fills, and guards, and governs all.

E. OTHERMAN.

SIN — (See GUILT.)

SLANDER.

When scandal has new minted an old lie,
Or taxed invention for a fresh supply,
'Tis called a satire, and the world appears
Gathering around it with erected ears.

COWPER.

A foul and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in condition to be loathed no less,
For she was stuffed with rancor and despair
Up to the throat, that oft with bitterness
It forth would break and gush in great excess,
Pouring out streams of poison and of gall
'Gainst all that truth or virtue do profess,
And wickedly backbite; her name men Slander
●call.

SPEENER.

Back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes; what king so
strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose
breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and
states,
Maid, matrons—nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous Slander enters.

SHAKESPEARE.

'Twas Slander filled her mouth with lying
words,
Slander, the foulest whelp of sin.

POLLOCK.

At every word a reputation dies.

POPE.

Done to death by slanderous tongues.

SHAKESPEARE.

Those who murder fame
Kill more than life-destroyers.

SAVAGE.

Some deal scandal out,
With look askance pointing their victim.
These
Are the rank tares in every field of grain;
These are the nettles stinging unaware,
The briars which wound and trip unheeding
feet,
The noxious vines growing in every grove;
Their touch is deadly, and their passing breath
Poison most venomous!

T. B. READ.

Why, gentle lady, why complain
 At Scandal's ever-flying breath?
 'Gainst Virtue's cheek it blows in vain,
 And thereon breathes itself to death.
 The flower beneath the passing rain,
 Untouched of canker or of blight,
 Bows patiently, to rise again
 With sweeter breath and fresher light.

T. B. READ.

The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
 The obvious satire, or implied dislike,
 The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
 And all the cruel language of the eye;
 The artful injury, whose venom'd dart
 Scarce wounds the hearing, while it stabs the
 heart;
 The guarded phrase whose meaning kills, yet
 told,
 The list'ner wonders how you thought it cold;
 These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
 Corrode our comfort and destroy our ease.

HANNAH MORE.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
 thou
 Shalt not escape calumny.

SHAKESPEARE

O thou, from whose rank breath nor sex can
 save,
 Nor sacred virtue, nor the powerless grave!
 Blush, if the bronze long hardened on thy
 cheek
 Has left one spot where that poor drop can
 speak;
 Blush to be branded with the slanderer's name,
 And, though thou dread'st not sin, at least
 dread shame.

SPRAGUE.

A whisper woke the air,
 A soft, light tone, and low,
 Yet barbed with shame and woe;
 Now might it only perish there,
 Nor farther go.

Ah me! a quick and eager ear
 Caught up the little meaning sound;
 Another voice has breathed it clear,
 And so it wanders round
 From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
 Until it reached a gentle heart,
 And that—it broke!

MRS. OSGOOD.

SLAVERY—(See OPPRESSION.)

SLEEP.

The innocent sleep:

Sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second
 course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast.

SHAKESPEARE

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth
 It is a comforter.

SHAKESPEARE

Sleep, gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids
 down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

SHAKESPEARE

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
 He like the world his ready visits pays
 Where fortune smiles; the wretched he for-
 sakes;
 Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
 And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

YOUNG.

Sleep! downy sleep! come, close mine eyes,
 Tired with beholding vanities;
 Sweet slumbers, come and chase away
 The toils and follies of the day.
 On your soft bosom will I lie,
 Forget the world and learn to die.

FLATMAN.

Interval of grateful shade, welcome to my
 weary head!
 Welcome slumbers to my eyes, tired with
 glaring vanities!
 My great Master still allows needful periods
 of repose;
 By my heavenly Father blest thus I give my
 powers to rest.

DODDREDGE.

O! thou best comforter of the sad heart,
 When fortune's spite assails, come, gentle
 Sleep,
 The weary mourner soothe! For well the art
 Thou know'st, in soft forgetfulness to steep
 The eyes which sorrow taught to watch and
 weep.

MRS. TIGHE.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing, beloved from pole
 to pole.

COLERIDGE.

Sleep hath its own world,
 A boundary between the things thus named,
 Death and existence; sleep hath its own world,
 And a wide realm of wild reality;
 And dreams in their development have breath,
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.

BYRON.

Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
 Senseless, to feel, and with sealed eyes, to see.

BYRON.

O lightly, lightly tread;
 A holy thing is sleep,
 On the worn spirit shed
 And eyes that wake to weep.
 A holy thing from heaven;
 A gracious, dewy cloud;
 A covering mantle given
 The weary to enshroud.

MRS. HEMANS.

O magic Sleep! O comfortable bird,
 That broodest o'er the troubled sea of mind
 Till it is hushed and smooth! O unconfined
 Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key
 To golden palaces, ay, all the world
 Of silvery enchantment!

KEATS.

Thou hast been called, O Sleep! the friend of
 woe,
 But 'tis the *happy* who have called thee so.

SOUTHEY.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My weary eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 Forever on my Saviour's breast.

KNEEL.

Fond words have oft been spoken to thee,
 Sleep!

And thou hast had thy store of tenderest
 names;

The very sweetest words that fancy frames
 When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!
 Dear bosom child we call thee, that dost steep
 In rich reward all suffering; balm that tames
 All anguish; saint that evil-thoughts and aims
 Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
 Like to a breeze from heaven.

WORDSWORTH.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Along the psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is
 For gift or grace surpassing this—
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

MRS. BROWNING.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
 But have no tune to charm away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
 But never doleful dream again
 Shall break the happy slumber when
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

MRS. BROWNING.

And friends! dear friends! when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall;
 'He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

MRS. BROWNING.

Good-night!
 Slumber till the morning light!
 Slumber till the dawn of day
 Bring its troubles with its ray!
 Sleep without or fear or fright!
 Our Father wakes! Good-night!
 Good-night!

From the German of KORNER.

How beautiful is sleep!
 The sleep that Christians know;
 Ye mourners! cease your woe,
 While soft upon his Saviour's breast,
 The righteous sinks to endless rest.

ANONYMOUS.

Life may not be without thee, gentle Sleep,
But with thee, 'mid the desert, on the deep,
Still to the careworn heart some joy remains.

ROBERT MORRIS.

How blessed was that sleep
The sinless Saviour knew!
In vain the storm-winds blew,
Till he awoke to others' woes,
And hushed the billows to repose.

ANONYMOUS.

How beautiful is sleep!
Yet if its purest beauties thou wouldst feel,
On the babe's slumber creep,
And bid thy heart confess its mute appeal.
Yet sleep is awful too,
So like to death's its features it can dress;
Meek slumberer! while I view
Thine own, I deeply feel its awfulness.

BARTON.

SOCIETY.

Man in society, is like a flower
Blown in its native bed. 'Tis there alone
His faculties expanded in full bloom
Shine out, there only reach their proper use.

COWPER.

Without good company, all dainties
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.

MASSINGER.

Hail social life! into thy pleasing bounds
Again I come to pay the common stock,
My share of service, and in glad return
To taste thy comforts, thy protected joys.

THOMSON.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death.

THOMSON.

Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hushed into
peace.

MRS. M. SMITH.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he
gives.

On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and nature linked the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

POPE.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength
of all.

POPE.

How often in thy journeyings hast thou made
thee instant friends,
Found, to be loved a little while, and lost, to
meet no more;
Friends of happy reminiscences, although so
transient in their converse,
Liberal, cheerful, and sincere, a crowd of
kindly traits.

TUPPER.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man—
O! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

COWPER.

For solitude, however some may rave,
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave;
A sepulcher in which the living lie,
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.

COWPER.

[See also FELLOWSHIP—FRIENDSHIP—LOVE.]

SOLITUDE.

O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

COWPER.

Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet, retir'd solitude;
 Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her
 wings,

That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.

MILTON.

Hail crystal fountains and fresh shades,
 Where no proud look invades,
 No busy worldling hunts away
 The sad retiree all the day!
 Hail, happy, harmless solitude!
 Our sanctuary from the rude
 And scornful world; the calm recess
 Of faith, and hope, and holiness!

VAUGHAN.

O sacred solitude, divine retreat!
 Choice of the prudent, envy of the great!
 By the pure stream, or in the waving shade,
 We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid;
 The genuine offspring of her loved embrace
 (Unknown on earth) are innocence and peace.

YOUNG.

O, lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
 Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
 Who think it solitude to be alone.
 Communion sweet! communion large and
 high!

Our reason, guardian angel, and our God!

YOUNG.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
 Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
 And looks, like other objects, black by night.

YOUNG.

If thus our Lord himself withdrew,
 Stealing at times away,
 E'en from the loved, the chosen few,
 In solitude to pray,
 How should his followers, frail and weak,
 Such seasons of retirement seek.

BARTON.

It is not that my lot is low,
 That bids this silent tear to flow;
 It is not grief that bids me moan;
 It is that I am all alone.

H. K. WHITE.

No, 'tis not here that solitude is known;
 Through the wide world, he only is alone
 Who lives not for another.

ROGER.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is a society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

BYRON.

If from society we learn to live,
 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
 It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
 No hollow aid; alone man with his God
 must strive.

BYRON.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of
 men,

To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen
 With none who bless us, none whom we can
 bless;

Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
 None that with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
 Of all that flattered, followed, sought and
 sued—

This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

BYRON.

Yon gentle hills,
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
 So stainless that their white and glittering
 spires

Tinge not the moon's pure beams; yon
 castled steep,
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn
 tower

So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
 A metaphor of peace; all form a scene
 Where musing Solitude might love to lift
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness.

SHELLEY.

Solitude is sometimes best society,
 And short retirement urges sweet return.

MILTON.

For O! those transient gleams of heaven,
To calmer, purer spirits given,
Children of hallowed peace, are known
In solitude and shade alone!

MRS. HEMANS.

SORROW—(See GRIEF.)

THE SOUL.

But souls that of His own good life partake,
He loves as His own self: dear as His eye
They are to Him. He'll never them forsake:
When they shall die then God himself shall die:

They live, they live in blest eternity.

HENRY MORE.

God, heaven, this middle world, deep, glimmer-
ing hell,
With all the lives and shapes that there
remain,
The forms of all in human souls do dwell.

HENRY MORE.

To the soul time doth perfection give,
And adds fresh luster to her beauty still,
And makes her in eternal youth to live,
Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill.
The more she lives, the more she feeds on
truth;

The more she feeds, the strength doth more
increase;

And what is strength but an effect in youth,
Which if time nurse, how can it ever cease.

SIR J. DAVIES.

The soul, though made in time, survives for
aye,

And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

SIR J. DAVIES.

The soul a substance and a spirit is,
Which God himself doth in the body make,
Which makes the man; for every man from
this

The nature of a man and name doth take.

SIR J. DAVIES.

That our souls in reason are immortal
Their natural and proper objects prove,
Which immortality and knowledge are.
For to that object ever is referred
The nature of the soul, in which the acts
Of her high faculties are still employed.

CHAPMAN.

And can it be? Does this
Weak, trembling frame conceal within itself
A soul ethereal and immortal?
A glorious spark sublime and boundless,
"Struck from the burning essence of its God,"
The great I AM, the dread Eternal?

O how tremendous is the awful thought!
The soul shrinks back alarmed, too weak to
gaze

On its own greatness, or rather, on the great-
ness

Of that God who made it!

MISS M. M. DAVIDSON.

For from the birth
Of mortal man, the Sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robe, nor pleasure's flowery
lap,

The soul should find enjoyment; but from
these

Turning, disdainful, to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her
view,

Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

AKENSIDE.

Whate'er of earth is formed, to earth returns;
The soul alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds when all things
fall.

SOMERVILLE.

Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orb descend
And grind us into dust—the soul is safe!
The man emerges, mounts above the wreck,
As towering flame from nature's funeral pyre.

YOUNG.

The soul of man, a native of the skies,
High-born and free, her freedom should maintain
Unsold, unmortgaged for earth's little bribes.

YOUNG.

Far beneath
A soul immortal is a mortal joy.

YOUNG.

The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compelled to starve at an unreal feast;
A spark, which upward tends by nature's
force;
A stream, divided from its parent source;
A drop, dissevered from the boundless sea;
A moment, parted from eternity;
A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native home.

MISS H. MORR.

Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

From the Russian of DERZHAVIN.

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death.

CAMPBELL.

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine

A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die!

MONTGOMERY.

Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never
die!

That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal and the same,
Shall beam on joys interminable years,
Unvalled by darkness, unassuaged by tears.

CAMPBELL.

Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames
are frail;

Our souls immortal, though our limbs
decay;

Though darkened in this poor life by a veil
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In truth's eternal sunbeams; on the way
To heaven's high capitol our cars shall roll,
The temple of the Power whom all obey;
That is the mark we tend to, for the soul
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner
goal.

PERCIVAL.

The soul,
Advancing even to the Source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

H. WARE.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abyssal dark
Of the unfathomed center. Like that ark
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family
And stock reserved of every living kind;
So in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds.

H. COLERIDGE.

The soul, the mother of deep fears,
Of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,
Of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely but solemn, it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.

MRS. HEMANS.

The soul once saved, shall never cease from
bliss,

Nor God lose that he buyeth with his blood!

BAILEY.

The soul! the soul! with its eye of fire,
Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire;
It shall spread its wings o'er the ills that
pained,

The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained;
It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath
sway,

And the pageants of earth shall have melted
away.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

That mysterious thing
Which hath no limit from the walls of sense,
No chill from hoary time, with pale decay
No fellowship, but shall stand forth unchanged,
Unscorched amid the resurrection fires,
To bear its boundless lot of good or ill.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

What is the thing of greatest price
The whole creation round?
That, which was lost in Paradise,
That, which in Christ is found.
The soul of man—Jehovah's breath!
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

MONTGOMERY.

And though the hills of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshaled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way;
Upward! forever upward!
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of time.

T. B. READ.

[See also MAN—MIND—IMMORTALITY—
REASON.]

SPRING—(See THE SEASONS.)

STARS—(See SUN.)

SUICIDE—(See SELF-MURDER.)

SUMMER—(See THE SEASONS.)

SUN—MOON—STARS.

Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
Who bowled them flaming through the dark
profound,
Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,
Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
And set the bosom of old night on fire?

YOUNG.

Thou sun, of this great world both eye and
soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound his
praise

In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when
thou fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now
fly'st

With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that
flies;

And ye five other wandering fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise who out of darkness called up light.

MILTON.

Heaven's youngest teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp at-
tending.

MILTON.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth and colored air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day that burnished
plays

On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wand'ring
streams,
High gleaming from afar.

THOMSON.

Now through the passing cloud she seems to
stoop,

Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.

Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming
mild

O'er the skyed mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering
gleam,

The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

THOMSON.

Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.

THOMSON.

And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which softened down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
 As 'twere, anew the gaps of centuries;
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship.

BYRON.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven.

BYRON.

But the day is spent,
 And stars are kindling in the firmament;
 To us how silent, though like ours, perchance,
 Busy and full of life and circumstance.

ROGERS.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
 Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie,
 While through their ranks, in silver pride,
 The nether crescent seems to glide.
 The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
 The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
 Where once again the spangled show
 Descends to meet our eyes below.

PARNELL.

And see, the sun himself! on wings
 Of glory up the east he springs.
 Angel of light! who from the time
 Those heavens began their march sublime,
 Hath, first of all the starry choir,
 Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!

MOORE.

The queen of night
 Shines fair with all her virgin stars about her.

OTWAY.

Reign in your heaven, ye stars of light!
 Beyond this troubled scene;
 With you, fair orbs! there is no night;
 Eternally serene,
 Each casts around its tranquil way
 The radiance of its own clear day,
 Yet not unborrowed. What are ye?

Mirrors of Deity;
 My soul in your reflective rays
 Him whom no eye hath seen surveys.

MONTGOMERY.

Ye stars! bright legions that, before all time,
 Camped on yon plain of sapphire, who shall tell
 Your burning myriads, but the eye of Him
 Who bade through heaven your golden chariots
 wheel?

Yet who, earthborn, can see your hosts, nor feel
 Immortal impulses—eternity?

CROLT.

Open the casement, and up with the sun!
 His gallant journey has now begun.
 Over the hills his chariot is rolled,
 Bannered with glory and burnished with gold;
 Over the hills he comes sublime,
 Bridegroom of earth, and brother of time!

TUPPER.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
 And light us deep into the Deity;
 How boundless in magnificence and might!
 O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
 From urns unnumbered, down the steep of
 heaven

Streams to a point, and centers in my sight;
 Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart;
 My heart at once it humbles and exalts,
 Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies!

YOUNG.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
 They own thy power, accomplish thy com-
 mand,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
 What shall we call them? Piles of crystal
 light,

A glorious company of golden streams,
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright,
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
 But Thou to these art as the noon to night!

From the Russian of DERZHAVIN.

But see where in the clear, unclouded sky,
 The crescent moon, with calm and sweet
 rebuke,
 Doth charm away the spirit of complaint;
 Her tender light falls on the snow-clad hills,
 Like the pure thoughts that angels might
 bestow

Upon this world of beauty and of sin,
 That mingle not with that wherein they rest:
 So should immortal spirits dwell below.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Ye golden lamps of heaven ! farewell,
 With all your feeble light,
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night !
 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames arrayed,
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 Nor more demands thine aid.
 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode ;
 The pavement of those heavenly courts
 Where I shall reign with God.

DODDRIDGE.

My soul her wings doth spread,
 And heavenward flies,
 The Almighty's mysteries to read
 In the large volume of the skies.
 For the bright firmament
 Shoots forth no flame
 So silent, but is eloquent
 In speaking the Creator's name

WM. HARRINGTON.

Awake, my soul,
 And meditate the wonder ! Countless suns
 Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless
 worlds !
 Worlds in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
 And drink the bliss of being from the Fount
 Of all-pervading love.

WARE.

The glittering heaven's refulgent glow,
 And sparkling spheres of golden light,
 Jehovah's work and glory show,
 By burning day or gentle night.
 In silence, through the vast profound,
 They move their orbs of fire on high,
 Nor speech, nor word, nor answering sound,
 Is heard upon the tranquil sky ;
 Yet to the earth's remotest bar
 Their burning glory all is known ;
 Their living light has sparkled far,
 And on the attentive silence shone.

EASTBURN.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
 The many stars are given
 As shrines to burn earth's incense on,
 The altar-fires of heaven !

WHITTIER.

Lo ! heaven and earth, and sea and air,
 Their Maker's glory all declare ;
 Through him the glorious source of day
 Can break the clouds of night away ;
 The pomp of stars, the moon's soft light,
 Praise him through all the silent night.

From the German of NEANDER.

God of the rolling orbs above !
 Thy name is written clearly bright
 In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
 Or evening's golden shower of light.
 For every fire that fronts the sun,
 And every spark that walks alone
 Around the utmost verge of heaven,
 Were kindled at thy burning throne.

PRABODY.

The innumerable stars
 Shining in order, like a living hymn
 Written in light.

WILLIS.

And these keen stars, the bridal gems of
 night,
 Are purer, lovelier than they seem ;
 Filled from the inner fountain of deep light,
 They pour down heaven's own beam ;
 Clear-speaking from their throne of glorious
 blue,
 In accents ever ancient, ever new,
 Of the glad home above, beyond our view,
 The land of which I dream.

BONAR.

[See also NATURE.]

SUPERSTITION.

Heart-chilling Superstition ! thou can'st glaze
 E'en pity's eye with her own frozen tear.

COLERIDGE.

Visions and inspirations some expect
 Their course here to direct ;
 Like senseless chemists, their own wealth
 destroy,
 Imaginary gold to enjoy.

COWLEY.

Fell Superstition leads
Her horrid train, engendered in the womb
Of her own mad imaginings—Remorse,
And dark Distrust, and phrenzied Hate, and
Fear,
Blackening the liquid air, the bright-eyed earth,
The trust-inspiring stars.

ALEXANDER.

'Tis Christian science makes our day,
And freedom lends her lovely ray;
And we forget 'neath our fair skies,
The world that still in shadow lies;
That India bows to Juggernaut;
And China worships gods of clay;
And healing amulets are bought
Even where our Saviour's body lay,
And holy miracles are wrought
Beneath St. Peter's cross-crowned sway;
And over Afric's wide domain
The powers of death and darkness reign.

MRS. HALE.

Look how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies!

SHAKESPEARE.

The superstitious, idle-headed old
Received and did deliver to our age
This tale.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See also IDOLATRY.]

SUSPICION.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

SHAKESPEARE.

When man from bliss, through disobedience,
fell,

Within his mind degenerate was born
The fiend Suspicion, child of conscious guilt
And trembling fear; she taught him to per-
ceive,

As if reflected back, in other minds
The numerous ills he nourished in his own,
And with the jaundiced eye of jealousy
To scan another's deeds.

LAYARD.

Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others.

SHAKESPEARE.

Suspicion is a heavy armor, and
With its own weight impedes more than it
protects.

BYRON.

He lowered on her with dangerous eye-glance,
Showing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
But walked each where for fear of hid mis-
chance,

Holding a lattice still before his face,
Through which he still did peep as forward he
did pace.

SPENSER.

And shall we *all* condemn, and *all* distrust,
Because *some* men are false, and *some* unjust?
Forbid it, Heaven! for better 'twere to be
Duped of the fond impossibility
Of light and radiance, which sleep's visions
gave,

Than thus to live, suspicion's bitter slave.

MRS. NORTON.

Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup.

CROLY.

Better is the mass of men, Suspicion, than thy
fears,
Purer than thy judgments, ascetic tongue of
Censure,
In all things worthier to love, if not also wiser
to esteem.

TUPPER.

I will not shut me from my kind;
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind.

TENNYSON.

Better confide and be deceived
A thousand times, by treacherous foes,
Than once accuse the innocent,
Or let suspicion mar repose.

MRS. OSGOOD.

SYMPATHY—(See PITY.)

TEARS.

Hide not thy tears; weep boldly, and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way;
'Tis nature's mark to know an honest heart
by.

Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot
melt

In soft adoption of another's sorrow.

HILL.

Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep.

YOUNG.

Half round the globe, the tears pumped up by
death

Are spent in watering vanities of life;

In making folly flourish still more fair.

YOUNG.

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears;
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's
ears;

Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch
adorn;

Nor rising sun, that gilds the vernal morn;
Shine with such luster as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

DARWIN.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

ROGERS.

Sweet tears! the awful language, eloquent
Of infinite affection; far too big
For words.

POLLOCK.

He hung his head; each nobler aim
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept, he wept!
Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt may know.

MOORE.

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

ROGERS.

Awake! they sadden me—those early tears,
First gushings of the strong dark river's
flow,

That must o'ersweep thy soul with coming
years,

Th' unfathomable flood of human woe!

MRS. HEMANS.

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for.

MRS. BROWNING.

Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in
its cot,

The mother singing: at her marriage bell

The bride weeps: and before the oracle

Of high-faned hills, the poet hath forgot

That moisture on his cheeks. Commend the
grace,

Mourners who weep! Albeit, as some have
done,

Ye grope, tear-blinded, in a desert place,

And touch but tombs; look up! Those tears
will run,

Soon, in long rivers, down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

MRS. BROWNING.

Raise it to heaven, when thine eye fills with
tears,

For only in the watery sky appears

The bow of light; and from the invisible
skies

Hope's glory shines not, save through weeping
eyes.

MRS. F. A. K. BUTLER.

Give our tears to the dead! For humanity's claim
From its silence and darkness is ever the
same;

The hope of that world whose existence is bliss,
May not stifle the tears of the mourners of
this.

WHITTIER.

Tears are the noble language of the eye.

HERRICK.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

Bright were the mornings first impearled
O'er earth, and sea, and air;
The birth-days of a rising world;
For Power divine was there.
But fairer shone the tears of Christ
For Lazarus o'er his grave,
Since Love divine bedewed the sod
Of one he sought to save.

BYDGES.

Lo! the mighty heart
That in Gethsemane sweat drops of blood,
Taking for us the cup that might not pass;
The heart whose breaking cord upon the cross
Made the earth tremble, and the sun afraid
To look upon his agony; the heart
Of a lost world's Redeemer—overflowed
Touched by a mourner's sorrow! Jesus wept!

WILLIS.

TEMPERANCE—INTEMPERANCE.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

SHAKESPEARE.

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no
name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

SHAKESPEARE.

O that men should put an enemy in their
mouths to steal away their brains!

SHAKESPEARE.

Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the
ingredient is a devil!

SHAKESPEARE.

If thou well observe
The rule—of not too much—by temperance
taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking
from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou
drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked; in death
mature.

MILTON.

Philosophy, religious solitude,
And labor wait on temperance; in these
Desire is bounded: they instruct the mind's
And body's action.

NARR.

In our world, Death deputed
Intemperance to do the work of Age.

YOUNG.

When against reason riot shuts the door,
And gayety supplies the place of sense,
Then, foremost at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly
die,
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.

YOUNG.

Is man then only for his torment placed,
The center of delights he may not taste?
No, wrangler—destitute of shame and sense!
The precept that enjoins him abstinence,
Forbids him none but the licentious joy
Whose fruit, though fair, tempts only to
destroy.

COWPER.

Fatal effects of luxury and ease!
We drink our poison, and we eat disease,
Indulge our senses at our reason's cost
Till sense is pain, and reason hurt or lost.

MARY CHANDLER.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side, that stings!

PIERPONT.

Of when we swallow down
Intoxicating wine we drink damnation.
Naked we stand the sport of mocking fiends,
Who grin to see our noble nature vanquished
Subdued to beasts.

C. JOHNSON.

Health

Flies the luxurious glutton's rich repast,
And with the hermit, at his temperate board,
Sits a pleased guest.

BALLY.

Memory confused, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;
And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling
bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.

PRIOR.

The joy which wine can give, like smoky
fires,
Obscures their sight whose fancy it inspires.

A. HILL.

Beware the bowl! though rich and bright
Its rubies flash upon the sight,
An adder coils its depths beneath,
Whose lure is woe, whose sting is death.

STREET.

There is one language, and but one alone,
Above all words, to tongue or pen unknown,
That can portray to man's discerning glance
The woes that spring from foul intemperance.
Behold it written in the tearless eye
That speaks in eloquence of agony.

G. JEWETT.

[See also PLEASURE.]

TEMPTATION.

Most dangerous

Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue.

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall.

SHAKESPEARE.

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

SHAKESPEARE.

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths:
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

SHAKESPEARE.

Virtue's no virtue while it lives secure;
When difficulty waits on it, then 'tis pure.

J. QUARLES.

Temptations seize, when fear is laid asleep;
And ill foreboded, is our strongest guard.

YOUNG.

Lie in the lap of sin, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
Heaven.

SHAKESPEARE.

A alight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart
Of envy, rancor, or impure desire.
We see, we hear with peril.

YOUNG.

Temptations hurt not, though they have
access;
Satan o'ercomes none but by willingness.

HERRICK.

Amid temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies:
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.
The Gospel bears my spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

WATTS.

Thus the fond heart, by some dear passion
swayed,
Fragile and corrupt, is soon to sin betrayed;
Vice by degrees a firm possession gains,
And o'er the willing soul despotic reigns.

J. SCOTT.

O trembling learn
That Peter too was chosen by his Lord,
Admonished, and forewarned, and resolute,
And sworn to persevere in righteousness;
Yet in the hour of trial Peter fell.
Into temptation lead us not, O God!
But with thy hand deliver us from ill.

COCKBURN.

No mortal footing treads so firm in virtue,
As always to abide the slippery path,
Nor deviate with the bias.

BROOKE.

Poor tempted soul, what canst thou do?
Hope against hope, that God is true:
His nature in his name confess,
His wisdom, power, and righteousness.
The Lord, whom now thou canst not see,
Whate'er he is, he is for thee;
Expect, and thou shalt surely prove,
That God in Christ is perfect love.

WESLEY.

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

HERRICK.

The world, that looks so dull all day,
Gloweth bright on me at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then,
Wake up and meet me there.
All nature one full fountain seems
Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
And makes a deluge round.

FABER.

O! ever as the tempter spoke, and feeble
nature's fears
Wring drop by drop the scalding flow of un-
availing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove
in silent prayer
To feel, O Helper of the weak! that thou
indeed wert there!

WHITTIER.

Could'st thou boast, O child of weakness!
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
Were their strong temptations planted
In thy path of life?

WHITTIER.

Bless the Lord for all his mercies! for the
peace and love I felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit
melt,
When "Get behind me, Satan!" was the lan-
guage of my heart,
And I felt the evil tempter with all his doubts
depart.

WHITTIER.

Temptations and trials, without and within,
From the pathway of virtue the spirit may
lure;
But the soul shall grow strong in its triumphs
o'er sin,
And the heart shall preserve its integrity pure.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

The very air, as it fans thy brow,
May leave a trace on its stainless snow;
Lo! spirits of evil haunt these bowers,
And the serpent glides from the trembling
flowers.

LUCY HOOPER.

Temptation hath a music for all ears,
And mad ambition trumpeteth to all;
And the ungovernable thought within
Will be in every bosom eloquent.

WILLIAMS.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still He who felt temptation's power
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

SIR R. GRANT.

TIME.

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!

SIR W. RALEIGH.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

SHAKESPEARE.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them.

SHAKESPEARE.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings;
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to
light;
To stamp the seal of time on aged things;
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night;
To wrong the wronger, till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden
towers.

SHAKESPEARE.

Minutes, hours, days, weeks, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

SHAKESPEARE.

It is ten o'clock;
Thus may we see how the world wags;
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after an hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale!

SHAKESPEARE.

Ceaselessly the weaver, Time,
Sitteth at his mystic loom,
Keeps his arrowy shuttle flying—
Every thread aneers our dying—
And with melancholy chime,
Very low and sad withal,
Sings his solemn madrigal
As he weaves our web of doom.
"Mortals!" thus he, weaving, sings,
"Bright or dark the web shall be,
As ye will it; all the tissues
Blending in harmonious issues
Or discordant colorings;
Time the shuttle drives, but you
Give to every thread its hue,
And elect your destiny."

W. H. BURLING.

Time lays his hand
On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite
What all the fond artificers did think
Immortal workmanship.

DAVENANT.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright
It is the knell of my departed hours;
Where are they? with the years beyond the
flood.

YOUNG.

Old Time will end our story;
But no time, if we end well, will end our glory.
BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

Time flows from instants, and of these, each
one
Should be esteemed as if it were alone;
Let it but slide into th' eternal main,
No realms, no worlds can purchase it again.

BEAUMONT.

The posts of time are swift, which having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived
task is done.

QUARLES.

Time, the prime minister of Death,
There's naught can bribe his honest will;
He stops the richest tyrant's breath,
And lays his mischief still.
Each wicked scheme for power he stops,
With grandeur's false and mock display;
As eve's shades from high mountain-tops
Fade with the rest away.

WALLER.

Time is eternity,
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adorned.

YOUNG.

Time's minutes, while they're told,
Do make us old;
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there,
Where flowers and roses do appear.

MAYNE.

Time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue and improves.

GAY.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him when passed by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?

YOUNG.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask deathbeds, they can
tell.

YOUNG.

From old eternity's mysterious orb
Was time cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
The skies which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres,
That horologe machinery divine.

YOUNG.

Time destroyed
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.

YOUNG.

Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unsoiled and swift, and of a silken sound.

COWPER.

The lapse of time and rivers is the same,
Both speed their journey with a restless
stream;
The silent pace with which they steal away
No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to
stay;
Alike irrevocable both when past,
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.

COWPER.

What is the time that's gone,
And what is that to come?
Is it not now as none?
The present stays not.
Time posteth, O how fast!
Unwelcome death makes haste;
None can call back what's past—
Judgment delays not.

BAXTER.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

LONGFELLOW.

O Time! thou beautifier of the dead;
Adorner of the ruin; comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled;
Time! the corrector when our judgments err;
The test of truth, love; sole philosopher,
For all besides are sophists.

BYRON.

Bound unto the flying hours
Are our powers;
Earth's vain good floats down their wave,
And thy ship, my soul, is hasting,
Never resting,
To its haven in the grave.

From the German of VON CANITZ.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of
yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knees,
And told our marveling boyhood legend's
store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning
hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight.

SIR W. SCOTT.

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.
Redeem mine hours, the space is brief,
While in my glass the sand grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When time and thee shall part, forever!

SIR W. SCOTT.

And O, how quickly time doth fly
To bring death's winter hither!
Minutes, hours, days, and weeks,
Months, years, and ages, shrink to naught,
An age past is but a thought!

HOOD.

Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

G. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis a mistake. Time flies not,
 He only hovers on the wing;
 Once born, the moment dies not,
 'Tis an immortal thing;
 While all is change beneath the sky,
 Fixed like the sun, as learned sages prove,
 Though from our moving world he seems to
 move,
 'Tis Time stands still, and we that fly.

MONTGOMERY.

Remorseless Time,
 Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe, what
 power
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
 His iron heart to pity? On, still on
 He presses, and forever.

G. D. PRENTICE.

Faintly flow, thou falling river,
 Like a dream that dies away;
 Down to ocean gliding ever,
 Keep thy calm, unruffled way;
 Time with such a silent motion
 Floats along on wings of air
 To eternity's dark ocean,
 Burying all its treasures there.

PERCIVAL.

How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
 That only treads on flowers!
 And who, with clear account, remarks
 The ebbings of his glass,
 When all its sands are diamond sparks,
 That dazzle as they pass?
 And who to sober measurement
 Time's happy swiftness brings,
 When birds of paradise have lent
 Their plumage to his wings?

R. W. SPENCER.

Struggle not, my foolish soul,
 Let Time's garments round thee roll.
 Time, God's servant—think no scorn—
 Gathers up the sheaves of corn
 Which the specter, Death, hath shorn.
 Brightly through the orient far
 Soon shall rise a glorious star;
 Cumbered then by Death no more,
 Time shall fold his pinions hoar,
 And be named the Evermore!

T. COLM.

Time is the measure but of change;
 No present hour is found;
 The past, the future, fill the range
 Of time's unceasing round.

J. Q. ADAMS.

Time! Time! in thy triumphal flight
 How all life's phantoms fleet away;
 Thy smile of hope, and young delight,
 Fame's meteor-beam, and fancy's ray,
 They fade; and on the heaving tide,
 Rolling its stormy waves afar,
 Are borne the wreck of human pride,
 The broken wreck of fortune's war.

J. G. BROOKS.

All hail, thou viewless one! whose lonely
 wings
 Sweep o'er the earth, unwearied and sub-
 lime!
 Mysterious agent of the King of kings,
 Whom conquerors obey, and man calls
 Time!
 Compared with thee, even centuries in their
 might,
 Seem but like atoms in the sun's broad ray;
 Thou sweep'st them on, in thy majestic flight,
 Scattering them from thy plumes, like drops
 of spray
 Cast from the ocean, in its scornful play.

MRS. WELBY.

Past Time is dead, and the grasses grow,
 And flowers bloom o'er him.

WHITTIER.

The hours are viewless angels,
 That still go gliding by,
 And bear each minute's record up
 To Him who sits on high.

O. P. CRANCH.

Swifter and swifter, day by day,
 Down time's unquiet current hurled,
 Thou passest on thy restless way,
 Tumultuous and unstable world!
 Thou passest on! Time hath not seen
 Delay upon thy hurried path;
 And prayers and tears alike have been
 In vain to stay thy course of wrath!

G. LUNT.

Time! thou destroyest the relics of the past,
And hidest all the footprints of thy march
On shattered column, and on crumbled arch,
By moss and ivy growing green and fast.

Yet triumph not, O Time! strong towers
decay,

But a great name shall never pass away!

P. BENJAMIN.

Whether we smile or weep, Time wings his
flight;

Days, hours, they never creep; life speeds like
light.

Dare not, then, waste thy days, reckless and
proud,

Lest while ye dream it not Time spread thy
shroud.

ANONYMOUS.

Time is indeed a precious boon,

But with the boon a task is given;

The heart must learn its duty well,

To man on earth and God in heaven.

ELIZA COOK.

TOIL — (See INDUSTRY.)

TO-MORROW — (See DELAY.)

TREACHERY — APOSTASY.

Though those that are betrayed
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

SHAKESPEARE.

So Judas kissed his Master,
And cried, "All hail!" when as he meant
all harm.

SHAKESPEARE.

Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious
pangs,
The future miseries that await th' apostate.

DR. JOHNSON.

A holy name, and words of natural duty,
Are blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.

COLERIDGE.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn

Which once he wore!

The glory from his gray hairs gone

For evermore!

Reville him not, the tempter hath

A snare for all!

And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,

Befit his fall!

WHITTIER.

O dumb be passion's stormy rage,

When he who might

Have lighted up and led his age,

Falls back in night.

WHITTIER.

Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul
more,

One task more declined, one more footpath

untrod,

One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for
angels,

One wrong more to man, one more insult to

God.

BROWNING.

For pleasures, vanities, and hates,

The compact we renew,

And Judas rises in our hearts,

We sell our Saviour too.

How for some moments' vain delights

We will embitter years,

And in our youth lay up for age

Only remorse and tears!

MISS LONDON.

There walks Judas, he who sold

Yesterday his Lord for gold;

Sold God's presence in his heart

For a proud step in the mart.

LOWELL.

We barter life for pottage; sell true bliss

For wealth or power, for pleasure or renown;

Thus, Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss,

Then wash with fruitless tears our faded

crown.

KEBLE.

They promised money, so he broke
The last most sacred tie,
And sold the Master whom he served,
In mortal pangs to die.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Return, once more return, O wanderer, to thy
God ;

A voice yet on thee calls, a finger points the
road ;

Return! the promise saith—bark! wayward
wanderer, ho !

"Thy sins, as scarlet red, shall white be made
as snow!"

"BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought
Still strong in chains.

WHITTIER.

But only Luke is with him now;
Alas! that even the martyr's cell,
Heaven's very gate, should scope allow
For the false world's seducing spell.
'Tis sad—but yet 'tis well, be sure;
We on the sight should muse awhile,
Nor deem our shelter all secure
Even in the Church's holiest aisle.

KEBLE.

Slow he fell from light,
And year by year the heavens seemed further
off,
And human faces less divine.

A. SMITH.

Sweet was His service, and His yoke
Was light and easy to be borne:
Through all His bonds of love I broke;
I cast away His gifts with scorn!
I left the God of truth and light,
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death!

MONTGOMERY.

TRUST IN GOD.

Great God! thou art the flowing spring of
light;

Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray:
Thou art my path, direct my steps aright,

I have no other light, no other way;
I'll trust my God, and him alone pursue;
His law shall be my path, his heavenly light
my clue.

QUARLES.

God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.

SHAKESPEARE.

I will not let Thee go, Thou help in time of
need!

Heap ill on ill, I trust Thee still,
E'en when it seems as Thou wouldst slay
indeed!

Do as as Thou wilt with me, I yet will
cling to Thee!

Hide Thou thy face, yet, help in time of need,
I will not let Thee go!

From the German of DESZLER.

Shed kindly light amid the encircling gloom,
And lead me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
So long Thy power hath blessed me, surely
still

'Twill lead me on
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sor-
row, till

The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

"LYRA APOSTOLICA."

I should on God alone so much depend,
That I should need nor wealth, nor other
friend.

WITHER.

I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life, or death is equal; neither weighs;
All weight is this: O let me live to Thee!

YOUNG.

Since the dear hour that brought me to Thy
foot,

And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but Thine,
Nor hoped, but in Thy righteousness divine;
While struggling in the veil of tears below,
That never failed, nor shall it fail me now.

COWPER.

Be still and trust!
For His are strokes of love
Thou must for thy profit bear;
He thy filial fear would move;
Trust thy Father's loving care:
Be still and trust!

From the German of ULRICH.

My times are in Thy hand!
I know not what a day
Or e'en an hour may bring to me;
But I am safe while trusting Thee,
Though all things fade away.

All weakness, I
On Him rely,
Who fixed the earth and starry sky.

ANONYMOUS.

When I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour;
Bow all resigned beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

MRS. CONDER.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

From the German of NEUMARCK.

"Till death the weary spirit free,"
Thy God hath said, " 'Tis good for thee
To walk by faith, and not by sight;"
Take it on trust a little while;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the full sunshine of his smile.

KEBLE.

And all is well, though faith and form
Be Sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.

TENNYSON.

I cannot lose the presence of the Lord.
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So, where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled hell with Him
Than golden-gated paradise without.

WHITTIER.

I know my fate is in His hands
Whose wisdom guides the rolling year,
Whose power upholds creation's plan,
Whose mercy saves from dangers near;
In his control
I leave my all;
Safe in his love, why should I fear?

MISS F. A. COLLINS.

O let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye;
And wait Thy wise, Thy holy will,
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery.
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well since ruled by thee.

BOWRING.

Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast;
Who follows Thee in pious trust,
Shall reach the goal at last.

From the German of DREWES.

The Christian's trust, the Christian's trust,
Nurtured by promises;
Pure through corruption's moth and rust,
Firm amid nature's graves and dust,
And all life's severed ties.

ANONYMOUS.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
His will is ever just;
Howe'er he orders now my cause,
I will be still and trust.
He is my God; though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

From the German of RODIGAST.

The rich man in his wealth confides;
But in my God my trust abides;
Laugh as ye will, I hold
This one thing fast that He hath taught:
Who trusts in God shall want for naught.

From the German of HANS SACHS.

[See also PROVIDENCE—RESIGNATION.]

TRUTH.

Truth needs no color, beauty no pencil.

SHAKESPEARE

This above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE

The seat of truth is in our secret hearts;
Not in the tongue, which falsehood oft imparts;

BRANDON.

Before thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
I kneel in manhood as I knelt in youth:
Thus let me kneel till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brightened by thy
ray:

Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow.

SIR WM. JONES.

Vice for a time may shine, and virtue sigh;
But Truth, like heaven's sun, plainly doth
reveal,
And scourge or crown what darkness did
conceal.

DAVENPORT.

Truth needs no flowers of speech.

POPE.

Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his council, when he made the
worlds;
Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he
made.

YOUNG.

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.
But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question
put

To Truth itself, that deigned him no reply.
And wherefore? Will not God impart his
light

To them that ask it? Freely; 'tis his joy,
His glory, and his nature, to impart.
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.

COWPER.

What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
That learning is too proud to gather up;
But which the poor, and the despised of all,
Seek and obtain, and often find unsought?
Tell me; and I will tell thee what is Truth.

COWPER.

No; marble and recording brass decay,
And, like the graver's memory, pass away:
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust:
But Truth divine forever stands secure,
Its head as guarded as its base is sure;
Fixed in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of the eternal plan appears,
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect who built the skies.

COWPER.

All truth is precious, if not all divine,
And what dilates the powers must needs
refine.

COWPER.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
For the prosperous and the gay;
But a safe and wholesome teacher
In adversity's dark day.

BARTON.

Truth survives their flight;
Earth has no shades to quench that beam of
heaven;
Each ray that shone, in early time, to light
The faltering footsteps in the path of right,
Each gleam of clearer brightness shed to aid
In man's maturer day his bolder sight,
All blended, like the rainbow's radiant braid,
Pour yet, and still shall pour, the blaze that
cannot fade.

BRYANT.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

BRYANT.

Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis
Truth alone is strong,
And albeit she wander outcast now, I see
around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her
from all wrong.

LOWELL.

Let fraud and wrong and baseness shiver,
For still between them and the sky
The falcon Truth hangs poised for ever,
And marks them with his vengeful eye.

LOWELL.

Truth only needs to be for once spoke out,
And there's such music in her, such strange
rhythm,

As make men's memories her joyous slaves,
And cling around the soul, as the sky clings
Round the mute earth, forever beautiful.

LOWELL.

Truth needs no champions; in the infinite
deep

Of everlasting soul her strength abides;
From nature's heart her mighty pulses leap,
Through nature's veins her strength, un-
dying tides.

LOWELL.

Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.

LOWELL.

No power can die that ever wrought for truth;
Thereby a law of nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
When he who called it forth is but a name.

LOWELL.

Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born, that drops into its place,
And which, once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

LOWELL.

God blesses still the generous thought,
And still the fitting word he speeds,
And truth, at his requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds.

WHITTIER.

The smallest pebble in the well of truth
Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand
When man's best monuments have passed
away.

WILLIS.

Truth is in each flower,
As well as in the solemnest things of God;
Truth is the voice of Nature and of Time;
Truth is the startling monitor within us,
Naught is without it; it comes from the stars,
The golden sun, and every breeze that blows;
Truth, it is God! and God is everywhere!

WM. T. BACON.

Nothing good shall ever perish,
Only the corrupt shall die;
Truth, which men and angels cherish,
Flourishes eternally.

J. HAGEN.

The grave's dark portal
Soon shuts this world of shadows from the
view;
Then shall we grasp realities immortal,
If to the truth within us we are true.

MRS. EMBURY.

UNBELIEF—(See DOUBT.)

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin.

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
This fraternizes man, this constitutes
Our charities and bearings.

COLERIDGE.

Yes, thou may'st sneer, but still I own
A love which spreads from zone to zone;
No time the sacred fire can smother!
Where breathes the man, I hail the brother.

BULWER.

For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

BURNS.

Man was made of social earth,
Child and brother from his birth.

EMERSON.

Brother, look at me again:
Toil has given me many a stain,
Toil has swollen every vein
Yet I am thy brother.
I am man, as well as thou,
And our Lord has crossed my brow,
Calling me God's child, and how
Wilt thou call me other.

ANONYMOUS.

Put golden padlocks on truth's lips, be callous
as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps
one electric thrill.

LOWELL.

Man is one,
And he hath one great heart. It is thus we
feel,
With a gigantic throb athwart the sea,
Each others' rights and wrongs; thus are we
men.

BAILEY.

Learn more reverence, not for rank or wealth,
that needs no learning;
That comes quickly, quick as sin does! ay,
and often leads to sin;
But for Adam's seed, man! Trust me, 'tis a
clay above your scorning,
With God's image stamped upon it, and God's
kindling breath within.

MRS. BROWNING.

He's true to God who's true to man; where-
ever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the
all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are
slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves and not
for all their race.

LOWELL.

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide father-land!

LOWELL.

O mighty brother-soul of man!
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity. *

LOWELL.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct
bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift
flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet hu-
manity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the
gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest
have equal claim.

LOWELL.

Our country hath a gospel of her own
To preach and practice before all the world,
The freedom and divinity of man,
The glorious claims of human brotherhood.

LOWELL.

Are we not creatures of one hand Divine,
Formed in one mould, to one redemption born,
Kindred alike, where'er our skies may shine,
Where'er our sight first drank the vital morn?
Brothers—one bond around our souls should
twine;
And woe to him by whom that bond is torn,
Who mounts by trampling broken hearts to
earth,

Who bows down spirits of immortal birth!

From the Italian of MANZONI.

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast;
Pluck one thread and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.

WHITTIER.

For God who made this teeming earth so full,
And made the proud dependent on the dull,
The strong upon the weak, thereby would
show
One common bond should link us all below.

MRS. NORTON.

[See also FELLOWSHIP — SOCIETY.]

VANITY.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

SHAKESPEARE.

The soul of this man is in his clothes.

SHAKESPEARE.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That vanity's the food of fools.

SWIFT.

How is man's heart by vanity drawn in;
On the swift circle of returning toys,
Whirled strawlike, round and round, and then
ingulfed;
Where gay delusion darkens to despair!

YOUNG.

Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace.

GOLDSMITH.

Vanity is seen, in part,
Inscribed on every human heart;
In the child's breast the spark began,
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.

COTTON.

What! will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?

COWPER.

How a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heavenly mind, demands a doubt.

COWPER.

'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
That live upon her treacherous smiles;
She leads them, blindfold, by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles.

COWPER.

The hue of death is cast o'er every thing;
And vanity is marked on all I see!

MISS GOULD.

[See also PRIDE — CONCEIT.]

VICE — (See GUILT.)

VICISSITUDE — (See MUTABILITY.)

VIRTUE.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

SHAKESPEARE.

Seek Virtue, wear her armor to the fight,
Then as the wrestler gathers strength from
strife,
Shalt thou be moved to a more vigorous might
By each contending, turbulent ill of life.
Seek Virtue; she alone is all divine;
And, having found, be strong in God's own
strength and thine.

ANONYMOUS.

Doth Virtue charm thee? wouldst thou shine
afar,

In the dim dawn a glorious morning star?
This be the signet that thy heart shall wear,
Where others fail or falter, do or dare.

MRS. MAREY.

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would,
By her own radiant light, though sun and
moon

Were in the flat sea sunk.

MILTON.

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt;
Surprised by unjust force, and not enthralled;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most
harm,

Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
But evil on itself shall back recoil.

MILTON.

Who swims with virtue, he shall still be sure,
 Ulysses-like, all tempests to endure,
 And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

HERRICK.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

SHAKESPEARE.

My fortune may forsake me, not my virtue;
 That shall go with me and before me still,
 And glad me doing well, though I bear ill.

BEN JONSON.

While Passion holds the helm, reason and
 honor

Do suffer wrack; but they sail safe and clear,
 Who constantly by Virtue's compass steer.

DAVENPORT.

And virtue is her own reward.

PRIOR.

Know then this truth, (enough for man to
 know!)

Virtue alone is happiness below.
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill.

POPE.

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears.

POPE.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
 Is virtue's prize.

POPE.

Virtue, forever frail, as fair, below,
 Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
 Nor touches on the world without a stain.

YOUNG.

Those restless cares, those busy, bustling days,
 Those gay-spent, festive nights, those veering
 thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shared thy
 life—

All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high.

THOMSON.

O Thou! by whose almighty nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving virtues round the land
 In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;
 The tender looking Charity, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through
 smiles;

Undaunted Truth, and dignity of mind;
 Courage composed and keen; sound Tem-
 perance,

Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disordered at the deep regard she draws;
 Rough Industry; Activity untired,
 With copious life informed, and all awake.

THOMSON.

Believe the muse, the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread
 Beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns,
 Through endless ages, into higher powers.

THOMSON.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
 Virtue alone has majesty in death!

YOUNG.

Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids;
 Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

YOUNG.

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures;
 That life is long which answers life's great
 end.

The time that bears no fruit deserves no name.

YOUNG.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
 Is the best gift of Heaven; a happiness
 That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
 Exalts great nature's favorites; a wealth
 That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferred.

ARMSTRONG.

Well may your hearts believe the truths I
 tell;

'Tis Virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.

COLLINS.

The only amaranthine flower on earth
 Is Virtue; the only lasting treasure, Truth.

COWPER.

How insecure, how baseless in itself
Is that philosophy whose sway is framed
For mere material instruments! how weak
The arts and high inventions, if unpropped
By virtue!

WORDSWORTH.

All true glory rests,
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law.

WORDSWORTH.

A settled virtue
Makes itself a judge; and, satisfied within,
Smiles at that common enemy, the world.

DRYDEN.

Virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory from her
aspect.

BYRON.

From lowest place, when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.

SHAKESPEARE.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

CONGREVE.

Virtue, on herself relying,
Every passion hushed to rest,
Loses every pain of dying,
In the hope of being blest.

GOLDSMITH.

Keep thy spirit pure
From worldly taint, by the repellent power
Of virtue.

BAILEY.

Count life by virtues; these will last
When life's lame-footed race is o'er;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
Shall cheer us on a brighter shore.

MRS. HALE.

Virtue in itself commands its happiness,
Of every outward object independent.

FRANCIS.

I held it ever,
Virtue and knowledge were endowments
greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god.

SHAKESPEARE.

[See also EXCELLENCE — GOODNESS — INNOCENCE — RELIGION.]

WAR.

O War, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister!

SHAKESPEARE.

O shame to men! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational; though under hope
Of heavenly grace, and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy;
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enough besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

MILTON.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

YOUNG.

Rash, fruitless war, from wanton glory waged,
Is only splendid murder.

THOMSON.

In every heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.

COWPER.

Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

COWPER.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

J. SCOTT.

Is death more cruel from a private dagger
Than in the field, from murdering swords of
thousands?
Or does the number slain make slaughter
glorious?

CIBBER.

War is honorable
In those who do their native rights maintain;
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furled?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the
world?

What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato lived, or Sidney died?

CAMPBELL.

I own my natural weakness; I have not
Yet learned to think of indiscriminate murder
Without some sense of shuddering; and the
sight

Of blood which spouts through hoary scalps
is not

To me a thing of triumph, nor the death
Of men surprised, a glory.

BYRON.

Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye
mar,

Not in the toils of glory would ye fret;
The hoarse, dull drum would sleep, and men
be happy yet!

BYRON.

The bayonet pierces, and the saber cleaves,
And human lives are lavished everywhere,
As the year closing whirls the scarlet leaves,
When the stripped forest bows to the bleak air
And groans.

BYRON.

Mark where his carnage and his conquest
cease!

He makes a solitude, and calls it peace!

BYRON.

I will not, as bards have been wont, since the
flood,

With the river of song swell the river of blood;
The blood of the valiant that fell in all
climes;

The song of the gifted, that hallowed all
crimes;

All crimes in the war-fiend incarnate in one;
War, withering the earth; war, eclipsing the
sun,

Despoiling, destroying, since discord began,
God's works and God's mercies, man's labors
and man.

MONTGOMERY.

The battle hurtles on the plains,
Earth feels new scythes upon her.

We reap our brothers for the wains,
And call the harvest—honor.

MRS. BROWNING.

Too long, at clash of arms amid her bowers,
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast;
The fair earth, that should only blush with
flowers

And ruddy fruits; but not for aye can last
The storm, and sweet the sunshine when 'tis
past.

Lo! the clouds roll away—they break—they
fly,

And like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing
sky,

On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven
shall lie.

BRYANT.

More soluble is this knot,
Like almost all the rest, if men were wise,
By gentleness than war.

TENNYSON.

Men shall wear softer hearts,
And shudder at the butcheries of war,
As now at other murders.

BRYANT.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.

BULWER.

How like a fiend may man be made,
 Plying the foul and monstrous trade
 Whose harvest-field is human life!
 Whose sickle is the reeking sword!
 Quenching with reckless hand in blood,
 Sparks kindled by the breath of God!
 Urging the deathless soul, unshriven
 Of open guilt or secret sin,
 Before the bar of that pure heaven,
 The holy only enter in!

WHITTIER.

The stormy clangor
 Of wild War's music o'er the earth shall
 cease;
 Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
 And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!

WHITTIER.

War in all men's eyes shall be
 A monster of iniquity,
 In the good time coming.
 Nations shall not quarrel then
 To prove which is the stronger,
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;
 Wait a little longer.

MACKAY.

Strike with Thy bolt the next red flag unfurled,
 And make all wars to cease throughout the
 world.

MISS MULOCH.

Perhaps war is but Heaven's great plowshare,
 driven

Over the barren, fallow earthly fields,
 Preparing them for harvest; rooting up
 Grass, weeds, and flowers, which necessary
 fall,

That in these furrows the wise husbandman
 May drop celestial seed.

MISS MULOCH.

[See also PEACE.]

WATCHFULNESS.

As a watchman waits for day,
 And looks for light, and looks again,
 When the night grows old and gray
 To be relieved he calls amain;
 So look, so wait, so long mine eyes,
 To see my Lord, my Sun, arise.

P. FLETCHER.

Awake!

Thou who shalt wake when the creation sleeps:
 When, like a taper, all these suns expire;
 When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
 Plucking the pillars that support the world,
 In nature's ample ruins lies entombed;
 And midnight, universal midnight, reigns!

YOUNG.

Through all life's scenes, through weal and
 woe,

Through days of mirth and sadness;
 Where'er thy wandering footsteps go,
 O think how transient here below
 Thy sorrow and thy gladness!
 And watch thou always, lest thou stray
 From Him who points the heavenward way.

ANONYMOUS.

O may we all be found
 Obedient to Thy word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord!
 O may we thus insure
 A lot among the blest;
 And watch a moment, to secure
 An everlasting rest!

C. WESLEY.

Think not of rest; though dreams be sweet,
 Start up, and ply your heavenward feet.
 Is not God's oath upon your head,
 Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed;
 Never again your loins untie,
 Nor let your torches waste and die,
 Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
 Ye hear your Master's midnight call?

KEBLE.

Gird thee, and do thy watching well,
 Duty's Christian sentinel!
 Sloth and slumber never had part
 In the warrior's will, or the patriot's heart;
 Soldier of God, on an enemy's shore,
 Slumber and sloth thrall thee no more!

TUPPER.

Could ye not watch one hour?
 Be ready; or the bridal train,
 And bridegroom with his dower,
 May sweep along in vain.

Miserere mei!

A. C. COXE.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber
 Till in communion blest
 With the elect ye rest;
 Those souls of countless number;
 And with them raise
 The note of praise,
 Reaching from earth to heaven;
 Chosen, redeemed, forgiven;
 So lay thy happy head,
 Prayer crowned, on blessed bed.

MARGARET MERCER.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword
 Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer:
 Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,
 Our hearts can do and dare.
 But O! we shrink from Jordan's side,
 From waters which alone can save;
 And murmur for Abana's banks
 And Pharpar's brighter wave.

WHITTIER.

God works in all things; all obey
 His first propulsion from the night;
 Ho, wake and watch! the world is gray
 With morning light!

WHITTIER.

O Thou who in the garden's shade
 Didst wake thy weary ones again,
 Who slumbered at that fearful hour
 Forgetful of Thy pain;
 Bend o'er us now, as over them,
 And set our sleep-bound spirits free;
 Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
 Our souls should keep with Thee!

WHITTIER.

Up! 'tis no dreaming time! Awake! awake!
 For He who sits on the high Judge's seat,
 Doth in His record mark each wasted hour,
 Each idle word. Take heed thy shrinking soul
 Find not their weight too heavy, when it stands
 At that dread bar from whence is no appeal.
 Lo, while ye trifle, the light sand steals on,
 Leaving the hour-glass empty, and thy life
 Glideth away: stamp wisdom on its hours.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WEALTH—(See MAMMON.)

WIDOWHOOD.

The voice which I did more esteem
 Than music in her sweetest key;
 Those eyes which unto me did seem
 More comfortable than the day:
 Those now by me, as they have been,
 Shall never more be heard or seen;
 But what I once enjoyed in them
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

WITHER.

The new-made widow too I've sometimes
 spied,
 Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate
 dead;
 Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
 She drops, while busy meddling memory,
 In barbarous succession, musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours,
 Tenacious of the theme.

BLAIR.

Be not surprised at this expense of woe!
 The man she mourns was all she called her
 own,
 The music of her ear, light of her eye,
 Desire of all her heart; her hope, her fear;
 The element in which her passions lived;
 Dead now, or dying all.

POLLOCK.

My wife! how fondly shall thy memory
 Be shrined within the chamber of my
 heart!
 Thy virtuous worth was only known to me,
 And I can feel how hard it is to part.
 Farewell, sweet spirit! thou shalt ever be
 A star to guide me up to heaven and thee.

CHESTER.

Woman, bowed with grief,
 Who from the partner of thy youth art torn,
 And shiv'rest like the aspen, as cold winds
 Breathe on thy wound; hast thou, too, cast
 away
 The talisman God sends thee in his book?
 "O widow! trust in me!" Thy counselor
 And rock of strength shall be the unchang-
 ing One,
 And 'mid the desolation that must walk
 Ever beside thee, balms of sympathy,
 Such as the world distilleth not, shall breathe
 O'er thy lone heart, if thou wilt trust in Him.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Come thou, O widowed mother, humbly bow
At thy Redeemer's feet that drooping brow;
Come, with thy fair young orphans, kneel and pray,

And he will take the sting of grief away.

ELLEN S. RAND.

See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn and pale,
Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's
vail;

Alone she wanders where with him she trod,
No arm to stay her, but she leans on God.

HOLMES.

Mother! thy name is widow; well

I know no love of mine can fill
The waste place of thy heart, or dwell

Within one sacred recess; still
Lean on the faithful bosom of thy son,
My parent, thou art mine, my *only* one.

BETHUNE.

Thou! who sorrow'dst o'er the bier

Where a widow's son was laid,
At the gate of Nain, hear!

Look, and lend Thy gracious aid,
God! the counsel came from thee,
"Let thy widows trust in me."

TAPPAN.

WIFE — (See MARRIAGE.)

WINTER — (See THE SEASONS.)

WISDOM.

Call not that wisdom which men would
disown,

And wish at last that they had never known.

BAXTER.

When death the dreaming sinner doth awake,
O what a dreadful change doth God then
make!

Then wise men only are the pure and just,
Who Christ, who God obey, and in him trust.

BAXTER.

But wisdom, awful wisdom! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;
How rare! in senates, synods, sought in vain;
Or, if there found, 'tis sacred to the few.

YOUNG.

The clouds may drop down titles and estates,
Wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be
sought.

YOUNG.

Wisdom smiles when humbled mortals weep.
When sorrow wounds the breast, as plows the
glebe,

And hearts obdurate feel the softening shower,
Her seeds celestial then glad wisdom sows,
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.

YOUNG.

Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise.

QUARLES.

The wise, I here observe,
Are wise toward God, in whose great service
still,
More than in that of kings, themselves they
serve.

DAVENANT.

Tell (if you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all other's faults and feel our own.

POPE.

Thus wisdom's words discover

Thy glory and thy grace,

Thou everlasting Lover

Of our unworthy race!

Thy gracious eye surveyed us

Ere stars were seen above;

In wisdom thou hast made us,

And died for us in love.

COWPER.

O! happy is the man who hears

Instruction's warning voice,

And who celestial wisdom makes

His early, only choice.

According as her labors rise,

So her rewards increase;

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,

And all her paths are peace.

LOGAN.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge
dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass;
The mere materials with which wisdom builds.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so
much;

Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER.

But when did Wisdom covet length of days?
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
No; Wisdom views with an indifferent eye
All finite joys, all blessings born to die.

HANNAH MORE.

The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes; nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time
depend.

WORDSWORTH.

Wisdom doth live with children round her
knees,
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly
walk
Of the mind's business; these are the degrees
By which true sway doth mount; this is the
stalk
True power doth grow on, and her rights are
these.

WORDSWORTH.

O Wisdom! if thy soft control
Can soothe the sickness of the soul,
Can bid the warring passions cease,
And breathe the calm of tender peace;
Wisdom! I bless thy gentle sway,
And ever, ever will obey.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Like genial dew, like fertile showers,
The words of Wisdom fall,
Awaken man's unconscious powers,
Strength out of weakness call;
Like morning beams they strike the mind,
Its loveliness reveal;
And softer than the evening wind,
The wounded spirit heal.

MONTGOMERY.

This, this is wisdom, manful and serene;
Toward God all penitence, and prayer, and
trust;

But to the troubles of this shifting scene
Simply courageous, and sublimely just;
Be then such wisdom thine, my heart within—
There is no foe, nor woe, nor grief, but sin.

TUPPER.

All human wisdom to divine is folly.

DENHAM.

All perfect wisdom lies in Thee,
As in its primal hidden source;
O let my will submissive be,
And hold henceforth its even course,
Controlled by truth and meekness; for high
Heaven

To lowly, simple hearts hath wisdom given;
Who knoweth Christ aright and in him lives,
Hath won the highest prize that wisdom gives.

From the German of SCHRODER.

Wouldst thou find wisdom? know, in secret
deeps,
Thine own unfathomed soul the treasure
keeps;
'Neath restless thought-waves' roll, or pas-
sion's throes,
Rests in calm consciousness the pearl below.

MRS. MARY.

[See also KNOWLEDGE—PHILOSOPHY.]

WIT—SATIRE.

What cause so vile that cannot wit suborn?
Men will not without reason be forsworn.

BAXTER.

What is so false which wit cannot defend,
And that by volumes confidently penned?

BAXTER.

When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But when to truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remoter ages lives.

CHURCHILL.

Our wise forefathers, born in sober days,
 Resigned to fools the tart and witty phrase;
 The motley coat gave warning for the jest,
 Excused the wound, and sanctified the pest;
 But we from high to low all strive to sneer,
 Will all be wits, and not the livery wear.

STILLINGFLEET.

With short plummet heaven's deep well we
 sound,

That vast abyss where human wit is drowned;
 In our small skiff we must not launch too far;
 We here but coasters, not discoverers, are.

DRYDEN.

True wit is nature to advantage drest,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well ex-
 prest;
 Something whose truth convinced at sight we
 find,

That gives us back the image of our mind.

POPE.

Since joy of sense can't rise to reason's taste,
 In subtle sophistry's laborious forge
 Wit hammers out a reason new, that stoops
 To sordid scenes, and meets them with
 applause.

YOUNG.

Pleasure and pride, by nature mortal foes,
 At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
 By wit's address patch up a fatal peace,
 And, hand in hand, lead on the rank debauch,
 From rank, refined to delicate and gay.

YOUNG.

Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
 Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

YOUNG.

Instructive satire! true to virtue's cause!
 Thou shining supplement of public laws!

YOUNG.

Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
 When cut by wit it casts a brighter beam;
 Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.
 Wit, widowed of good sense, is worse than
 naught;

It hoists more sail to run against a rock.

YOUNG.

Is sparkling wit the world's exclusive right,
 The fixed fee-simple of the vain and light?
 Can hopes of heaven, bright prospects of an
 hour,

That come to waft us out of sorrow's power,
 Obscure or quench a faculty that finds
 Its happiest soil in the serenest minds?
 Religion curbs indeed its wanton play,
 And brings the trifler under rigorous sway,
 But gives it usefulness unknown before,
 And, purifying, makes it shine the more.

COWPER.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
 Satire is more than those he brands, to blame!

COWPER.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the
 man.

YOUNG.

A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
 A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight;
 Vigorous in age as in the flush of youth,
 'Tis always active on the side of truth.

COWPER.

Wits that presumed

On wit too much, by striving how to prove
 There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
 Discovered first the nearest way to hell,
 And filled the world with devilish atheism.

FORD.

As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
 Good breeding sends the satire to the heart.

YOUNG.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
 Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer.

HERBERT.

WOMAN.

O fairest of creation, last and best—
 Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
 Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!

MILTON.

Nothing is to man so dear
As woman's love in good manner.
A good woman is man's bliss,
Where her love right and steadfast is.
Ne dearer is none in God's hurd
Than a chaste woman with lovely wurd.

ROBERT MANNING, A. D. 1300.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis Beauty that doth oft make women proud,
'Tis Virtue that doth make them most admired.

SHAKESPEARE.

For contemplation he, and valor formed,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.

MILTON.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight;
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

LORD LYTTELTON.

Well-ordered home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life;
This be the female dignity and praise.

THOMSON.

So woman: born to dignify retreat;
Unknown, to flourish, and, unseen, be great;
To give domestic life its sweetest charm;
With softness polish, and with virtue warm;
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should seek but heaven's applauses and her own;
Should dread no blame, but that which crimes impart,
The censures of a self-condemning heart.

HANNAH MORE.

O woman! in our hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

SCOTT.

Her might is gentleness, she winneth sway
By a soft word and by a sober look;
Where she, the gentle loving one, hath failed,
The proud or stern might never yet succeed.
Strength, power, and majesty belong to man;
They make the glory native to his life;
But sweetness is a woman's attribute,
By that she has reigned, and by that will reign.

There have been some who, with a mightier mind,

Have won dominion, but they never won
The dearer empire of the beautiful;
Sweet sovereigns in their natural loveliness.

From the German of SCHILLER.

To be man's tender mate was woman born,
And, in obeying nature, she best serves
The purposes of Heaven.

From the German of SCHILLER.

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight
Graceful and fair, like a being of light;
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss, o'er our thorn-covered ways;
Roses of Paradise, sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

From the German of SCHILLER.

What lost a world, and made a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven;
By this, how many lose not earth, but heaven!
Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,
And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe!

BYRON.

Happy, happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow;
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth.

MRS. HEWANS.

But never, in her varied sphere,
Is woman to the soul more dear
Than when the homely task she plies,
With cheerful duty in her eyes;
And, every lowly path well trod,
Looks meekly upward to her God.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler betwixt life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright,
 With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Master stung,
 Not she denied him with unfaithful tongue;
 She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
 Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.

E. S. BARRETT.

Woman is not undeveloped man,
 But diverse; could we make her as the man,
 Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is
 this,
 Not like to thee, but like in difference;
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
 The man be more of woman, she of man;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the
 world;
 She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward
 care;
 More as the double-natured poet each;
 Till at the last she set herself to man
 Like perfect music unto noble words;
 And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
 Sit side by side, full summed in all their
 powers,
 Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be,
 Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
 Distinct in individualities,
 But like each other, even as those who love.
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
 Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste
 and calm;
 Then springs the crowning race of human
 kind.

TENNYSON.

In that stillness
 Which most becomes a woman—calm and holy,
 Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
 Feeding its flame.

LONGFELLOW.

The world was sad; the garden was a wild;
 And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled.
 CAMPBELL.

Woman! blest partner of our joys and woes!
 Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
 Untarnished yet, thy fond affection glows,
 Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every
 thrill!

SAND.

Warm with a rapture not its own,
 The heart of woman feels!
 As she who by Samaria's wall
 The Saviour's errand sought;
 As those who with the fervent Paul
 And meek Aquila wrought;
 Or those meek ones whose martyrdom
 Rome's gathered grandeur saw;
 Or those who in their Alpine home
 Braved the Crusader's war,
 When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard,
 Through all its vales of death,
 The martyr's song of triumph poured
 From woman's failing breath.

WHITTIER.

Soft as the memory of buried love;
 Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts
 above,
 Was she.

BYRON.

Woman, upon whom is laid
 Heaven's own sign-manual, beauty, mock
 Heaven not!
 Reverence thy loveliness, the outward type
 Of things we understand not, nor behold
 But as in a glass, darkly; wear it thou
 With awful gladness, grave humility,
 That not contemns, nor boasts, nor is ashamed,
 But lifts its face up prayerfully to heaven,
 "Thou who hast made me, make me worthy
 Thee!"

MISS MULOCH.

Through suffering and sorrow thou hast passed,
To show us what a woman true may be.

LOWELL.

Hail, woman! Hail thou faithful wife and
mother,
The latest, choicest part of Heaven's great
plan!

None fills thy peerless place at home, no other
Helpmeet is found for laboring, suffering man.
Hail, thou home circle, where at day's decline,
Her moulding power, her radiant virtues
shine!

Not in the Church to rule or teach, her place;
Not in the mart of trade, or senate halls;
Not the wild festive scene is hers to grace;
Not fashion's altar her its victim calls;
Not here her field of triumph, but alone
She moves the queen of her own quiet home.

M. TRAFTON.

WORKS.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

SHAKESPEARE.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.

SHAKESPEARE.

Other work for man is none,
But to do the Master's will;
Wet with rain, or parched with sun,
Meekly I thy garden till.

ANONYMOUS.

To pray without devotion, is to prate;
And hearing is but half our exercise;
We ought not, therefore, to regard alone
How often, but how well the work be done.

WITHER.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

"LYRA APOSTOLICA."

God asks not, "To what sect did he belong?"
But, "Did he do the right, or love the wrong?"

"ALGER'S ORIENTAL POETRY."

Who learns and learns, but acts not what he
knows,

Is one who plows and plows, but never sows.

"ALGER'S ORIENTAL POETRY."

When our souls leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.

SHIRLEY.

No works shall find acceptance in that day
When all disguises shall be rent away,
That square not truly with the Scripture plan,
Nor spring from love to God, or love to man.

COWPER.

To chase thy gloom, go fix some weighty
truth;
Chain down some passion; do some generous
good;

Teach ignorance to see, or grief to smile;
Correct thy friend; befriend thy greatest foe;
Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up and lay strong hold on Him who
made thee.

YOUNG.

Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith Thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart.

C. WESLEY.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.
Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

C. WESLEY.

Faith works with power, but will not plead
The best of works when done;
It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone.

BEDDOME.

If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow,
No separate life they e'er can know;
They're soul and body, hand and heart:
What God hath joined let no man part.

HANNAH MORE.

Those precious seeds
Of charity and love, which here on earth
Were sown in sorrow, shall produce their
fruit—

An endless harvest of eternal joy.

LAYARD.

See where the servants of the Lord,
A busy multitude, appear;
For Jesus day and night employed,
His heritage they toil to clear.
Jesus their toil, delighted, sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;
He kindly gives the wished increase,
And sends the promised blessing down.

J. WESLEY.

Do thou the good thy thoughts oft meditate,
And thou shalt feel the good man's peace
within,
And, at thy dying day, his wreath of glory
win.

WILCOX.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's im-
mortal bowers.

WILCOX.

Fellow-workers are we; hour by hour,
Human tools are shaping Heaven's great
schemes,
Till we see no limit to man's power,
And reality outstrips all dreams.
Toil and struggle, therefore, work and weep,
In God's acre ye shall calmly sleep
When the night cometh.

MRS. EMBURY.

Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not
The faith of one whose walk and word were
right,
Who tranquilly in life's great task-field
wrought,
And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught
A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white.

WHITTIER.

Where deeds pull down, words can repair no
faith.

CHAPMAN.

What hast thou wrought for right and truth,
For God and man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth
To life's mid span.

WHITTIER.

Let us do the work before us,
Cheerily, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with
us it is not day!

WHITTIER.

Thine to work as well as play,
Clearing thorny wrongs away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in.

WHITTIER.

We live our life again;
Or warmly touched or coldly dim
The pictures of the past remain—
Man's works shall follow him!

WHITTIER.

In the world's great harvest day
Every grain, on every ground—
Stony, thorny, by the way—
Shall a hundred fold be found.

MONTGOMERY.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are
round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath
bound thee;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work—for some good—be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy
God!

MRS. OSGOOD.

God bends from out the deep and says:

"I gave thee the great gift of life;
Wast thou not called in many ways?
Are not my earth and heaven at strife?
I gave thee of my seed to sow,
Bringest thou me my hundred fold?"
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, "Father, here is gold?"

LOWELL.

The Lord wants reapers; O mount up
Before night comes, and says "Too late!"
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
The Master hungers while ye wait.

LOWELL.

Come, here is work and a rank field—begin;
Put thou thine edge to the great weeds of sin;
So shalt thou find the use of life, and see
Thy Lord, at set of sun,
Approach and say, "Well done!"

"PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE."

Great duties are before me, and great songs,
And, whether crowned or crownless when I fall,
It matters not, so as God's work is done.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have
spoken,

Not myself, but the seed that in life I have
sown,

Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I
have done.

BONAR.

Yet do thy work; it shall succeed

In thine or in another's day;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

WHITTIER.

Up, then, with speed, and work;

Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

Make haste, O man, to live!

BONAR.

Trust as though heaven were gained by faith
alone,

And work as though all merit were thine own.

SNOW.

Work away!

For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work and pray!
Pray, and work will be completer;
Work, and prayer will be the sweeter;
Love, and prayer and work the fleetest
Will ascend upon their way.

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

[See also INFLUENCE — INDUSTRY.]

WORLD — (See EARTH.)

WORSHIP — (See DEVOTION.)

WORTH — (See EXCELLENCE.)

YOUTH.

Gather the rose buds while ye may;
Old time is still a flying;
And that same flower that blooms to-day,
To-morrow shall be dying.

HERRICK.

Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
That in the valley of decline are lost;
And virtue with peculiar charms appears,
Crowned with the garland of life's blooming
years.

COWPER.

Thrice happy he whose downy age hath been
Reclaimed by scourges from the prime of sin;
And, early seasoned with the taste of truth,
Remembers his Creator in his youth.

QUARLES.

Youth is ever apt to judge in haste,
And lose the medium in the wild extreme.

A. HILL.

Youth lost in dissipation, we deplore,
Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs
restore;

Our years, a fruitless loss without a prize,
Too many, yet too few to make us wise.

COWPER.

O what a world of beauty fades away
With the winged hours of youth!

DAWES.

What is youth? a smiling sorrow,
Blithe to-day, and sad to-morrow;
Never fixed, forever ranging,
Laughing, weeping, doating, changing;
Wild, capricious, giddy, vain,
Cloyed with pleasure, nursed with pain.

MARY ROBINSON.

O! time of promise, hope, and innocence,
Of trust, and love, and happy ignorance!
Whose every dream is heaven, in whose fair
joy

Experience yet has thrown no black alloy;
Whose pain, when fiercest, lacks the venom'd
pang

Which to maturer ill doth oft belong,
When, mute and cold, we weep departed bliss,
And hope expires on broken happiness.

ANONYMOUS.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.
Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

R. H. STODDARD.

The young! O! what should wandering fancy
bring,
In life's first spring-time, but the thoughts of
spring?
World without winter, blooming amaranth
bowers,
Garlands of brightness, wreathed from change-
less flowers.

MRS. NORTON.

Keep thus, in love, the heritage
Of thy ephemeral spring;
Keep its pure thoughts, till after age
Weigh down thy spirit's wing;
Keep the warm heart, the hate of sin,
And heavenly peace will on thy soul break in.

W. G. CLARK.

Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon his altar
A morning sacrifice.

ANONYMOUS.

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee
throwing,

Fades, like the crimson from a sunset sky.
Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray;
O touch the scepter! win a home in heaven!
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away!

W. G. CLARK.

What is youth? A dancing billow,
Winds behind and rocks before!

WORDSWORTH.

O! the joy
Of young ideas painted on the mind,
In the warm, glowing colors fancy spreads
On objects not yet known, when all is new,
And all is lovely.

HANNAH MORE.

Life went a maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy
When I was young!

COLERIDGE.

The face
Of the delightful earth will to your eye
Grow dim; the fragrance of the many flowers
Be noticed not, and the beguiling voice
Of nature in her gentleness will be
To manhood's senseless ear inaudible.
I sigh to look upon thy face, young boy!

WILLIS.

While in the tender years of youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb,
Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy portion, and thy joy.

ANONYMOUS.

For youth has spent his wealth, and bought
The knowledge he would fain
Change for forgetfulness, and live
His dreaming life again.

MISS LONDON.

Youth might be wise. We suffer less from pains
Than pleasures.

BAILEY.

God hath said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth:"
Guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.
Then, when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky,
Gently passing
To the happy land on high.

ANONYMOUS.

Maiden! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!
Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet!
Womanhood and childhood fleet!
Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!
O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!
Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.
Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

LONGFELLOW.

Youth with swift feet walks onward in the
way,
The land of joy lies all before his eyes.

MRS. BUTLER.

I go from strength to strength, from joy to joy,
From being unto being. I will snatch
This gem of comfort from departing youth;
And when the pictured primer's thrown aside,
I'll hoard its early lessons in my heart.

A. C. COXE.

"Remember thy Creator"

While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

S. F. SMITH.

March on! brave youth, the field of strife
With peril fraught before thee lies;
March on! the battle-plain of life
Shall yield thee yet a glorious prize.
Unfurl thy banner to the breeze,
Emblazon truth on every fold,
And, nobly shunning selfish ease,
Tread down the wrong, the right uphold.

W. T. ADAMS.

I feel the rush of waves that round me rise,
The tossing of my boat upon the sea;
Few sunbeams linger in the stormy skies,
And youth's bright shore is lessening on
the lee!

J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

O! in the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,
Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved.
True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
O, then, improve the morn of life
To make its evening blest!

ANONYMOUS.

Remember not the follies of my youth,
But in thy mercy think upon me, Lord!

A. C. COXE.

Promise of youth! fair as the form
Of heaven's benign and golden bow,
Thy smiling arch begirds the storm,
And sheds a light on every woe.

J. G. BROOKS.

[See also CHILDHOOD.]

ZEAL.

Zeal and duty are not slow;
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.

MILTON.

To tremble (as the creatures of an hour
Ought, at the view of an Almighty Power)
Before His presence, at whose awful throne
All tremble, in all worlds except our own;
To supplicate his mercy, love his ways,
And prize them above pleasure, wealth, or
praise;

Though common sense allowed a casting voice,
And free from bias, must approve the choice;
Convicts a man fanatic in the extreme,
And wild as madness in the world's esteem.

COWPER.

On such a theme 'twere impious to be calm:
Passion is reason, transport, temper, here!

YOUNG.

O! arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

O. WESLEY.

As to Thy last apostle's heart
Thy lightning glance did then impart
Zeal's never dying fire,
So teach us on Thy shrine to lay
Our hearts, and let them day by day
Intenser blaze and higher.

KELCEY.

For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul and faint:
With steps unwar'ring, undismayed,
Give me in all Thy paths to tread.
O may one beam of Thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night:
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire!

J. WESLEY.

With outstretch'd hands and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize:
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! my zeal soon dies away.
The deadly slumber then I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal;
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

J. WESLEY.

Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

DODDRIDGE.

Press bravely onward! not in vain
Your generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

WHITTIER.

Up! and take thy shield and sword!
Up! it is the call of Heaven:
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord;
Nobly strive as he hath striven.
Break through all the force of ill!
Tread the might of passion down;
Struggling onward, onward still,
To the conquering Saviour's crown.

W. GASKELL.

Where zeal holds on its even course,
Blind rage and bigotry retire;
Knowledge assists, not checks, its force,
And prudence guides, not damps its fire.

J. WESLEY.

While zeal its heavenly influence sheds,
What light on Moses' visage plays!
It wings th' immortal prophet's steeds,
And brightens fervent Stephen's face!
Come, then, bright flame! my breast inspire;
To me, to me, be thou but given;
Like them I'll mount my car of fire,
Or view from earth an opening heaven.

J. WESLEY.

THE END.



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